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THE WHOLE WORKS OF

William Browne.

THE

WHOLE WORKS OF WILLIAM BROWNE,

OF TAVISTOCK, AND OF THE INNER TEMPLE;

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE POET,

AND NOTES,

BY W. CAREW HAZLITT,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY.

M.D.CCC.LXVIII.

C16042

PREFACE.

THOMAS DAVIES, the enterpriſing and intelligent bookſeller to whom the world was indebted for the only collective edition of the Works of WILLIAM BROWNE hitherto procurable (1772, 12mo., three volumes), was aſſiſted in his laudable undertaking by more than one of the diſtinguiſhed ſcholars of that day, and had the advantage of the occaſional notes made in a copy of the folio impreſſion of the Paſtorals by the Rev. W. Thompſon, of Queen's College, Oxford. Davies mentions among his correſpondents and coadjutors in this matter the Rev. John Price, Keeper of the Bodleian Library, Dr. Farmer, and the Rev. T. Warton. The works of Browne poſſeſs in our eyes and eſtimation the peculiar intereſt, that there is good reaſon for believing the ſtatement to be correct, to a certain extent at leaſt, that MILTON was indebted to them for ſuggeſtions in no fewer than three of his own productions, *Lycidas*, *Comus*, and *Paradiſe Regained*. Critics have detected the germs of ſome of the beſt thoughts and fineſt paſſages in theſe immortal efforts in the

Monologue on the Death of Mr. Thomas Manwood, the *Inner Temple Maſque*, and *Britannia's Paſtorals*, all the compoſitions of William Browne, and all written before Browne had attained his eight-and-twentieth year!

The firſt book of *Britannia's Paſtorals* appeared in folio, without any note of date on the title-page, but with an addreſs to the reader directed from the Inner Temple, June 18, 1613. The probability is, that the volume was not ready for publication till the beginning of 1614, and it is likely that this and the *Shepheards Pipe* came out very nearly at the ſame time. Both were dedicated to Lord Zouch. The Paſtorals were accompanied by an engraved title-page from the hand of W. Hole, but as a work of art it ſeemed ſo worthleſs, that the idea of its reproduction was relinquiſhed. Book II. followed after a lapſe of two years (1616), and was printed for the ſame ſtationer as the former. The title-page was a letter-preſs one in this caſe, and the poet thought fit to place the ſequel of his labours under new patronage—that of the Earl of Pembroke.

In the edition of 1772 the original copies have not been followed in reſpect to the diſtribution of the commendatory verſes. I have adhered to the old plan, and have left the thirteen panegyrics found in the author's two editions of 1616 and 1625 before the *ſecond* book juſt as they ſtand there. The motive for diſturbing the arrangement at all is not particularly clear. It could have been wiſhed, alſo, that in the edition of 1772 the publiſher had not thrown the author's marginalia into the foot-notes, and mixed them with the Rev. W. Thompſon's obſervations, in a manner which, at leaſt, was confuſing, and in certain caſes was not unlikely to miſlead readers. Yet,

upon the whole, Davies's edition of Browne is by no means a contemptible performance, and the ſame may be ſaid of his reproductions of Suckling and Carew.

The firſt and ſecond books of the Paſtorals are here republiſhed from the ſecond edition, which appeared in 1625, 8vo., during the life of the author. This octavo corrects ſeveral errors of the folio, and retains the original marginal notes, with which Browne himſelf elucidated what he looked upon as obſcure paſſages in his poem, or places ſuſceptible of illuſtration. But as the wood-engravings at the end of the firſt book are in the folio very ſuperior impreſſions, I thought it deſirable to have them copied exactly as they ſtand in the latter. There is alſo a curious woodcut there, omitted in the octavo, and this, too, has been accurately copied for the preſent republication; as it was my anxious ſtudy to preſent the moſt perfect edition of Browne's Works poſſible, partly in too long deferred juſtice to that pleaſing writer's memory, and partly from a deſire to give ſatisfaction to ſubſcribers. I have added to Browne's notes a few of my own, where ſuch appeared to be neceſſary.

The Third Book of *Britannia's Paſtorals* was not publiſhed during the life-time of the author, and the original MS. has been long preſerved in the Cathedral Library at Saliſbury. Its exiſtence was firſt pointed out by the late Beriah Botfield, Eſq., in his work on Cathedral Libraries, and in 1851 it was printed for the Percy Society, from a tranſcript collated with the original in proof by J. O. Halliwell, Eſq. F.R.S. Some doubt was entertained at the time, and has been ſince, whether this additional book was the compoſition of Browne, or that of ſome ſucceſsful and able imitator of his manner and ſtyle. After careful exami-

nation, I feel thoroughly convinced that there was never any real ground for queſtioning the authenticity of the MS.; and one very valid reaſon for ſuch an opinion lies in the fact that ſome of the ſongs in the third book are likewiſe to be found in the Lanſdowne MS., 777 (to be more particularly deſcribed preſently), being there inſerted as the works of Browne. I believe that this circumſtance was not known to the editor of the Percy Society volume in 1851, and certainly Sir Egerton Brydges was not aware of it.

The *Shepheards Pipe* is printed from the edition of 1614, 8vo., and the old text is repreſented with ſcrupulous fidelity. The *Elegy on Mr. Thomas Manwood*, which forms the fourth eclogue, has been collated with the copy in the Lanſdowne MS. The publiſher of Browne's Works in 1772 (the only modern edition of value) reſorted to the reprint appended to the *Workes of Maſter George Wither*, 1620, 8vo., but the differences are few and immaterial.

The Lanſdowne MS., 777, contains a variety of poems by Browne and others. It is ſuppoſed to have been formerly the property of John Warburton, the herald, from whom it paſſed into the hands of the Marquis of Lanſdowne, who bequeathed his MSS. collections to the Britiſh Muſeum.

I feel unable to ſpeak with entire confidence of the hand-writing of this MS.; it is not unlike Browne's autograph in the earlier part, but there ſeem to have been ſubſequent additions by a ſecond perſon. The title-leaf mentions only the poems by Browne, which take precedence of the remainder. Among them is the celebrated monologue on the death of Mr. Thomas Manwood, which is alſo found in the *Shepheards Pipe*, 1614, and

1620, and to which the author of *Lycidas* is ſuſpected to have been under obligations. In the ſame hand as the reſt, alſo, and ſide by ſide with pieces which may be held to be the undoubted productions of Browne, occurs the epitaph on Mary Sydney, Counteſs of Pembroke, uſually aſcribed to Jonſon, with an additional ſtanza, firſt printed by Oſborne in his *Traditional Memoirs of King James I.* But the ſupplement, which ſpoils the fine conceit embodied in the firſt portion of the epigram, is inſerted among the compoſitions of Lord Pembroke in the collective edition of his lordſhip's poems ſuperintended in 1660 by the younger Donne. The truth may be, therefore, that whoever compoſed the original ſextain as it is to be ſeen printed in Jonſon's works, edit. 1816, the addition was the work of another pen, namely, Lord Pembroke's. But it ſhould be borne in mind that there is no very authoritative reaſon for aſſigning the epitaph itſelf (of ſix lines) to Jonſon, and that it is by no means an improbable ſuppoſition, on the other hand, that Browne, who, during many years of his life, was patronized by the counteſs's family, wrote theſe lines, his noble friend tacking on what he might conſider an appropriate concluſion.

It is only neceſſary to add, that the poems found in the Lanſdowne MS. were firſt printed by Sir Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory Preſs, in 1815, 4to. The orthography was unluckily modernized, and the text is, moreover, thick-ſown with blunders of the groſſeſt kind. I may inſtance the ſubſtitution of *univerſal* for *unuſual*, *did* for *ere*, *with* for *worth*, *lying by the brook* for *laying by my book*, *expel* for *excel*, and then leave it to the judgment of the reader whether ſuch miſtakes (there are ſome hundreds) do not deprive a book of any value and intereſt which it

might otherwiſe poſſeſs. Only eighty copies of the Lee Priory edition were printed, and one may not improperly ſay, under the circumſtances, that the fewer the better.

The *Inner Temple Maſque* is preſerved in MS. in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and from that ſource it was publiſhed for the firſt time (not too accurately) in the edition of 1772. For the preſent purpoſe the text has been carefully collated with the original.

My beſt acknowledgments are due to Henry Huth, Eſq., for the uſe of the valuable copy of *Britannia's Paſtorals*, which certainly belonged to Milton; to John Shelly, Eſq., of Plymouth, for his warm and unſolicited exertions in obtaining information reſpecting William Browne at Taviſtock and Ottery St. Mary, and for other help; and to the vicar of Taviſtock, Dr. Tancock, for his obliging co-operation; to George A. Greenhill, Eſq., of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the careful manner in which he collated the original MS. of the *Inner Temple Maſque*, depoſited in the library of Emmanuel College, with the printed text of 1772; and to the Rev. Octavius Glover, B.D., fellow and librarian of Emmanuel, for his kind attendance during the time, agreeably to the rules of the foundation; and to George Edwards, Eſq., Sub-Treaſurer of the Inner Temple, and John Edward Martin, Eſq., Librarian to that Society, for their help in examining the regiſters and other records, and for the opportunity of procuring an exact facſimile of the entry of Browne's name and deſcription in the Book of Admiſſions, ſubſcribed by the poet's two ſureties.

I tender my thanks to John Duke Coleridge, Eſq., M.P., Q.C., for inſtituting inquiries for me at Ottery St. Mary, the

cradle of the Coleridges, reſpecting the death and burial of the poet there, and to Dr. Corniſh, vicar of Ottery, and Samuel Evans, Eſq., of Ottery, on the ſame account; to T. Duffus Hardy, Eſq., Keeper of the Public Records, for aſſiſting me in obtaining a copy of a document belonging to the old Court of Wards and Liveries, which I once thought might be of ſervice in elucidating Browne's obſcure career; to George Waring, Eſq., M.A., of Oxford, for furniſhing me, at my requeſt, with a tranſcript of the *Letter from W. Browne to Sir Benj. Ruddierd*, in Aſhmole MS. 830; to the Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A., Keeper of the Bodleian, for a tranſcript of a MS. copy of verſes in the ſame collection, and other uſeful aſſiſtance; and to Mrs. Bray, widow of the late Mr. Bray, of Taviſtock, for her courteous reſponſe to my communication on a ſubject which is not leſs intereſting to her than it is to myſelf.

Mr. Huth, with his uſual kindneſs, lent me the *Ghoſt of Richard III.*, by Chr. Brooke, 1614, 4to., which contains a complimentary poem by Browne, and the ſecond edition of *Englands Helicon*, 1614, 8vo., to which the ſame writer contributed one piece. All theſe articles, together with the elegy on Henry, Prince of Wales, 1613, are inſerted in the edition of 1772; but a ſtrict proceſs of collation was, in every caſe, obviouſly indiſpenſable. Browne's epicede on the prince was printed in a quarto volume with a ſimilar tribute from the pen of his friend Brooke in 1613; and it was very ſhortly afterwards reproduced in the Paſtorals; and in the Bodleian Library is a MS. of it, with the author's lateſt corrections.

W. C. H.

Kenſington, May, 1868.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM BROWNE.

ALL the *then* known facts relative to the perſonal hiſtory of this poet were collected by Brydges in 1815, and his account was baſed on that furniſhed by Anthony Wood in the *Athenæ*. Wood's narrative is extremely jejune and unſatisfactory, and it is pleaſant to have been enabled, in the preſent caſe, to add conſiderably to the exiſting ſtate of knowledge on ſo intereſting a ſubject as the biography of the author of *Britannia's Paſtorals*.

WILLIAM BROWNE was the third child, but ſecond ſon, of Thomas Browne, of Taviſtock, in Devonſhire, and was born there, according to a hint furniſhed by himſelf in one of his later poems, in the year 1588, when the mind of England was engroſſed by the imminent proſpect of a Spaniſh invaſion. The Brownes of Taviſtock, whom Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon* (baſed upon Fuller), 1701, identifies with the Brownes of Browne's-Ilaſh, in the pariſh of Langtree, near Great Torrington, appear to have been a branch of the Brownes of Betchworth Caſtle, in Surrey,[1] and to have been immediately deſcended

[1] Harl. MS. 6164, firſt pointed out by Sir E. Brydges, 1815.

from William Browne, ſecond ſon of Sir Thomas Browne, of Betchworth,[1] whoſe eldeſt ſon, John, firſt migrated into the South of England, and intermarried with a Devonſhire houſe Thomas Browne, his ſon and heir, married one of the Karſlakes or Carſlakes, by whom he had two children, William and John. The latter, by Mary Amidas, his wife, had an only ſon, Thomas, the father of the poet.

Anthony Wood ſtands ſponſor to the aſſertion, which preſents, beſides, a very probable circumſtance, that William Browne received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-ſchool of his native town. About the beginning of the reign of James I. he removed to Exeter College, Oxford, where, in the words of the Life prefixed to the edition of his works in 1772, "he became a great proficient in claſſical learning, and in the belles lettres was ſcarcely equalled." This ſtatement ſeems to be little more than a paraphraſe of that in Wood's *Faſti*. From Oxford he went to London, where he entered himſelf at Clifford's Inn, but ſhortly afterwards migrated to the Inner Temple, where he was admitted on the 1ſt March, 1612-13. Subjoined is the exact form in which the entrance is recorded in the books of the ſociety:—[2]

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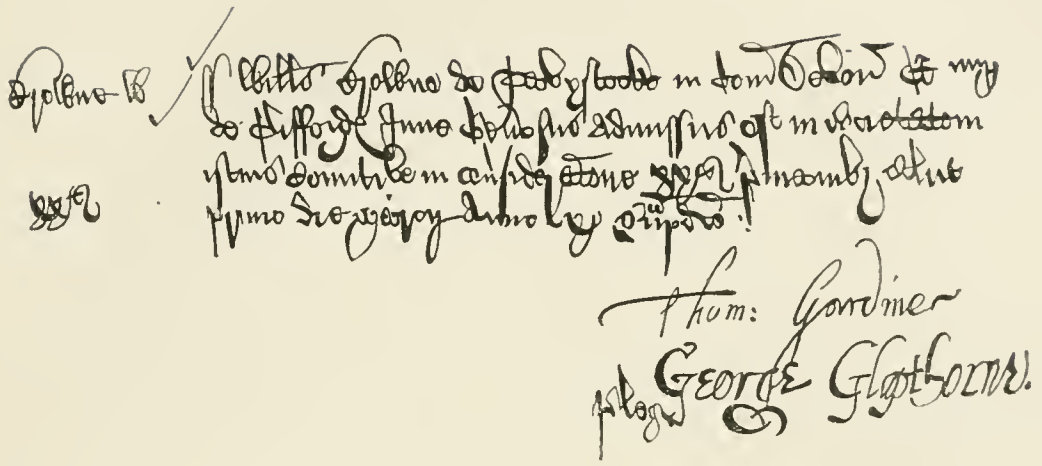
[1] "The Brownes of Betchworth were a known branch of the Viſcounts Montagu. *Arms* [of W. Browne]: The ſame as Browne, Viſcount Montacute [or Montagu], viz., ſable, three lions between two bendlets; Arg. a creſcent within a mullet, for difference. *Creſt:* A griffin's head, eraſed, Or."—*Brydges.*

[2] [1612-13] Will°. Browne de Tavyſtocke in Com. Devon. et nuper de Cliffords Inne generoſus admiſſus eſt in Societatem iſtius comitibe in conſideratione xx p. manibus ſolut. primo die Marcii an° ſuperdicto—ix° Jacobi.



The regiſters of Clifford's Inn, originally rented by the lawyers of the Clifford family, do not go ſo far back, or rather the earlier records of the ſociety have diſappeared. We cannot, therefore, aſcertain the particulars of Browne's connection with the inn, or the preciſe date at which he joined it.

The poet probably remained in London for ſome time, and if he is the ſame perſon whoſe name occurs in the following memorandum among the public records, it is to be inferred, that his object in coming up to London was not confined to the publication of his Paſtorals. The memorandum in queſtion ſtands ſimply thus:—"Browne—18 Aprill [1615] a graunt
to William Browne
of the place of purſuivant of wards
and liverys during life."

This is the whole of the entry. The Court of Wards and Liveries was eſtabliſhed 32 Hen. VIII. The office of purſuivant would ſeem, from not being mentioned in the original inſtitution

of the office, or long afterwards, to have been a place created in favour of William Browne. Peck, in the firſt volume of his *Deſiderata Curioſa*, 1779, printed from a MS. in his own poſſeſſion an account of Queen Elizabeth's expenditure. The Court of Wards and Liveries is mentioned there, and the officers are enumerated, with their ſalaries and perquiſites, but there is no purſuivant in the liſt.

My heſitation as to the identity of the poet with the purſuivant is ſtrengthened by the ſufficiently curious circumſtance that there were two William Brownes belonging to the Inner Temple at this period. They were admitted nearly at the ſame time, and were called to the bar, ſeemingly, on the ſame day, Nov. 28, 1630. The poet's nameſake was a Staffordſhire man.

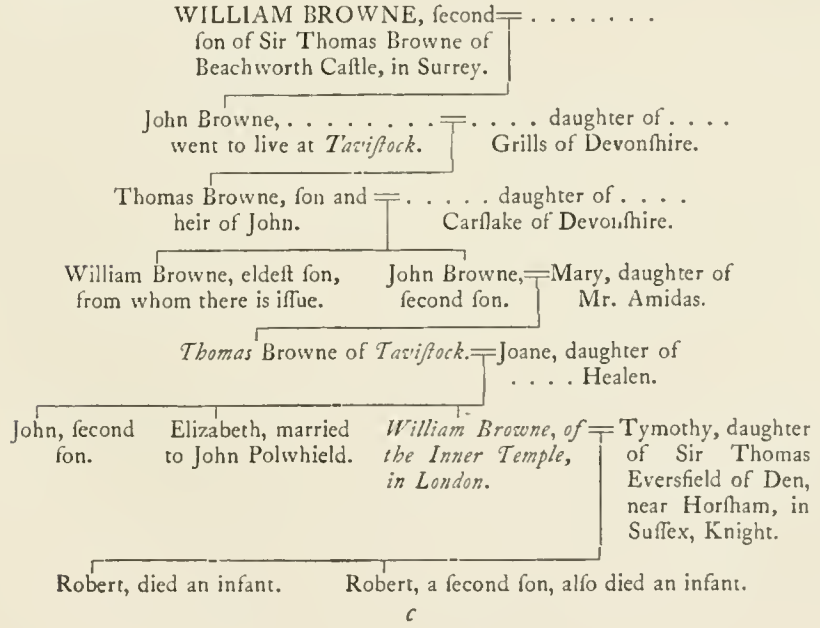
In the verſes prefixed by John Morgan, of the Inner Temple, to the ſecond book of the *Paſtorals*, in 1616, are theſe lines:—

> "Goe on: I know thou art too good to feare.
> And may thy earely ſtraines affect the eare
> *Of that rare Lord, who iudge and guerdon can*
> *The richer gifts which doe aduantage man.*"

The writer can ſcarcely allude to the poet's attainment of celeſtial felicity through the publication of his work, and the meaning muſt be, that his fellow-Templar deſired for him, through the medium of his early literary fame, the valuable patronage of the Earl of Pembroke, to whom the ſecond inſtalment of the Paſtorals is inſcribed. Poſſibly, if my doubts are unfounded, Browne was indebted to Lord Pembroke for his preferment to the poſt of purſuivant, and ſuch being the caſe, he muſt have ceaſed, at a very early ſtage in his career, to be dependent on his literary gains. Indeed, as he publiſhed very little, and nothing at all

after 1616, it follows that he had ſome official emolument or a private fortune, by marriage or inheritance. He was not the eldeſt ſon, however, and there is inſufficient ground for ſuppoſing that his wife brought him an eſtate. According to the Harl. MS., 6164, already quoted, this lady was the daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield of Den, near Horſham, in Suſſex, knight. When the union took place, we have no information; but it reſts on the ſame authority that there were two ſons of the marriage, who both died in infancy, and that Browne ſurvived his wife, there is ſuperior evidence in the epitaph which he wrote upon her, and which is preſerved among the other poems in the Lanſdowne MS.[1]

[1] It may not be inexpedient to introduce the pedigree of the Brownes in this place, exactly as it occurs in the edition of ſome of his poems printed in 1815 by Sir E. Brydges:—



The earlieſt publication, but decidedly not the earlieſt *work*, of Browne, was his elegy on Prince Henry, ſon of James I., who died in the November of 1612. Our poet aſſociated himſelf with his friend Chriſtopher Brooke, the author of a ſimilar effuſion, and their two offerings were printed together in a little quarto volume, 1613.[1] The elegy was afterwards incorporated with *Britannia's Paſtorals*, in a ſlightly altered form; and in the Bodleian Library there is a MS. copy of it, communicated to Davies's edition in 1772 by the Rev. John Price, the Bodleian librarian.

The firſt book of *Britannia's Paſtorals*, if the time aſſigned to Browne's birth be correct, and if implicit reliance is to be placed in the following paſſage, was written, or partly ſo, long before the poet came up to London, and entered at Clifford's Inn; for in the fifth ſong (p. 127 of preſent edition) he expreſsly ſays—

> O how (methinkes) the impes of *Mneme* bring
> Dewes of Inuention from their ſacred ſpring!
> Here could I ſpend that ſpring of *Poeſie*,
> Which *not twice ten Sunnes* haue beſtow'd on me.

By *ſuns* he evidently ſignifies revolutions of the ſun; and this ſeems to carry back the compoſition of the firſt book of the *Paſtorals* to 1607 or 1608.

I ſuſpect that there is an allegorical underplot in the firſt two Books of *Britannia's Paſtorals*. There the Poet paints his

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[1] Two Elegies conſecrated to the never-dying Memorie of the moſt worthily admyred: moſt hartily loued; and generally bewayled Prince, Henry Prince of Wales. London: Printed by T[homas] S[nodham] for Richard Moore, &c. 1613. 4to., 17 leaves.

courtſhip ; he is his own Remond, and the Marina of the ſtory is beloved by a rival. In his later productions, we ſeem to get the unſucceſsful reſult of a long love-ſuit, and the rejected Remond's expreſſions of grief and deſpair. But who was the object of the poet's admiration is another queſtion; for if the genealogical table in Harl. MS. 6164, be reliable, he obtained the hand of the daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield. Perhaps he had an earlier and unreciprocated paſſion. The allegory, if it be one, was compoſed, it muſt be borne in mind, when Browne was a mere youth, and when the heart is peculiarly ſuſceptible to tender impreſſions.

I think that it may be collected from the tenor of the MSS. poems found by Mr. Beloe in a copy of the edition of 1625, and included in the preſent volume, that at that time Browne had not compoſed the *Third Book* of the Paſtorals, but had retired from the ſociety of his literary friends, and abandoned poetry, under the preſſure of the private ſorrow, to which we find ſo many alluſions in his miſcellaneous productions extant in the Lanſdowne MS. While *Britannia's Paſtorals* remained unfiniſhed, and his friends, ſo late as 1625 (nine years after the publication of the Second Book), were vainly exhorting him to complete what he had ſo well begun, Browne, I apprehend, wrote many, if not all, of the pieces, which were firſt printed at the Lee Priory Preſs, and will form, in due courſe, part of the preſent collected edition. They were the fruits of ſolitude, and breathe a melancholy vein, which ſupports the conjecture here hazarded as to the period and the circumſtances of their compoſition.

The father of Engliſh paſtoral poetry (if we except the

writer of the *Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus*, in Tottel's *Miſcellany*, 1557), was Spenſer. In his footſtep followed ſeveral of his contemporaries, ſuch as Drayton, Lodge, and Breton. Theſe were ſucceeded, in the next generation, by Phineas Fletcher, Browne, Wither, Brooke, and others, who copied their conceits, without always rivalling their beauties, or imitating very happily the eaſy, graceful, uninvolved ſtyle, which is the greateſt charm of this ſchool of compoſition. Conſtable's *Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, Breton's *Phillida and Corydon*, Lodge's admirable lyrics on various ſubjects, all inſerted in *England's Helicon*, 1600, as well as two or three of Drayton's productions contributed to the ſame Miſcellany, were not approached in merit by any of the poets of King James the Firſt's time.

At the auction rooms of Meſſrs. Sotheby and Wilkinſon, in 1851, a copy of the folio edition of *Britannia's Paſtorals* was offered for ſale, with ſome MSS. notes, unqueſtionably in the hand of Milton. The point was, at the time, conſidered doubtful, and the volume was bought by a dealer for 7*l*. It is now in the library of Henry Huth, Eſq., to whoſe liberality I owe the opportunity of examining it on the preſent occaſion.

In a note to his moſt valuable acceſſion to our ſtores of information on Shakeſpearian and other early literature, his *New Illuſtrations of Shakeſpeare*, 1845, 2 vols. 8vo., the late Mr. Hunter has afforded what I conſider a clue to the pedigree of this annotated copy of the *Paſtorals*. The Rev. Mr. Stedman of Shrewſbury, Mr. Hunter ſtates, had a copy of the *Natura Brevium*, edit. 1584, which had belonged to Milton, as atteſted by the great poet's autograph. This was preſented to Mr.

Stedman, it appears, by Mr. Joſhua Eddowes, a bookſeller at Shrewſbury, "to whoſe hands it is believed to have come from the effects of Mrs. Elizabeth Milton (originally Elizabeth Minſhull), the poet's third wife, who ſurvived him fifty-four years, and died at Nantwich in 1729." It is my ſtrong impreſſion that the copy of *Britannia's Paſtorals* came from the ſame ſource, after remaining in the poſſeſſion of the Miltons many years into the laſt century.

A former poſſeſſor ſays, in a memorandum on the fly-leaf:—"The whole of the MS. notes are entirely in the autograph of the celebrated John Milton, the author of 'Paradiſe Loſt,' &c., and on reference it will be found that he had taken portions of this work as his model for his *Paradiſe Regained*. On compariſon with ſome of his MSS. ſtill exiſting, I find ſuch [*ſic*] the caſe, and which has been diſcovered by ſome former proprietor, who has written in pencil on the top of page 2 of the work. The volume was formerly ſold in London by a diſtant relation of Milton, by the late Mr. Chriſtie, and afterward went to Liverpool, and ultimately I obtained the ſame from a friend, who purchaſed the ſame there. It has been re-bound ſince; it was in the old calf binding.—M. T."

There is alſo a note on the ſame blank page by Mr. Ford, the well-known bookſeller of Mancheſter, accompanied by his autograph. The note on the top of page 2, referred to by M. T., is ſimply this:—"All the notes are written by Milton the Poet." The engraved title bears the autograph ſignature of "Octavius Gilchriſt, 1803."[1]

[1] Mr. Gilchriſt ſuperintended an edition of Biſhop Corbet's poems in 1807. He is the author of a letter to Mr. Gifford on Weber's edition of Ford, 1811; and he contributed ſome notes to the laſt edition of Dodſley's *Old Plays*, 1825.

I ſhall now proceed to ſelect thoſe remarks which appear to me to be of chief intereſt.

Browne.	Milton's Notes.
Book 1, Song 1.	
High on the plaines, &c.	*A title given to ye ile.*
As when to ſeeke her foode, &c.	*A ſimile of a Dove beſet with 2 hawks, and a ſhip with contrary windes.*
But as cleere Phœbus, &c.	*The ſun breaking from a cloud, and ye moon enereeſing.*
Saide to the Swaine, &c.	*They who drinke of Lethe never think of love or ye world.*
And after much debating did reſolue.	*The lover will not manifeſt his love.*
And therefore leauing ſoone the chriſtall flood.	*A darke cave from which a pleaſant fountain guſhes.*
Remond, young *Remond*, that full well could ſing.	*A handſome Shepheard, as well in mind as body.*
Know briefly *Remond*, then, &c.	*On [one] deſperately in love.*
And neuer love except thou be belou'd.	*The contrarietys of women.*
Song 2.	
In right ſhe cannot me deſpiſe, &c.	*The power of water.*
How hard it is to leaue and not to do, That which by nature we are prone vnto.	*Naturam expellas furco licet uſqu' recurrit.*
My Maiden-Muſe flies the laſciuious Swaines.	*He ſays his muſe is modeſt.*
Reply'd his Mother, doe but cut the Of any Tree. (limbe	*Tis ye nature of mothers to grieve for their children, proov'd by a ſimile.*
Song 4.	
Then came ſuſpect, &c.	*The Sylver, Iron Ages creep ſlowly on, by a ſimile of the young wrens.*
Where many a buſie Bee came flying at her.	*Are ſo ſweet, ye bees miſtaken gather honey from her inſtead of flowers.*

The hollow caues reſound her moanings neere it.	*Are greivouſly oppreſt & entreating pitty, from whence pretty fancy is rais'd.*
Thus went I on, &c.	*Fame and arithmetick ſimiles for greif.*
A Hunters frolicke life in Woods he lead.	*The ſtory of Cephalus, a good ſhooter & hunter.*
Laſtly cold *Winters* rage, &c.	*Poſt Imbres ſol.*
Song 5.	
To glut the ſences of an epicure.	*Men ſtrive to get faire Mrs* [*eſſes*].
Book 2, Song 1.	
The tyred body of the ſwarty clown.	*Great men have not ſuch reſt as clowns.*
His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands.	*Poor labour to feed ye luxury of ye rich.*
(Whoſe being great, was being Paraſites).	*Paraſites are enlighted by ye beams of kings.*
If Monarchs ne would take an Inſtrument.	*The iſſues y^t^ follow good gouernement.*
So mainely Thetis droue her ſiluer throne.	*The voiage of Thetis on y^e^ ſea.*
What wights ſhould haue their temples crown'd with Bayes.	*Poetts live for ever.*
There will ſhe Anchor caſt, to heare the ſongs Of Engliſh Shepheards.	*The excellency of our Engliſh poetts.*
Song 2.	
Yet to this Lad not wanted Enuies ſting.	*Good Poetts are envied, yett in ſpite of envy get immortall prayſe.*

At p. 368 (of the folio edit.), he has carefully noted in the margin the names of the poets introduced by Browne:—Sydney, Drayton, Johnſon, Daniel, Brooke, Davies, and Wither.

It muſt be owned that theſe Notes are curious rather as ſhowing the paſſages in the *Paſtorals* which ſtruck the writer

more eſpecially, than as poſſeſſing any intrinſic value or intereſt. At any rate, I found it difficult to reſiſt the temptation of tranſcribing thoſe, which were not mere verbal jottings; what remain are of no moment whatever. But, at the ſame time, Milton had evidently read the poem with great attention, for, at the foot of p. 28, he has written, "Read over ye other leaf, for it is miſplac'd;" and the concluſion is rendered inevitable by the verbal gloſs which he has made from beginning to end. But there is no opinion expreſſed on any paſſage, not a trace of Milton's eſtimate of Browne,—there is merely the bare running commentary ſo frequently found in old books, and amounting to little more than to a marginal index or key.

Whatever judgment may be formed of *Britannia's Paſtorals* as a whole, it cannot at leaſt be denied, that through the three Books of which they conſiſt, are interſperſed many cabinet drawings or ſketches of rare excellence and beauty; and when the age at which the poem was placed before the world is conſidered, we ought fairly to allow that Browne is remarkable for eaſe and vigour of ſtyle, correctneſs of rhythm, and chaſteneſs of expreſſion. One of the paſſages, againſt which Milton jotted down a note in his copy of the old folio, was where Browne ſpeaks of his *modeſt Muſe*; and Milton placed in the margin:—"He ſays that his Muſe is modeſt;" which, in fact, was only ſaying what was literally true. And this feature, with Browne's picturesque deſcriptions of the country and its pleaſures, and his naturalneſs of manner, was what attracted, I ſuſpect, Milton's notice, and made the Devonſhire bard one of his favourite authors.

An ode on the death of a friend, who was loſt by drowning,

occurs in the firſt Song of the ſecond Book: who this friend was does not appear; and the compoſition itſelf, though it is far from being deſtitute of merit, has been eclipſed by that beautiful Monody on the death of Philarete (Mr. Thomas Manwood), which forms the fourth eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe*, 1614; and is, perhaps, on the whole, the moſt favourable ſpecimen of Browne's genius. This monody is alſo found in the Lanſdowne MS. Conſidering the time of life at which the poet produced it, it muſt be allowed to be among the moſt remarkable ſpecimens of elegiac verſe in the language. It was certainly worthier of the imitation of Milton than anything which is to be found in the PASTORALS.

Browne ſpeaks of his *Paſtorals* as "the firſt Bloomes of his Poeſie;" yet they were probably not in print till both the *Elegy on Prince Henry*, and the *Shepheards Pipe* had appeared. The latter is dated 1614; the Paſtorals bear no note of year. A ſecond edition of the Eclogues was inſerted among the works of his friend Wither in 1620; Wither having, in fact, an intereſt in the publication as author of one of the bucolics, of which it conſiſts. Browne's portion of the volume has a ſeparate title:—

THE

SHEPHEARDS

PIPE.

Τυπούμην φόρμιγγι κὲ ὀρχηθμῷ καὶ ἀοιδῇ

LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Beale* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Eagle and Child in Brittanes Burſe. 1620.

Warton[1] has obſerved that Occleve, from the beautiful tale in the [Engliſh] *Geſta Romanorum*, of the legacy of King Darius to his three ſons, "framed a poem in the octave ſtanza, which was printed in the year 1614 by William Browne, in his ſet of Eclogues called the SHEPHEARDS PIPE. Occleve . . . . has given no ſort of embelliſhment to his original, and by no means deſerves the praiſes which Browne . . . . . has beſtowed on his performance, and which more juſtly belong to the genuine Gothic, or rather Arabian inventor." But Browne is very excuſable for his ignorance of Gothic or Arabian originals, a ſpecies of knowledge which ſcarcely exiſted in his day to any appreciable extent. One of the moſt accompliſhed ſcholars of our age, Sir F. Madden, obſerves (notes to *Geſta Romanorum*, 1838, p. 516):—"This ſtory has been borrowed by Occleve, who has framed a poem on it, MS. Reg. 17. D. vi. f. 135 b. (accompanied by a proſe moralization), which, with ſome omiſſions, was publiſhed by Will. Browne, in his 'Shepheards Pipe,' 8vo. 1614. It is probable the fiction came originally from the Eaſt, as traces of reſemblance are to be found in the Arabian Nights. It alſo preſents, perhaps, one of the oldeſt forms of the popular ſtory of Fortunatus."

The political vein, which pervades many of the eclogues which compoſe the *Shepheards Pipe*, is diſcernible alſo in the fourth Song of the firſt Book of the *Paſtorals*, whence we ſeem to be warranted in forming a conjecture that Browne was diſappointed in the hopes with which he removed to the metropolis from his native county (probably in 1612), and found, at firſt

[1] Hiſt. of Engl. Poetry, ed. 1824, i. cxxix-xxx.

at any rate, the road to preferment barred againſt him by the prevailing ſyſtem of corruption and court-favouritiſm.

The biographical and hiſtorical intereſt of the *Paſtorals* and *Shepheards Pipe* does not appear to have been ſuſpected hitherto, or at leaſt I have not ſeen it alluded to anywhere. In ſuch few notes as are appended to theſe volumes, I ſhall draw attention to this point, and endeavour to illuſtrate my meaning. In the Argument to the Fifth Eclogue, the poet repreſents himſelf as urged by a friend to attempt—

> " things of a higher fame
> Then ſilly ſhephards vſe endite,
> Vail'd in a Shepheards name."

Browne, in fact, worked upon a Virgilian model, for the Bucolics are, for the moſt part, mere political apologues, and ſuch is the caſe partially with the *Shepheards Pipe*. The paſtoral ſchool of poetry, with its ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, not unfrequently, as in the caſe of Browne's Eclogues, preſenting real incidents and ſufferings under a bucolic diſguiſe, ſeems to be ſatirized in a woodcut to *Witt's Recreations*, where two gallants in hats and feathers are depicted with crooks in their hands. The two figures in the engraved title-page of the folio edition of the Paſtorals were ſurely not intended to be ſatirical, but they are, nevertheleſs, apt to provoke a ſmile at the preſent day. Here, in fact, Browne merely followed the courſe purſued by the greater part of our own bucolic writers, and thoſe alſo of foreign countries. Warton obſerves, in reference to the Latin paſtorals of Petrarch, Mantuan, the others, " that theſe writers judged that this indirect and diſguiſed mode of dialogue, conſiſting of ſimple characters, which ſpeak freely and

plainly, the moſt ſafe and convenient vehicle for abuſing the corruptions of the church."[1]

The INNER TEMPLE MASQUE was compoſed on the favourite and familiar claſſical ſtory of *Ulyſſes and Circe*, and was preſented by the gentlemen of that ſociety on the 13th January, 1614-15.[2] The ſubject had been made to a certain extent popular, and was recommended poſſibly to the young poet's attention by Samuel Daniel's beautiful lyric, entitled *Ulyſſes and the Syrens*. *Circe and Ulyſſes*, another epiſode in the Odyſſey, might not unnaturally be ſuggeſted by the production of the elder bard, and this inference may be thought to derive additional plauſibility from the fact that Browne himſelf, in the fifth Song of his *Paſtorals*, touches on the incident treated by Daniel as one with which he had been made familiar through that channel. Daniel's *Certaine Small Poems*, in which *Ulyſſes and the Sirens* firſt appeared, were printed in 1605, 8vo.; but certainly Chapman's tranſlation of the *Odyſſey* was publiſhed in 1614, according to the general opinion; while the *Inner Temple Maſque* was not, probably, compoſed till towards the cloſe of the ſame

[1] Our language is rich in political apologues. Two are printed in *Excerpta Hiſtorica*, 1833. See, alſo, *The Parlament of Byrdes*, in Rem. of the early Pop. Poetry of Eng. iii. 167, *et ſeqq.*, where Drayton's *Owle*, 1604, is pointed out as a kindred compoſition. The ſame may be ſaid of *Friar Bacons Brazenheads Propheſie*, 1604 (Rem. of the E. P. P. of E. iv. 268, *et ſeqq.*).

[2] Search has been made in the Books of the Inn, which are in an excellent ſtate of preſervation, under the years 1614-15, for any record of the circumſtances under which Browne's maſque was performed; but there ſeems to be no trace of any actual expenditure under this head; and it is open to doubt whether ſome difficulty may not have ariſen, and whether the arrangements may not have been at the laſt moment countermanded.

year. That Browne was perſonally known to Chapman there can be no queſtion: for in the fifth Song of the *Paſtorals*, Book 1, written, perhaps, between 1610 and 1612, and reviſed from time to time prior to publication, he explicitly alludes to Chapman's Homer. The poet feigns that if the ancients had known *Idya* [England], various circumſtances would not have ariſen:—

> "The *Phrygian* ſoile had not been drunk with blood,
> *Achilles* longer breath'd, and *Troy* yet ſtood:
> *The Prince of Poets* had not ſung his ſtory,
> *My friend* had loſt his euer-liuing glory."

That "my friend" can be no other than Chapman, who, as early as 1610, printed twelve Books of the Iliad, and in 1611 the entire epic, appears to be almoſt beyond diſpute. But the ſtory of *Ulyſſes and Circe* is alſo related in the ſixth Book of Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis*, a work with which Browne could ſcarcely have been unacquainted. Browne certainly, however, poſſeſſed a fair tincture of ſcholarſhip, and doubtleſs was a competent Latiniſt, and he may have owed a hint or two to Gager's *Ulyſſes Redux*, performed in 1583, and publiſhed at Oxford in 1592.

Warton[1] has extracted the little incantation called *The Charme* from this piece, and obſerves upon it as follows:—"In praiſe of this ſong it will be ſufficient to ſay that it reminds us of ſome favourite touches in Milton's Comus, to which it perhaps gave birth. Indeed, one cannot help obſerving here in general, although the obſervation more properly

[1] H. E. P. 1824, III, 228.

belongs to another place, that a ſtory thus recently exhibited on the ſtory of Circe, which there is reaſon to think had acquired ſome popularity, ſuggeſted to Milton the idea of a maſque on the ſubject of Comus."

In MS. Aſhmole, 36, is a copy of verſes by Abraham Holland, in which he ſpeaks of having recently made our poet's acquaintance. The title is: "To my honeſt father M. Michael Drayton, *and my new yet loued friend, Mr. Will. Browne*, A. H. wiſheth a health." The lines have never been publiſhed, and I ſhall therefore inſert them here.

"*To my honeſt father* Mr. Michael Drayton, *and my new yet loved friend* Mr. Will. Browne, A. H. *wiſheth a health.*

"Since I was with you from myſelf I was,
Not onely 'cauſe from you: it came to paſſe
Drowned with too good company: y^r^ wine
Was not yet of ſuch vigour to confine
My memory and weary corps to ſleepe,
But y^t^ I would my promiſe duely keepe.
My promiſe checkt my cups, and bid 'em ſtay,
If it were poſſible till it were day.
Wherat y^r^ ſmiling Nectar glad to ſave me,
Turn'd itſelfe to a nymph, and water gave me.
Though I drunke Sacke, and high-ſwolne Bacchus ſwore,
Though I out-drunke him, I ſhould drinke no more
Of Lethes draughte; and if twere *his December*
I ſhould not quaffe too much but to remember.
Parted from theſe, unto my freindly light
My onely refuge was and to the night
Foule night, though I meant yet be wth her later
Purl'd on my caz'ment drops of ſullen water
(Cold comfort to ye Muſes) yea ſhe ſware
She would not lay in all ye welkin bare.

A lucky ſtarre unto mee but enſhrowd
The ſparks of heaven in a ſurly cloud.
The ſun, ſays ſhee though to ye Muſes lent
In ye . . . . . your Preſident
The Moone is yet ſcarce lighted from her waine
The Northern wagon nere carouſt ye maine
So no freind to you.
As for thee, father, I'le no higher praiſe,
Than ſay that thou art father of our bayes.
Heroick Ovid, Lucan, Juvenall:
Our ſtill reviving Spencer I'le thee call,
So long as thou ſtill liv'ſt, and if I liſt,
I will turne heere a deepe Pythagoriſt,
And ſweare thou haſt y^e^ ſoule of all ye beſt
That ever yet have ſlept in Parnaſſe creſt.
As I loue thee ſo let my Infant muſe
Grow up and impe her tender wings and chooſe
To pen but good and ſcorning to be mute
Yet ſhee may ſcorne to be a proſtitute.
So may thy bays ſtill grow upon thy head;
So may ye place wherein wee both were bred
Bring forth good poets; ſo may all ye land
Beholden to thee yet indebted ſtand;
So may wee both to each ingaged bee,
Thou ſtill my friend and I a friend to thee.
And you, ſweet ſir, whom I lov'd long before,
I ſaw and ſeeing ſtill affected more,
Grow ſtill, till laurels croune thee, follow on
Untill thou drinkſt ye head of Helicon.
I envie thee yet only to this end,
Thereby to make thee worthier for thy friend.
So let Pan oft lend his own Syrinx to thee,
So let ye nymphs crown'd with freſh ghirlands woo thee;
And dauncing prettely about thee ſtraine,
W^ch^ of them firſt ſhall kiſſe ſo ſweet a ſwaine.
So may the Satyres pipe thee into ſlumbers,
And learned Shepheards liſten to thy numbers.

So proſper thy blith flocks: ſo let ye Faunes
Skipping about the flow'r-embroyder'd launes
Make Echo ſound thee; ſo let my Muſe live,
Untill it may to thouſands honour give
As I deſire this end my wiſch may crowne,
That Browne may Holland love, and Holland Browne.

Your loving ſonne and freind

Ab. Holland.

After the ſubſcription follows this note:—"Father, I hope I need not y^e^ ſecond time excuſe this rude elegy, w^h^ I may truely ſay was rather written than endited to you; however, take it as a ſodaine triall of mee in freindſhip, not Poetry. Till I ſee you, farewell both"

Between the publication of the firſt Book of the *Paſtorals* in 1614 [?] and the appearance of the ſecond Book in 1616, Browne formed ſeveral new friendſhips, including, ſeemingly, that with Ben Jonſon. The encomiaſtic verſes, which accompany the firſt book, ſhow that he was then on an intimate footing with ſeveral of the moſt eminent writers of the day, including Selden and Drayton. In 1629, Samuel Auſtin, of Loſtwithiel, dedicated to him, jointly with Drayton and Serjeant Pollexfen, the ſecond Book of his *Urania*.

At the time of Browne's publication of his Paſtorals in 1614 (as I believe), and not in 1613, as it has been uſually ſtated, Drayton was already one of the foremoſt poets of the day; he had given to the world all his beſt works, including the firſt twelve ſongs of the *Polyolbion;* and he muſt have been advanced in years. He had firſt appeared as an author ſo far back as 1591. At the ſame time he was by no means an old man, and Holland, in

addreſſing him as his "[poetical] father," pointed rather to his great achievements than to his great age. Holland was probably one of the many admirers whom the appearance of the *Paſtorals* drew round Browne, and in Browne's caſe, admirers uſually ripened into friends.

Although Browne's name does not appear on the liſt of the original Society of Antiquaries, inſtituted in the reign of James I., it is tolerably certain that he was on intimate terms with the illuſtrious Selden, and that he was among the ſelect and ſmall literary circle which that great ſcholar attracted round him. At the very opening of *Britannia's Paſtorals* Browne cites, in a marginal note, a MS. copy of William of Malmeſbury in the library of his learned friend, ſuperior, as he tells us, to the printed copies; and the works exhibit throughout a converſance with claſſical ſtory, without being overloaded by erudite alluſions or ſmelling to exceſs of the *ink-horn*, as Gaſcoigne has it. Drayton had certainly profited by Selden's accompliſhments and extenſive information, and the earlier inſtalments of the *Poly-olbion* were enriched by the notes of one of the moſt diligent readers and moſt intellectual men of his time. We muſt remember, too, that Browne was the means of preſerving to us Occleve's tale, which he has incorporated with the firſt eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe*, and which is certainly far ſuperior to anything in the volume printed by Mr. Maſon in 1796. He tantalizes us when he adds, in the poem, that he had Occleve's works by him quite complete, and makes us wiſh cordially that, inſtead of affording a ſpecimen, he had given the whole ſeries of ſtories compoſed by Occleve from the *Geſta Romanorum* or other ſources.

In 1624, Browne reſumed his reſidence at Exeter College, in the capacity of tutor to the Honourable Robert Dormer, eldeſt ſon of the Earl of Carnarvon; and it was during this ſtay at the univerſity that the poet took his Maſter's degree. Under the date of Auguſt 25, 1624, Wood, in his *Faſti* (ed. Bliſs), has the following entry:—

"Will. Browne of Exeter coll. had leave then given to him to be actually created M. of A. but twas not put in execution till 16 Nov. following. He is ſtiled in the public regiſter, 'vir omni humanâ literaturâ & bonarum artium cognitione inſtructus.'"

He was ſtill preſumably directing the ſtudies of Mr. Dormer when, in 1625, a ſecond edition of both parts of the *Paſtorals* came from the preſs in an octavo volume. A copy exiſted ſome years ago, in which ſeveral fellow-collegians or friends of the poet had inſerted additional commendatory verſes, each apparently in his own handwriting; its preſent deſtination is unknown to me, but Mr. Beloe fortunately printed the whole of the MS. matter in his *Anecdotes of Literature*. The poems thus preſerved are, in ſome caſes, ſuperior to any which accompanied the printed volume. In this edition they occur (encloſed between brackets) immediately after the other panegyrics prefixed to the firſt book of the *Paſtorals*.

Browne appears to have been of a melancholy and deſponding turn of mind in later life, when ſome private misfortune, known only to us ſo far as the ſufferer has choſen to diſcloſe to our view and ſympathy glimpſes of it in alluſions ſcattered through his works; but he was, at the ſame time, evidently a man who formed many life friendſhips, and who endeared himſelf to his intimates by his amiability of character, ſcarcely leſs

than by his poetical genius and his accompliſhments. He was a ſcholar alſo, and the companion of ſcholars; and the eſteem in which he was held by ſuch men as Jonſon, Drayton, and Selden is alone almoſt ſufficient to ſhow that thoſe in the midſt of whom he lived and moved, ſomething more than a name, looked upon him not as a mere flimſy and ſmooth verſe-writer, but as a man of ſterling virtues and ſolid intellectual endowments.

In ſome of thoſe elegiac compoſitions which appear to have been the work of his maturer years, while they are aſſuredly not the moſt favourable ſpecimens of his genius, Browne takes occaſion to lament the ravages which Death had made in the ranks of his early friends, the forlornneſs of his deſtiny, and his diſappointment in love. But whether this alleged unhappineſs was real, or is to be regarded partly as poetical licence, we ſhall perhaps never diſcover. That he was married, and was warmly attached to his wife, ſeems concluſively ſhown by an epitaph on that lady in the Lanſdowne MS., and by the pedigree preſerved in Harl. MS., 6164. His friend Chriſtopher Brooke was certainly living in 1625; Jonſon did not die till 1637; and Selden and Wither, and probably Davies of Hereford, ſurvived him many years. But, at the ſame time, the poet's alluſions may be to ſome early blight of the affections,[1] and to bereavements among his kindred or connections, of which we are admitted to no further knowledge.

At what time his relations with Mr. Dormer ceaſed does not appear, but Wood ſtates that, after the ſeverance of that tie,

[1] Mr. Beloe ſuppoſed that an alluſion might have been intended to Browne's diſappointment in love in the lines prefixed by Samuel Harding (ſtanzas 10-11, p. 18 of new edition); but I confeſs that this does not ſeem very probable.

Browne domeſticated himſelf at Wilton with the Herberts, with whom he had certainly enjoyed an acquaintance of ſome kind ſince 1613. But Wood's ſtory about the "purchaſe of an eſtate" through this medium at a ſtage comparatively ſo late in the poet's career I take to be an anachroniſm.

From a letter now firſt printed from one of the Aſhmolean MSS. ſeveral new facts are to be collected; namely, that in 1640 Browne was reſident, either permanently or temporarily, at Dorking, in Surrey, in what he terms "his poore cell and ſequeſtration from all buſineſſe," and that among his acquaintance he counted the diſtinguiſhed Sir Benjamin Ruddyerd. It is alſo intereſting to find, as we do here, that the poet, beſides his love of rural objects and ſcenery, had a taſte for higher matters, and a patriotic appreciation of the great political movements which were ſoon to ſhake England to its centre. This document, which is undoubtedly in the poet's handwriting, alſo acquaints us that, in the decline of life, he ſtill preſerved the friendſhip of Mr. Dormer.

To Sir Benjamin Rudyard.

Sir,—I beſeech you to pardon my interpoſing your moſt ſerious affaires with the remembrance of my Service. The cauſe requires it, and every man whoe knows I haue ye honour to be knowne by you, would thinck me ſtupid in not congratulating what every one thincks he hath a ſhare in. I meane your late ſpeech in Parliament,[1] wherein they beleeve the ſpirit wch inſpird the Reformation & the Genius wch dictated the Magna

[1] This ſpeech is printed in extenſo from the original 4to. tract of four leaves in Manning's *Memoirs of Sir B. Ruddyerd*, 1841, 8vo.

Charta poſſeſs'd you. In my poore Cell and ſequeſtration from all buſineſſe I bleſſe God & praye for more ſuch members in the Comonwealth ; and coulde you but heare (as it is pitty but you ſhould) what I doe, it would add ſome yeares to your honor'd hayres. Beleive it (Sir) you haue given ſuch a maintenance to that Repute wch your former Deportment had begotten that it will need noe other livelyhood then a Chronicle wch I hope our enſuing age will not ſee it want for. I haue nowe done, (Tis ſundaye night) when I haue prayde for my honor'd Lord the Lord Chamberlayne, my good Lord and Maſter the Earle of Caernarvon, and for you and your good proceedings, I hope I ſhall wake with the ſame thoughts againe, and be ever

Y^r^ moſt obliged ſervant[1]

*Dorking No^br^* 29
1640.

After his wife's death, preceded or followed (we cannot be ſure which) by the death of a ſecond child, chriſtened, like the firſt, Robert, Browne may have ſpent ſome time at Wilton, the honoured gueſt of the Herberts ; and it alſo appears from the foregoing letter to Sir B. Ruddyerd, that at that date, he was ſtill on good terms with his old pupil, who had ſince become Earl of Carnarvon.[2] Under ſuch circumſtances,

[1] I find no mention in Brayley and Britton's Surrey of Browne's reſidence at Dorking in 1640. It is ſurely an incident in the early local hiſtory of that place which was worth recording. I therefore preſume that the writers were unaware of it. Moſt probably the poet's ſtay there was temporary.

[2] He periſhed on the field of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643.

whether his own private eſtate was ſo flouriſhing as Wood wiſhes us to underſtand, or not, he could be in no want of a home or a friend. But as poverty, or dependence on the bounty of others, is a point to which there is nowhere in his works the moſt remote alluſion, it is tolerably ſafe to conclude that his relations with the Herberts and Dormers did not ariſe from pecuniary neceſſities on his ſide. From one of his miſcellaneous poems, it is evident that he made a tour abroad at one period of his life, perhaps as the companion of Mr. Dormer. Others teſtify to his acquaintance with the vicinity of Croydon, and the delightful ſcenery of the Mole.

In the regiſter of Taviſtock, under March 27, 1643, is this laconic entry: "William Browne was buried." Whether this was the poet, or another perſon of the ſame Chriſtian name and ſurname, it is at preſent difficult, if not impoſſible, to determine; and it is the ſole clue to the date of Browne's deceaſe which we ſeem to poſſeſs. Wood conjectured that he died in 1645,[1] but he felt, and we can feel, no ſort of certainty on the ſubject. It is a very uſual dilemma, for authors' entrances and exits do not ſeem formerly to have been regarded as an important ſection of the chronology of hiſtory; and it is wholly due to the exertions of Anthony Wood that even the bare outline of facts touching

[1] But it appears from reſearches lately undertaken for me at Ottery St. Mary that the William Browne, who periſhed in the great local diſtemper, occaſioned, it is ſuppoſed, by the crowded ſtate of the town during the preſence of Cromwell's troops, who was interred there in December, 1645, and who is probably the perſon meant by Wood, had a wife named *Ann*, who died two years before. This does not correſpond with Harl. MS., 6164, where the poet's wife is ſaid to have been named *Tymothy*.

many men whoſe works are a glory to the literature of England, has been tranſmitted to us. It is the moſt natural ſuppoſition that Browne, fuller of fame than years, would return to the place of his nativity to draw his laſt breath, and to lie among his anceſtors. But it ſeems to be ſuſpicious that the entry at Taviſtock is unaccompanied by any indication that the perſon interred there on the 27th March, 1643, was of gentle birth.

Wood ſays that Browne had a great mind in a little body; but no portrait of the poet, by which we might gain a more vivid idea of his appearance, is known to ſurvive.

BRITANNIA'S

PASTORALS.

The first Booke.

HORAT.

Carmine Dij ſuperi placantur, carmine
Manes.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN HAVILAND.
1625.

TO

THE NO LESSE ENOBLED BY VERTVE, THEN ANCIENT

In Nobilitie, the Right Honorable Edvvard Lord *Zouch*, *Saint-Maure*, and *Cantelupe*, and one of his Maiesties *moſt Honourable Privie* Covncell.

HONORS bright Ray,
More highly crown'd with *Vertue* thē with *yeares*,
Pardon a Ruſticke *Muſe* that thus appeares
In *Shepheards gray*,
Intreating your attention to a Lay
Fitting a *Siluan Bowre*, not *Courtly Traines;*
Such choiſer eares,
Should haue *Apollo's* Prieſts, not *Pans* rude Swaines:
But if the *Muſick* of contented Plaines
A thought vpreares
For your approuement of that part ſhe beares,
When time (that *Embrions* to perfection brings)
Hath taught her ſtraines,
May better boaſt their being from the *Spring*
Where braue *Heroës* worths the *Siſters* ſing:
(In Lines whoſe raignes
In ſpight of *Enuy* and her reſtleſſe paines:

Be vnconfin'd as bleſt eternitie :)
The Vales ſhall ring
Thy Honor'd Name ; and euery Song ſhall be
A *Pyramis* built to thy *Memorie.*

Your Honors :

W. Brovvne.

To the Reader.

THE times are ſwolne ſo big with nicer wits,
That nought ſounds good but what Opinion *ſtrikes.*
Cenſure *with* Iudgement *ſeld together ſits ;*
And now the Man *more then the* Matter *likes.*

The great Rewardreſſe *of a* Poets *Pen,*
Fame, *is by thoſe ſo clogg'd ſhee ſeldome flyes,*
The Muſes *ſitting on the graues of men,*
Singing that Vertue *liues and neuer dyes,*

Are chas'd away by the malignant Tongues
Of ſuch, by whom Detraction *is ador'd :*
Hence growes the want of euer-liuing Songs,
With which our Ile *was whilome brauely ſtor'd.*

If ſuch a Baſiliſke *dart downe his Eye,*
(*Impoyſon'd with the dregs of vtmoſt hate*)
To kill the firſt Bloomes of my Poeſie,
It is his worſt, and makes me fortunate.
Kinde wits I vaile to, but to fooles preciſe
I am as confident as they are nice.

W. B.

From the Inner Temple, *Iune* the 18. 1613.

In Bucolica G. Brovn.

Quod, per ſeceſſus Ruſtici otia, Licuit ad
Amic. & Bon. Lit. amantiſſ.

Anacreonticvm.

Κάλλος σὸν Κυθέρεια,
Σὸν, Κύραι Διὸς, ἦθος
Εμνήστευσαν, Γλερμέ.
Τῇ συμπράξαν Ερῶτες·
Ταῖς Cυὸ Παλλάδι Φοῖβος·
Τῆς Μῦσαι προκατῆρχυ·
Ταῖς σὺ Δῦλος ὑπάρχεις·
Τῆς ὐμὴν ἀεκύσης·

Ωἶ γαρ ἐς' αν'ἐραστος
Ψυχὴ, Ἕννεα τὴν ου
Φεύγυσ' αὐτῷ ἕπονται
Ὅς προστόσσετ' Ἐρῶτας.
Μύσαιστ' Ἀφρογενείῃ
Προδπῖον τῦτο πέλεσκε.
Νόσσαξ ἀμφοτερῇσιν
Οὕτως ἐσσὶ φίλιστις.

Ad Amoris Numina.

QVIN *voſtrum* Paphie, Anteros, Eróſq;
Vt Regnum capiat mali quid, abſit!
Venus, *per Syrium nimìs venuſtum!*
Amplexus teneros, pares, ſuaues
Pſyches, *per, tibi, Baſiationum*
Eros *quantum erat! & per* Anterotis
Fœlices Animas! periclitanti
Obteſtor, dubiæq; conſulatis
Rei voſtræ! Miſerûm magis fauete
Languori, Miſerûm fauete Amantum,
Dixi, cordolio! Quod eſt amatum
Ictu propitij ferite pectus!

Ictus quin ſit ab aurea ſagitta !
Ortas Spe placitâ fouete flammas !
Ortis quin Similes parate flammas !
Suas gnauitèr ambiant * Neæras !
Et cautìm laciant ſuos Neæræ !
Dextras ſternuite adprobationes !
Adſuctis detur Oſculum labellis !
Et iunctis detur Oſculum ſaliuis !
*Tui Nectaris adde, Diua,** *quinctam.*
Conturbet tremulæ libido linguæ,
Ne quis Baſia * *faſcinare poſſit !*
Morſus mutua temperet voluptas !
Dormitis, nimiumq; defuiſtis
Procis, atq; Adamantinis Puellis.
Iſthæc proſpiciens tibi, Cupido,
Audax admonui. Tuas Apollo,
Deuſq; Arcadiæ, Minerua, & Hermes
Supplantant Veneres. Murinus *arcum*
Tendit, quin iaculis tuâ pharetrâ
Surreptis petimur. Camena *texit*
Cantu dædala, blandulum Aphrodites
Ceſtum, & inſidias plicat. Mineruæ
Buxus, Mercurij *Chelys, Cicuta*
Fauni, *dulce melos canunt.* Erota
En, olìm * *docuit, plagas* Eroti
Iam tendit, Iuuenis, Poëta, Paſtor,
Iſthac proſpiciens tibi Cupido,
Audax admonui. Faue Cupido.

* *Amica, Domina* (noſtro idiomate amatorio, Miſtreſſe) & *Neæra* ſunt vtiſynonyma *Prudentio*, ante alios, Peri Steph. hymn 12. & alicubi. v. ſi placet & *Joſ. Scalig.* ad 3. *Tibulli.*

* *Horat.* Carm. 1. od. 13.

* Ne ſcilicet quis pernumetet Finitus n. & notus numerus faſcino, apud Veteres, obnoxius. Idq; in *Baſijs* obſeruatum habes ap. *Catul.* carm. 5. & 7.

* *Amor* à *Paſtore* omne genus Muſices olim edoctus. *Bion* Idyll. 3.

By the SAME.

SO much a Stranger my *Seuerer Muſe*
Is not to Loue-ſtraines, or a Shepwards Reed,
But that She knowes ſome Rites of *Phœbus* dues,
Of *Pan*, of *Pallas*, and hir Siſters meed.
Reade and Commend She durſt theſe tun'd eſſaies

Of *Him that loues her* (She hath euer found
Hir ſtudies as one circle.) Next She prayes
His Readers be with *Roſe* and *Myrtle* crown'd!
No *Willow* touch them! As His * *Baies* are free
From wrong of Bolts, ſo may their Chaplets bee.

I. SELDEN *Iuris C.*

* Baies (*faire Readers*) *being the materials of* Poets *Girlands*, (*as* Myrtle *and* Roſes *are for enioying* Louers, *and the fruitleſſe* Willow *for them which your vnconſtancy, too oft, makes moſt vnhappy*) *are ſuppoſed not ſubiect to any hurt of* Jupiters *thunderbolts, as other Trees are.*

To his Friend the AVTHOR.

DRIVE forth thy Flock, young Paſtor, to that Plaine,
Where our old Shepheards wont their flocks to feed;
To thoſe cleare walkes, where many a ſkilfull Swaine
To'ards the calme eu'ning, tun'd his pleaſant Reed.
Thoſe, to the Muſes *once ſo ſacred, Downes,*
As no rude foot might there preſume to ſtand:
(Now made the way of the vnworthieſt Clownes,
Dig'd and plow'd vp with each vnhallowed hand)
If poſſible thou canſt, redeeme thoſe places,
Where, by the brim of many a Siluer Spring,
The learned Maidens, and delightfull Graces
Often haue ſate to heare our Shepheards ſing:
Where on thoſe Pines *the neighb'ring Groues among,*
(Now vtterly neglected in theſe daies)
Our Garlands, Pipes, and Cornamutes were hung
The monuments of our deſerued praiſe.
So may thy Sheepe like, ſo thy Lambs increaſe,
And from the Wolfe feed euer ſafe and free!
So maiſt thou thriue, among the learned preaſe,
As thou young Shepheard art belou'd of mee!

MICHAEL DRAITON.

To his Ingenious and worthy Friend the AVTHOR.

HE that will tune his Oaten-pipe aright,
To great *Apollo's* Harp: he that will write
A liuing Poem; muſt haue many yeeres,

And ſetled iudgement 'mongſt his equall peeres,
In well-rig'd Barke to ſteere his doubtfull courſe;
Leſt ſecret, rocky Enuy, or the ſource
Of froathy, but ſky-towring Arrogance;
Or fleeting, ſandy vulgar-cenſure chance
To leaue him ſhip-wrackt, on the deſert Maine
Imploring aged *Neptunes* help in vaine.
The younger Cygnet, euen at beſt doth teare,
With his harſh ſquealings, the melodious eare:
It is the old, and dying Swan that ſings
Notes worthy life, worthy the *Theſpian* Springs.
But thou art young; and yet thy voice as ſweet,
Thy Verſe as ſmooth, Compoſure as diſcreet
As any Swans, whoſe tunefull Notes are ſpent
On *Thames* his bancks; which makes me confident,
He knowes no Muſick, hath nor eares, nor tongue,
That not commends a voice ſo ſweet, ſo young.

On him; a Paſtorall Ode *to his faireſt Shepheardeſſe.*

SYREN more then earthly faire,
Sweetly breake the yeelding Ayre:
Sing on *Albions* whiteſt Rocks:
Sing; whilſt *Willy* to his Flocks,
Deftly tunes his various Reed.
Sing; and hee, whilſt younglings feed,
Anſwer ſhall thy beſt of ſinging,
With his *Rurall Muſicke*, bringing
Equall pleaſure; and requite
Muſickes ſweets with like delight.
What though *Willyes* Songs be plaine?
Sweet they be: for hee's a Swaine
Made of purer mould then earth,
Him did *Nature* from his birth,

And the *Muſes* ſingle out,
For a ſecond *Colin Clout*.
Tityrus made him a Singer:
Pan him taught his Pipe to finger:
Numbers, curious eares to pleaſe,
Learn'd he of *Philiſides*.
Kala loues him: and the Laſſes
Point at him, as by he paſſes,
Wiſhing neuer tongue that's bad
Cenſure may ſo blithe a Lad.
Therefore well can he requite
Muſicks ſweets with like delight:
Sing then; breake the yeelding ayre,
Syren more then earthly faire.

EDVVARD HEYWARD,
è So. Int. Templ.

To his Friend the AVTHOR *vpon his Poem.*

THIS *Plant* is knotleſſe that puts forth theſe leaues,
Vpon whoſe Branches I his praiſe doe ſing:
Fruitfull the Ground, whoſe verdure it receiues
From fertile Nature, and the learned *Spring*.
In zeale to Good; knowne, but vnpractiz'd Ill,
Chaſt in his thoughts, though in his youthfull *Prime*,
He writes of Paſt'rall Loue, with Nectar'd Quill,
And offers vp his firſt Fruits vnto Time.
Receiue them (*Time*) and in thy Border place them
Among thy various Flowers of Poeſie;
No *Enuy* blaſt, nor *Ignorance* deface them,
But keepe them freſh in faireſt Memorie!
And, when from *Daphne's tree* he plucks more *Baies*,
His *Shepheards Pipe* may chant more heau'nly laies.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

ANAGRAMMA.

GVILIELMVS BROVVNE. Ne vulgo Librum eius.

SI vulgus guſtare tuo velis apta palato;
I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes.
Nil vulgare ſapit Liber hic; hinc vulgus abeſto:
Non niſi delicias hæc tibi menſa dabit.

FR : DYNNE,
è So. Int. Templ.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

ON (Iolly Lad) and hye thee to the Field
Among the beſt Swains that the Vallies yeeld;
Goe boldly, and in preſence of them all,
Proceed a Shepheard with this Paſtorall.
Let *Pan*, and all his rurall Traine attending,
From ſtately *Mountaines* to the *Plaines* deſcending,
Salute this Paſtor with their kinde embraces;
And entertaine him to their holy places.
Let all the *Nymphes* of Hills and Dales together
Kiſſe him for earneſt of his welcome thither:
Crowne him with Garlands of the choiceſt flowres,
And make him euer dwell within their Bowres:
For well I wote in all the Plaines around,
There are but few ſuch Shepheards to be found,
That can ſuch learned Layes and Ditties frame,
Or aptly fit their tunes vnto the ſame.
And let them all (if this young Swaine ſhould die)
Tune all their *Reeds* to ſing his *Memorie*.

THO. GARDINER,
è So. Int. Templ.

To the AVTHOR.

HAD I beheld thy Muſe *vpon the Stage,*
A Poeſie in faſhion with this age;
Or had I ſeene, when firſt I view'd thy taſke,
An actiue wit dance in a Satyres *Maſke,*
I ſhould in thoſe haue prais'd thy Wit and Art,
But not thy ground, A Poems better part:
Which being the perfect'ſt Image of the Braine,
Not fram'd to any baſe end, but to gaine
True approbation of the Artiſts *worth,*
When to an open view he ſets it forth,
Iudiciouſly, he ſtriues; no leſſe t'adorne
By a choiſe Subiect, then a curious Forme:
Well haſt thou then paſt o'er all other rhime,
And in a Paſtorall *ſpent thy leaſures time:*
Where fruit ſo faire, and field ſo fruitfull is,
That hard it is to iudge whether in This
The Subſtance or the faſhion more excell,
So precious is the Iem, and wrought ſo well.
Thus reſt thou prais'd of me, Fruit, Field, Iem, Art,
Doe claime much praiſe to equall ſuch Deſart.

W. FERRAR,

è So. Med. Templ.

To the AVTHOR.

FRIEND, Ile not erre in blazing of thy Worth;
This Worke in trueſt termes will ſet it forth:
In theſe few lines the all I doe intend,
Is but to ſhew that I haue ſuch a Friend.

FR. OVIDE.

è S. In. Templ.

[EUTERPE *to her deereſt Darling* W. B.

THY lines, thy worth, thy wit to prayſe,
Were mine owne honor to upraiſe,
And thoſe ſame gifts commend in thee
Which thou receiv'd haſt of me;
Yet may I boaſt that by mine aide
All eares to thee are captive made,
And thy (amazed) country-men
Admire, extoll thy golden pen:
Hearing ſuch madrigalls as theſe
Aſtoniſht is Philiſides,
And vanquiſht by thy ſweeter layes
Forſweares his pipe; yeilds thee the bayes:
Reſigns
And Colyn Clout his oaten reede,
Which did to us ſuch pleaſure breede,
Reſignes to thee; grieved becauſe his
Mulla by Tavy, vanquiſht is.
Marina fayns though in her neede
The ſtorme did helpe; yet ſhee indeede
Was raviſht, but (tis her excuſe)
Twas only with thy ſweete-tongu'd muſe;
That though the Robin Red-breaſt fed
Her body, yet ſh' ad ſuffered
Death, hadſt not thou with lines refind
As with ambroſia fed her minde,
Doridon weepes (although for who
He trows not) if t' be not for you;
Since thee to write he could not move
One Canto more on his true love:
See how each ſwaine y^{t} ſhould this day
Before Dame Thetis ſing his lay,
Sighing gives backe, for he doth feare
WILLY their Captaine won't be there.

All ſay thou art the elme (they know)
Wheerby the muſes vine doth grow,
And that if Cœlia merit death,
All they muſt with her looſe their breath,
That fairer boughs have pul'd from thee
Than ere grew on Pans golden tree.
Laſtly thy Alatheia ſayes,
That future times ſhall ſing thy praiſe,
And th'-after ages ſtrive in vaine,
As thou haſt done, to do againe.—

PHIL. PAPILLON, E. Coll. Exon.

CARMINA *amo, mihi* WILLE *placet tua fiſtula: fælix!*
En re ſonant laudes illa, vel illa tuas.

BUT ſtop my muſe, liſten to Willys lays,
Harke whiles the Eccho doth reſound his praiſe,
Let others ſpeak, forbid not, but let mee
Thou charminge ſweetly, liſten unto thee.

P. S. Coll. Ex.

On the AUTHOR *of Britannias Peerleſſe Paſtoralls.*

I'LL take thy judgment golden Mydas now,
Nor will of Phœbus harmony allow,
Since Pan hath ſuch a ſhepheard, whoſe ſweet layes
May claim deſervedly the Delphique bayes.
Thrice happy Syrinx, onely great in this,
Thou kiſſeſt him in metamorphoſis.
Flocke hither ſatires, learne a roundelay
Of him to grace Sylvanus holyday.
Come hither ſhepheardes, let your bleating flockes
Of bearded goates browze on the moſſy rockes.
Come from Arcadia, baniſht ſhepheardes, come,
Let flouriſhing Britannia bee your home.

Crown'd with your anadems and chaplets trim,
And invocate no other Pan but him:
'Tis he can keepe you ſafe from all your flockes,
From greedy wolfe, or oft beguiling fox:
Let him but tune his notes, and you ſhall ſee
The wolfe abandon his rapacity,
And innocently trip and friſk among
Your wanton lambkins at his ſwanlike ſong;
Yea had the Thracian ſung but half ſo well,
Hee had not left Euridice in hell,
Then rally ſwaine, aſtoniſh humane eyes,
And let thy Tavy high as Tyber riſe.

On the SAME.

AN ODE.

FEARE not Willy, but goe on
With thy ſong of Dorydon,
Which will neer ſurpaſſed bee
By the beſt pipe in Arcady.
What though Roger of the plaines,
Hobinoll and other ſwaynes,
Joynd with Colin of the glen,
Perigot and other men,
Warble ſweetly, thou when they
Sung on Pan's laſt holyday,
Wonſt the chaplet which was made,
Hard by Tavy in a glade,
Walla, Marina, Fida too,
Doe thy laſting favour wooe:
The fountains god will riſing bee,
From his waters to heare thee;
Hungring for thee makes us rave,
All ſhut up in Limos cave;

O bee thou the Redbreaſt, cheriſh
Thoſe who but for thee would periſh,
Or bee Triton who alone
Mayſt remove the mighty ſtone,
Then in thine honour every ſhepheard ſhall
Keepe the day ſtricter than Pans feſtivall.

EDW. HALL, e Coll. Exon.

On the AUTHOR *of Britannias Peerleſſe Paſtoralls.*

CEASE ſkilfull Orpheus, whoſe mellifluous ſtraynes
Have earſt made ſtones and trees ſkip ore the playnes,
A ſweeter harmonye invites our eares
Than ere was ſent from the celeſtiall ſpheeres:
Cleare Tavy now his ſilver head may rayſe,
A ſhephearde of his owne can ſinge his prayſe.
Sweet toung'd Arion ſtrive not with ſuch odds,
Thy ſong moved but the dolphins: his the godds.
O hadſt thou daignd to move thy ſweeter toung,
The wolfe had ſtayd to hearken to thy ſonge;
Had Pans eares ſuckt the nectar of thy breath,
For thy ſake Cælia had beene free from death,
But that the Fates denyde, as who ſhould ſay
By Willys pen her fame ſhall live for aye:
Walla a garland will compoſe noe more,
To crowne her Tavyes temples as before;
But as to them that beſt deſerve the prayſe,
She'll give to thee the garland and the bayes,
And if a verſe thy glorye may confine,
Thou ſing'ſt Brittannias prayſe, Brittannia thine.

JO. DYNHAM, e Coll. Exon.

Uppon the occaſion of Readinge this compleet Poem.

TO THE AUTHOR W. BROWNE.

αυτοχεδιαστικον :

1.

CEASE, ceaſe Pierian dames,
Be henceforth mute,
Leave of your wanton games,
Apollos lute
Hath crackt a ſtringe: it grates my eares,
'Tis harſh, as are the heavenly ſpheares:
Liſt Willie ſings and tunes his oaten reed,
To whom all hearts, all eares doe yield themſeſs*: as meed.

2.

Hearke, hearke, the joylly lad
So ſweetly ſings,
The vales as proude, as glad
The murmuring ſpringes:
Both joyne to tell the neighbour hills
That theres no muſicke like to Willes.
Eccho enamoured one the pipinge ſwaine
Recovers (ſylly wretch!) her voice, repeats each ſtraine.

3.

The buckſome ſheepheardeſſe
Hearke! ha! no more?
Ah! what unhappineſſe
Waſt left us poore,
Bereft by thy neglected ſongs
Of life, of joy! tell tell w^t^ wrongs
What ſad diſaſter (Willie) is betide,
That we thy laies (not yet half done) ſhould be denyed?

* *Sic* in Belve.

4.

What has ſome ſatyre rude,
Wode to thoſe groves
His wily ſnares beſtrewd
To catch your loves?
To tempt a credlous ſheepheardeſſe,
Who crying out in her diſtreſſe,
Have made you breake or flinge your pipe away,
Oh no! your charmes would erſt have made the monſter ſtay.

5.

Or is your pipe ybroke,
And 'twill not ſounde?
Goe, goe unto the oake
By yonder mounde:
Take Colins pipe (there't hangs) in hand,
Or if not that you may command
The whillome jolly ſwaine's PHILICIDES,
But ah your broken pipe will ſound as well as theſe.

6.

Has ſubtell Reynard caught
A friſkinge lambe,
Or the fearce woolfe diſtraught
The bleatinge dam?
And you by riffling of their folds,
Which to regaine your ſport witholds,
Or has your lagginge ewe a lambkin yean'd,
Which makes you ceaſe your notes, and midwifrie attend.

7.

Or did ſome ſheepheards boy
(Thy layes are good,)
Nod 's head or pauſe and coy,
He underſtood,

Not that it which he did ſoe taunt
(If there were ſuch) dull ignorant,
Or elſe deſpairinge ere to riſe ſo high,
Would worke thee ſwaine from thy deſerved ſupremacy.

8.

Did the round yeſterday,
Which thou beganſt
Soe merriely to play,
Thou them entraunct'ſt?
O did they rayſe thy worth ſoe high,
And made thee bluſh for modeſtie:
Did they with garlands girt thy curled locks,
Cald thee fine piper while thou lookeſt all griefe for mocks.

9.

And w^d^ th' had wood thee too,
A ſecond part,
Cauſe from their promiſd vow
They gan to ſtart:
In which th' hadſt bound their ſeely ſwaine,
Nor to commend nor praiſe thy veine,
Yet when they did begin, and who could ſpare?
Thou cruell tor'ſt thy chaplets, and wouldſt willow weare.

10.

See cruell faire, ſee, ſee
Each ſheapheards brow,
That wont to ſmile with glee,
Is tearſwolne now;
And priſninge up their pearly wealth,
The ſtraglinge drops get out by ſtealth,
Yet could they hope to win thee for their prize,
To finiſh up thy ſong theyde bankerupt all their eyes.

11.

The pretty birds were mute
To heare thee ſinge,
And ſee the ſhepheard youth
All wantonninge;
When having ceaſt thy noates all fitty,
They all reſervd there mournful dittye:
Philomel fearinge tis her fate denyes,
Thy ſweeter accents falls into thy breaſt and dyes.

12.

The winds that erſt were whiſt
Beginne to roare,
Each tree y^r ſonges beinge miſt,
Skreeks as before:
Each ſproutinge pauncie in the meade
For greife begins to hang a head,
The weepinge brooke in grumblinge tones glide[s] doune,
Dimples its once ſleeke cheeks, and thanks you with a frowne.

13.

Come, come lets heare your ſkill,
Here ſay you can't,
W^t are you angrie ſtill,
By Pan you ſha'nt.
Nere let your modeſtie deprive
Y' of what will keepe your name alive,
Whilſt ore the curld-haird-Tavies flowery ſide
There does on[e] ſhepheard lodge or ſeely ſheepe abide.

14.

Oh let not nice conceit,
You are too younge,
That there are lads more feete
Ith ſhepheards thronge,

Who better able are [to] diſtill
There ſoule in ſonnets at their will,
If ſtill to me you be obdurate then,
Let ſheepe, birds, trees, winds, flowers, brooks, teach
thee melt again.

SAM. HARDINGE, E. Coll. Exon.

To the now unparelleled SYDNEY *of his time*, W. B., *the ingenuous Author of Brittannia's Paſtorals.*

PLAY on thy pipe new leſſons, Willy ſtrike
More ſuch as theſe which may each ſhepheard like,
And if it chaunce Thetys doe once againe
Viſit our coaſts, bee thou the elected ſwayne,
To greet her with thy layes, let her admire
The varying accents of thy matchleſſe lyre,
And ſo affect thee for thy poems ſake,
Adopt thee hers, and thee her uſher make,
But leave us not, blithe ſwayne, let Tavys ſtreame
Leave of to murmurre liſtning to thy theame,
Leſt thy ſweet layes ſo great effect obtayne,
As here on land, ſo there upon the mayne,
As laſſes here admired thy matchleſſe verſe,
So there the ſea-nimphs ſtill thy praiſe rehearſe,
Twixt both a great contention it will breed,
Who hath moſt intereſt in thyne oaten reed,
Which harder will appeaſed bee than theires
Who ſtrove to bee eſteemed the blind bards heires:
Thoſe claime thee theires in that thou doſt forſake
Thy native cotes, and there thy manſion make:
The lambkins heere did friſke to heare thee play,
Leſſe nouriſhed by theire graſſe than with thy lay;
So would the dolphins then attend thy ſong,
And none left Triton whom to ride upon,

Which might incenſe him ſeeing one the frye,
And vaſter ſholes preſſing to come moſt nye,
To heare thy melody, and to refuſe
His trumpets ſounds, to which they ſtill did uſe
Before to thronge, to pry thee do not come,
But ſweetly pipen at thy native home,
Continue ſtill with us, and let our vales
Reverberate in eccho thy ſweet tales.

CHR. GEWEN, e Coll. Exon.

An ODE *entreating him to proceed in the continuation of his Brittannias Paſtorals.*

WILLY ſee but how the ſwaines
Mourne thy ſilence on the plaines,
And do ſadly pace along,
Cauſe they cannot heare thy ſong;
Roget grieves: theſe notes would heare,
Faine which raviſhd earſt his eare,
And to hear thy ſong alway
In his priſon would he ſtay,
With moſt willingneſs then bee
Deprived thereof, though ſet free.
He and Cuddy, that blith ſwayne,
Whoſe flockes feed on yonder playne,
Would bee glad their ſkill to trye
At your opportunitye,
And though ſent to bee one tome,
They would undergoe thy doome,
And bee glad to yeeld to thee,
To whom is due all victorye,
Tis their wiſh each place could tell,
Thy conqueſts like Saint Dunſtanes well,
And that thy pipe would ſound ſo well,
As't whilome did in thicke ſame dell;

Dorydon mourns 'cauſe his ſweet
Guided is not by thy feet,
To her haven of wiſht joy,
But is left to all annoy
By thy crueltye, he feares
Leaſt by this ſhee's drownd in teares:
Old ſwaines would dye, could they have
Thee but write upon theire grave
Sith affoored thou wilt not all
Once to heare thy paſtorall.
Each ſhepheardeſſe doth lament,
Cauſe thou art theire diſcontent,
And had it been another lad
Which theire wakes thus hindred had,
Theyd reveng it, and with ſpeed
Diſcard his ſilent oaten reed,
But thy former layes have got
Thee praiſes neer to bee forgot,
Therefore they forbeare to ſpoyle
Thy pipe which hath given the foyle
To oppoſers: nor would bee
Cruell to thy pipe or thee.
All the ſwaines are yonder ſate
On the hillocke, and are mete,
To celebrate Pans feſtivall
With ſome pleaſing madrigall,
But theyre dumb, and ſo will bee,
Leſſe that thou augment their glee,
For their cuſtome 's at this feaſt,
Here mongſt ſhepheards that the beſt
Muſt begin, and then each one
Follows till they all have done.
Why doſt then thy muſique linger,
And ſuppreſſe theires? they would finger
Willingly their pipes, they ſtay
But till thou thy leſſon play.

Hye thee, Willye, hye apace,
With all ſpeed to the place
Where the ſhepheards are ſet round,
Wayting there till thy pipe ſound,
At thy tuning, when thy lay
Thou haſt ended, they will play,
For which art brave Thetys ſhall
Crowne with praiſe thy madrigall,
And Pan himſelfe ſhall always bee
A patron to thy muſe and thee,
When that he knowes in this her matchleſſe lay,
Thy muſe keepes his, not her own holyday.

B. N.

To the AUTHOUR, W. B.

R IVERS be ſilent, peace you muſes nine,
O rpheus be dumbe, for now no praiſe is thine;
B end all your eares unto Britannia's peere,
E ver be praiſing, nere to praiſe him feare;
R ight as the painters garniſh with theire ſable
T heir brighter colours in a curious table.
T ime ſo will place thee in the ſhield of fame,
A s chiefe of men t' immortalize thy name;
Y et why ſhould I with rude rimes ſeeke to raiſe thee,
L et every ſonnet in thy paſtorals praiſe thee;
O daſht Apollo, hide thy face for ſhame,
R ender to ſhepheards henceforth all the fame.

E. Coll. Exon.

On the AUTHOR, W. B.

SHALL I implore the muſes nine,
To grace with ſweetes my ruder line,
When all the art the muſes cann
Are ſweetely ſung within this ſpann?

Or ſhal I invocate great Pann
To tune the ſong thy pipe beſt cann?
Pann ſwore to me the other day
He broke his pipe, and ran to heare thy lay.
Apollo lend thy ſacred quill,
That I may chant a note more ſhrill.
Alas! Apollos drownd in teares,
To ſee a god oer rule his ſpheares;
Lets ſee what golden Spenſer cann,
Hees dead, and thou the living mann:
The godde I ſee can weare no bayes
But what is pluckt from thy bright layes;
If Pann a ſong more ſmoother ſings,
Tis cauſe twas dipt in Tavies ſprings.

Ro. Tayler, Exon. Coll.

To the unparalleled Author *of the ſequent Poems*, W. B.

HAILE Albions ſwaine, whoſe worthy brow thoſe bayes
G'en to the victor in Pans paſtoral playes,
Ere ſince thy pipes firſt birth have bound, whoſe toungue
Our loves on once lovd Syrinx freely ſounge,
When mountains heads and ſtorm wrongd ſhrubs did caſt
Theyre long ſhades weſtward, and when ſhepheards haſt,
To 'nbed their pended flocks, how ofte amonge
The various ſonnets of a neighbouring thronge
Haſt thou enchanted with a ſtrong deſire,
To learne thy accents great Sylvanus quire,
Who like younge infants willing to obtaine
Their nurſes dialect and perfect ſtraine,
Labored a repetition; heare the thruſh
Stroove with his whiſtell; in next bordring buſh,
Shrouded about, was the ſmall redbreaſt ſet,
With liſtning eares, and unwiling to lett

Nought paſſe turned eccho to thy tunes, above
The ſoring larke did meditating move
Her gutling tounge, but each in vaine, at laſt
Though out of tune, proud Philomels diſtaſt,
To heare a rivall did diſpoſe the choice
Of natrall notes into an artlike voice,
Thy heavenly harmonie ſounding below
Among the vales, the river gods did draw
Above theyre ſtreames ſhaking their ſilver haire,
Then lifted up the anthumes ſeemed more rare,
Rap'd with ſuch muſicke theire cold monarchie
Abandoned ſtraight, they mounted up on hie,
There ſtood attentive all, as if uppon
Parnaſſus topp, Apollos ſtation,
Hee harping lay, and with ſmooth Mercurie
Had ſhared the ſpheares by better melodie;
Thus long in admiration of both layes,
They gave the ſentence, thou obtaineſt the praiſe,
And with inſinuation did entreat
That Tavies banckes myght be thy frequent ſeat:
They had theire will, thou yealdſt a loth conſent,
Thy windes muſt calme theire ſwelling element,
And heare the water nymphes eer ſince that time,
Wee hindes remembering thy mellifluous rime,
Covett to drive our cheretie flockes alonge
That cryſtall lake to heare thy wonted ſonge,
That ſong which metamorphoſed raping bares,
And trained the crafty fox into her ſnares,
The happier fates had favoured faire Marine,
Had thy lipps wood for her her Celadine,
If Rennard could perſuade as thou canſt move,
Had changd to hate that beauties diſdaind love,
Nor had the labor of a deity
Needed to quicken her mortality,
Thy charming voice had don't, for thy ſongs ſake
Caron had wherried from the Stygian lake

Againe her ghoſt, nor hath thy peerleſſe verſe
Don leſſe, thou muſt immortalize thy herſe,
Thouſt quite forſook Pans ſports, the more the griefe,
His joy the more, thou abſent, he's the chiefe;
Weeve loſt thy fellowſhip, not loſt thy fame,
We'll teach our children to adore thy name.
When as our Corniſh or Devonian ſwaines
Still ſport among their lamkins on the plaines,
Or celebrate their feſtivalls, wee'll raiſe
Our old reed once to Pans, twice to thy praiſe;
And when great Jove thy ſoul angelicall
Shall ſummon us to ſinge thy madrigall,
Our . . . . * ſhall want their tallow, but we'll burn
Continual candels on thy laſting urne.

NICH. DOWNEY, Coll. Exon.

Idem ad Eundem.

AN ODE.

I HEARDE the mountaine gods complaine,
Sweet Willy thou neglects thy ſtraine,
And that thou wouldſt not bleſſe againe
Thy fellow ſwaine.

The ſiſters did bewaile,
That hee whoſe notes did oft aſſaile
Apollos ſkill, yea did prevaile,
Their art diſdaines.

What if ſome forward ſtub-chind boy
Takes upp a reed, and dos employ
His artleſſe lipps, can this annoy
Thy ſweeter ſong?

* Left blank by Belve, who could not read the MS. here.

Could thy exactneſſe brooke a foile,
Without diſparagement; their ſoile
Commends thy tounge more ſmoothe than oile,
Our ſports amonge.

Great Pan eer ſince thou wentſt away,
Has miſt the glories of his day,
No ſhepheard dares begin a lay
To honor him.

Behold how all our joyes do turne
To ſadneſſe, ſee hot ſighs which burne
Our breſts, look how our ſwolne eyes mourne
And weepe till drie.

Our crooks are trailed along the ground,
Our pipes grow dumb, or ſadly ſound,
No flowrie chaplets eer hath crownd,
Since thine a browe.

Each ſhepheardeſſe as in deſpaire,
Mean more to be proclaimed faire,
T' fitt time to trim her fluent haire
Doth ſcarce allow.

Our lambs doe leave to ſkipp about,
And ape their dames ſad pace throughout,
The hills with woes, as if they doubt
Securitie.

Now thou art abſent, whoſe ſmooth reed
Did in the woulfs and tigers breed
A nature tame, and thus them freed
From crueltie.

Each muſe, godd, ſheep, and ſhepheards all,
Joyn in the art thy madrigall,
For Pans ſake at thy feſtivall
Renew thy ſtraines.

Why ſhould that ſpright which ſored ſo hie
Above the ken of emulous eye,
Eer Doridon be finiſhd die,
And ſhun our playnes.

N. D. Ex. Coll.

On the AUTHOR *of Brittanias Matchleſſe* (*though unfiniſht*) *Paſtorals.*

1.

LOOKE how the dying ſwan on Tagus ſhore,
Singing a lullaby to her laſt ſleepe,
Tyes to her golden tongue the leaping ore,
And bindes th' aſhamed water nymphs to keepe
Eternall ſilence, whilſt the dumbe waves ſtay,
And dare not with their murmuring pebles play,
Or through the whiſtling ruſhes take their wonted way.

2.

Looke how the gentle breath of ſoutherne gales,
Buzzing their tunes amongſt the querulous reedes,
Or whiſpering muſicke to the ſounding vales,
In all the aery nation envy breedes,
And into ſleepe the lazy groomes doth rocke,
Or calls th' amazed ſheapheard from his flocke,
And prompts the ſtrayning eccho of the neighbouring rocke.

3.

So ſate our noble Willy, happy ſwayne,
With peereleſſe ſongs incroaching ſorrow drowning,
And Tavyes curled locks (who danc't amaine
Unto his pipe) with bayes immortall crowning,
The whilſt the woods their leafy heads inclined,
In liſtening wiſe, and mixt their envious winde
With thoſe more heavenly aires which in his voyce they finde.

4.

Once when the jolly lad began a lay,
Of his Marina's fate, the wondring route
Of neighbouring ſwaynes, leaving their wonted play,
Ran to incircle their new Pan about,
Where growne forgetful of theire former care,
Although they fed on nought but his ſweet ayre,
Vowd that the quinteſſence of nectar was their fare.

5.

And as their captive ſoules were chained unto
The charming pipe; when they it leaſt ſuſpected,
The ſmiles and winkes which forth did ſteale, would ſhow
How much that loved ſound they all reſpected,
And all amaſed in a deep extaſy
Would ſweare he was ſome choriſter of the ſky,
Or (though their eyes ſayd no) Phœbus owne deity.

6.

Each peereleſſe nymph that baths her dewy curls
In too too happy Tavyes chryſtall waves,
Into the ſinging ecchoing champion hurles,
And there our Willyes head with flowers embraves,
Robs her own bankes, and decks a coronet
With bluſhing roſes and the violet,
Which on the head of her admired ſwayne is ſet.

7.

The merry emulous ſongſters of the wood
In ſilence liſtened to his better ſong,
And the ſoft murmurs of the bubbling flood
(Which ſeemed to laugh as he did ride along)
Preſumed to beare the burthen of his lay,
The whilſt the jocund ſatyres all would ſay
They were not half ſo bleſt even on Pan's holyday.

8.

But midſt theſe thankful ſhouts and ſignes of joy,
Whilſt all expect to ſee a happy cloſe,
Upon the ſudden ſtarts the peeviſh boy,
And runs away in haſte as from his foes:
Nor can our ſpeaking ſighs, and begging teares,
Nor all our prayers and plaints he daily heares,
Or melt his ſtubborn heart, or baniſh his vain feares.

9.

So, when as Philomel her hapleſſe fate
Unto the tell-tale eccho doth bemoane,
The whilſt ſome envious bough preſents in hate
A dagger to her breaſt, and there is none
That praiſes not her muſicks heavenly grace,
The baſhful bird with leaves doth vaile her face,
Or to her ſhrowd and tombe ſome thicket, flyes apace.

10.

And now he hauntes the woodes and ſilent groves,
(Poore lad) and teaches ſilence to the windes,
H' as now forgot our ſports and harmleſſe loves,
Ah can ſuch deeds agree with heavenly mindes;
Great flakes of moſs, bred in ſome ſilent cave,
Stop his pipes mouth, and now his ſpirit leave,
Now a dead ſoule entombed within a living grave.

11.

But Willy boy, let not eternall ſleepe
  Captive thy ſprightly muſe; ſo ſhall we all
Rejoice at her new life, and henceforth keepe
  Unto thy name a yearly feſtivall;
    May ſhee but impe her wings with thy bleſt pen,
    And take her wonted flight, heaven ſays Amen,
The muſicke of the ſpheares ſhall nere be heard agen.

12.

So may a ſun ſhine day ſmile on our ſports,
  So may the pretty lambs live free from harme,
So may the tender laſſe that here reſorts,
  Nere feele the clowniſh winds cold boiſterous arm.
    As we do love thee Willy, as we all
    Do wiſtly for thy peereleſs muſick call,
And as we plat for thee a matchleſſe coronall.

PERIGOT.]

BRITANNIA'S

PASTORALS.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGVMENT.

Marina's *Loue ycleep'd the faire,*
Celand's *diſdaine, and her deſpaire,*
Are the firſt wings my Muſe puts on
To reach the ſacred Helicon.

THat whileare neere *Tauies** ſtragling ſpring,
Vnto my ſeely Sheepe did vſe to ſing,
And plaid to pleaſe my ſelfe, on ruſticke Reed,
Nor ſought for *Bay*, (the learned Shepheards meed,)
But as a Swaine vnkent fed on the plaines,
And made the *Eccho* vmpire of my ſtraines:

* *Tauie* is a riuer, hauing his head in *Dertmore in Deuon*, ſome few miles from *Marie Tauie*, and falls Southward into *Tamar*: out of the ſame Moore riſeth, running Northward, another called *Tau*: which by the way the rather I ſpeake of, becauſe in the printed *Malmeſburie de geſt. Pontific. lib.* 2, *fol.* 146. you reade, *Eſt in Domnonia cænobium Monachorum iuxta Tau fluuium, quod Tauiſtock vocatur*: whereas vpon *Tau* ſtands (neere the North-ſide of the Shire) *Tauſtoke*, being no remnants of a Monaſterie: ſo thet you muſt there reade, *Juxta Taui Fluuium*, as in a manuſcript Copie of *Malmeſbury* (the forme of the hand aſſuring *Malmeſburies* time) belonging to the Abbey of *S. Auguſtine* in *Canterburie* I haue ſeene, in the hands of my very learned Friend Mr. *Selden*.

Am drawne by time (although the weak'ſt of many)
To ſing thoſe Laies as yet vnſung of any.
What need I tune the Swaines of *Theſſaly?*
Or, bootleſſe, adde to them of *Arcadie?*
No: faire *Arcadia* cannot be compleater,
My praiſe may leſſen, but not make thee greater.
My *Muſe* for lofty pitches ſhall not rome,
But homely pipen of her natiue home:
And to the Swaines, Loue rurall Minſtralſie,
Thus deare *Britannia* will I ſing of thee.
High on the plaines of that renowned Ile,
Which all men *Beauties* Garden-plot enſtile;
A Shepherd dwelt, whom Fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that ſilly men bewitch.
Neere him a Shepherdeſſe for beauties ſtore
Vnparalell'd of any Age before.
Within thoſe Breſts her face a flame did moue,
Which neuer knew before what twas to loue,
Dazeling each Shepherds ſight that viewd her eies.
And as the *Perſians* did Idolatriſe
Vnto the *Sunne:* they thought that *Cinthia's* light
Might well be ſpar'd, where ſhe appear'd in night.
And as when many to the goale doe runne,
The prize is giuen neuer but to one;
So firſt, and onely *Celandine* was led,
Of Deſtinies and Heauen much fauoured,
To gaine this Beauty, which I here doe offer
To memory: his paines (who would not proffer
Paines for ſuch pleaſures?) were not great nor much,
But that his labours recompence was ſuch
As counteruailed all: for ſhe whoſe paſſion,
(And paſſion oft is loue) whoſe inclination
Bent all her courſe to him-wards, let him know
He was the Elme whereby her Vine did grow:
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taſke,
She knew not to deny when he would aſke.

Finding his ſuit as quickly got as mou'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts not well approu'd
What none could diſallow, his loue grew fained,
And what he once affected now diſdained.
But faire *Marina* (for ſo was ſhe call'd)
Hauing in *Celandine* her loue inſtall'd,
Affected ſo this faithleſſe Shepherds Boy,
That ſhe was rapt beyond degree of ioy.
Briefly, ſhee could not liue one houre without him,
And thought no ioy like theirs that liu'd about him.
This variable Shepherd for a while
Did Natures Iewell by his craft beguile:
And ſtill the perfecter her loue did grow,
His did appeare more counterfeit in ſhow.
Which ſhe perceiuing that his flame did ſlake,
And lou'd her onely for his *Trophies* ſake:
" For hee that's ſtuffed with a faithleſſe rumour,
" Loues only for his luſt and for his humour:
And that he often in his merry fit
Would ſay, his good came, ere he hop'd for it:
His thoughts for other ſubiects being preſt,
Eſteeming that as nought which he poſſeſt:
" For what is gotten but with little paine,
" As little griefe we take to loſe againe:
Well-minded *Marine* grieuing, thought it ſtrange
That her ingratefull Swaine did ſeeke for change.
Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
Ioyes to the wane, heart-rending griefe did pull
Her from her ſelfe, and ſhe abandon'd all
To cries and teares, fruits of a funerall:
Running, the mountaines, fields, by watry ſprings,
Filling each caue with wofull ecchoings;
Making in thouſand places her complaint,
And vttering to the trees what her teares meant.
" For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from deſire)
" Conſume the more, as doth a cloſe pent fire.

Whilſt that the daies ſole *Eye* doth guild the Seas,
In his daies iourney to th' *Antipodes:*
And all the time the *Ietty-Chariotere*
Hurles her blacke mantle through our *Hemiſphere*,
Vnder the couert of a ſprouting Pine
She ſits and grieues for faithleſſe *Celandine*.
Beginning thus: Alas! and muſt it be
That Loue which thus torments and troubles me
In ſetling it, ſo ſmall aduice hath lent
To make me captiue, where enfranchiſement
Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a ſlaue,
The office due to faithfull Priſoners, haue?
Oh cruell *Celandine*, why ſhouldſt thou hate
Her, who to loue thee, was ordain'd by Fate!
Should I not follow thee, and ſacrifice
My wretched life to thy betraying eies?
Aye me! of all my moſt vnhappy lot;
What others would, thou maiſt, and yet wilt not.
Haue I reiected thoſe that me ador'd,
To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?
And paſs'd by others teares, to make election
Of one, that ſhould ſo paſſe-by my affection?
I haue: and ſee the heau'nly powers intend,
" To puniſh ſinners in what they offend.
May be he takes delight to ſee in me
The burning rage of helliſh Iealouſie;
Tries if in fury any loue appeares;
And bathes his ioy within my floud of teares.
But if he lou'd to ſoile my ſpotleſſe ſoule,
And me amongſt deceiued Maids enroule,
To publiſh to the world my open ſhame:
Then, heart, take freedome; hence, accurſed flame;
And, as Queene regent, in my heart ſhall moue
" *Diſdaine*, that only ouer-ruleth *Loue:*
By this infranchiz'd ſure my thoughts ſhall be,
And in the ſame ſort loue, as thou lou'ſt me.

But what? or can I cancell or vnbinde
That which my heart hath ſeal'd & loue hath ſign'd?
No, no, griefe doth deceiue me more each houre;
" For, who ſo truly loues, hath not that power.
I wrong to ſay ſo, ſince of all 'tis knowne,
" Who yeelds to loue doth leaue to be her owne.
But what auailes my liuing thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can teares expulſe his Image? ſurely no.
" We well may flie the place, but not the woe:
" Loues fire is of a nature which by turnes
" Conſumes in preſence, and in abſence burnes.
And knowing this: aye me! vnhappy wight!
What meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
And from that peeuiſh ſhooting, hood-winckt elfe,
To repoſſeſſe my Loue, my heart, my ſelfe?
Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect:
Since what my life nor can nor will effect,
My ruine ſhall: and by it, I ſhall finde,
" Death cures (when all helps faile) the grieued mind.
And welcome here, (then Loue, a better gueſt)
That of all labours are the onely reſt:
Whilſt thus I liue, all things diſcomfort giue,
The life is ſure a death wherein I liue:
Saue life and death doe differ in this one,
That life hath euer cares, and death hath none.
But if that he (diſdainfull Swaine) ſhould know
That for his loue I wrought my ouerthrow;
Will he not glory in't? and from my death
Draw more delights, & giue new ioyes their breath?
Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
Render my ſelfe to *Death* then *Miſery*.
I cannot liue, thus barred from his ſight,
Nor yet endure, in preſence, any wight
Should loue him but my ſelfe. O reaſons eye,
How art thou blinded with vilde Iealouſie!

And is it thus? Then which ſhall haue my blood,
Or certaine ruine, or vncertaine good?
Why do I doubt? Are we not ſtill aduiz'd
" That certaintie in all things beſt is priz'd?
Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
" Know *Death* hath certaintie, but *Life* hath none.
Here is a Mount, whoſe top ſeemes to deſpiſe
The farre inferiour Vale that vnder lies:
Who like a great man raiſd aloft by Fate,
Meaſures his height by others meane eſtate:
Neere to whoſe foot there glides a ſiluer-flood,
Falling from hence, Ile climb vnto my good:
And by it finiſh Loue and Reaſons ſtrife,
And end my miſery as well as life.
But as a Cowards hartener in warre,
The ſtirring Drum, keepes leſſer noyſe from farre:
So ſeeme the murmuring waues, tell in mine eare,
That guiltleſſe bloud was neuer ſpilled there.
Then ſtay a while; the Beaſts that haunt thoſe ſprings,
Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
May doe that deed, (as moued by my cry)
Whereby my ſoule, as ſpotleſſe Iuory,
May turn from whence it came, and, freed from hence,
Be vnpolluted of that foule offence.
But why protract I time? Death is no ſtranger:
" And generous ſpirits neuer feare for danger:
" Death is a thing moſt naturall to vs,
" And Feare doth onely make it odious.
As when to ſeeke her food abroad doth roue
The *Nuncius of peace*, the ſeely Doue,
Two ſharpe-ſet hawkes doe her on each ſide hem,
And ſhe knowes not which way to flie from them:
Or like a ſhip that toſſed to and fro
With wind and tide; the wind doth ſternly blow,
And driues her to the Maine, the tide comes ſore
And hurles her backe again towards the ſhore.

And ſince her balaſt, and her ſailes doe lacke,
One brings her out, the other beats her backe:
Till one of them increaſing more his ſhockes,
Hurles her to ſhore, and rends her on the Rockes:
So ſtood ſhe long, twixt Loue and Reaſon toſt,
Vntill Deſpaire (who where it comes rules moſt)
Wonne her to throw her ſelfe, to meet with Death,
From off the Rocke into the floud beneath.
The waues that were aboue when as ſhe fell,
For feare flew backe againe into their Well;
Doubting enſuing times on them would frowne,
That they ſo rare a beauty helpt to drowne.
Her fall, in griefe, did make the ſtreame ſo rore,
That ſullen murmurings fill'd all the ſhore.
A Shepheard (neere this floud that fed his ſheepe,
Who at this chance left grazing and did weepe)
Hauing ſo ſad an obiect for his eyes,
Left Pipe and Flocke, and in the water flyes,
To ſaue a Iewell, which was neuer ſent
To be poſſeſt by one ſole Element:
But ſuch a worke Nature diſpoſde and gaue,
Where all the *Elements* concordance haue.
He tooke her in his armes, for pittie cride,
And brought her to the Riuers further ſide:
Yea, and he ſought by all his Art and paine,
To bring her likewiſe to her ſelfe againe:
While ſhe that by her fall was ſenſeleſſe left,
And almoſt in the waues had life bereft,
Lay long, as if her ſweet immortall ſpirit
Was fled ſome other Palace to inherit.
But as cleere *Phœbus*, when ſome foggy cloud
His brightneſſe from the world a while doth ſhrowd,
Doth by degrees begin to ſhew his light
Vnto the view: Or, as the Queene of night,
In her increaſing hornes, doth rounder grow,
Till full and perfect ſhe appeare in ſhow:

Such order in this Maid the Shepheard ſpies,
When ſhe began to ſhew the world her eyes.
Who (thinking now that ſhe had paſt Deaths dreame,
Occaſion'd by her fall into the ſtreame,
And that Hells Ferriman did then deliuer
Her to the other ſide th'infernall Riuer)
Said to the Swaine: O *Charon*, I am bound
More to thy kindneſſe, then all elſe, that round
Come thronging to thy Boat: thou haſt paſt ouer
The wofulſt Maid that ere theſe ſhades did couer:
But prithee Ferriman direct my Spright
Where that blacke Riuer runs that *Lethe* hight,
That I of it (as other Ghoſts) may drinke,
And neuer of the world, or Loue, more thinke,
The Swaine perceiuing by her words ill ſorted,
That ſhe was wholly from her ſelfe tranſported:
And fearing leſt thoſe often idle fits
Might cleane expell her vncollected wits:
Faire Nymph, (ſaid he) the powers aboue deny
So faire a Beauty ſhould ſo quickly die.
The Heauens vnto the World haue made a loane,
And muſt for you haue intereſt, Three for One:
Call backe your thoughts ore-caſt with dolours night;
Do you not ſee the day, the heauens, the light?
Doe you not know in *Plutoes* darkſome place
The light of heauen did neuer ſhew his face?
Do not your pulſes beat, y'are warme, haue breath,
Your ſenſe is rapt with feare, but not with death?
I am not *Charon*, nor of *Plutoes* hoſt;
Nor is there fleſh and bloud found in a Ghoſt:
But as you ſee, a ſeely Shepheards ſwaine,
Who though my meere reuenues be the traine
Of milk-white ſheepe, yet am I ioyd as much,
In ſauing you, (O, who would not ſaue ſuch?)
As euer was the wandring youth of *Greece*,
That brought, from *Colchos*, home, the golden *Fleece*.

The neuer-too-much-praiſed faire *Marine*,
Hearing thoſe words, beleeu'd her eares and eyne:
And knew how ſhe eſcaped had the flood
By meanes of this young Swaine that neere her ſtood.
Whereat for griefe ſhe gan againe to faint,
Redoubling thus her cryes and ſad complaint:
Alas! and is that likewiſe barr'd from me,
Which for all perſons elſe lies euer free?
Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my paine?
But liue ſtill dying, dye to liue againe?
Then moſt vnhappy I! which finde moſt ſure,
The wound of *Loue neglected* is paſt cure.
Moſt cruell *God of Loue* (if ſuch there be),
That ſtill to my deſires art contrarie!
Why ſhould I not in reaſon this obtaine,
That as I loue, I may be lou'd againe?
Alas! with thee too, *Nature* playes her parts,
That fram'd ſo great a diſcord tweene two harts:
One flyes, and alwayes doth in hate perſeuer;
The other followes, and in loue growes euer.
Why doſt thou not extinguiſh cleane this flame,
And plac't on him that beſt deſerues the ſame?
Why had not I affected ſome kinde youth,
Whoſe euery word had beene the word of Truth?
Who might haue had to loue, and lou'd to haue,
So true a Heart as I to *Celand* gaue.
For *Pſyches* loue! if beautie gaue thee birth,
Or if thou haſt attractiue power on earth,
Dame *Venus* ſweeteſt Childe, requite this loue.
Or Fate yeeld meanes my ſoule may hence remoue!
Once ſeeing in a ſpring her drowned eyes,
O cruell beautie, cauſe of this, (ſhe cryes,)
Mother of *Loue*, (my ioyes moſt fatall knife)
That workſt her death, by whom thy ſelfe haſt life!
The youthfull Swaine that heard this louing Saint
So oftentimes to poure forth ſuch complaint,

Within his heart ſuch true affection prais'd,
And did perceiue kinde loue and pittie rais'd
His minde to ſighs; yea, beautie forced this,
That all her griefe he thought was likewiſe his.
And hauing brought her what his lodge affords,
Sometime he wept with her, ſometime with words
Would ſeeke to comfort; when alas poore elfe
He needed then a comforter himſelfe.
Daily whole troopes of griefe vnto him came,
For her who languiſh'd of another flame.
If that ſhe ſigh'd, he thought him lou'd of her,
When 'twas another ſaile her wind did ſtirre:
But had her ſighs and teares beene for this Boy,
Her ſorrow had beene leſſe, and more her ioy.
Long time in griefe he hid his loue-made paines,
And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines:
Bearing a fuell, which her Sun-like eies
Enflam'd, and made his heart the ſacrifice.
Yet he, ſad Swaine, to ſhew it did not dare;
And ſhe, leſt he ſhould loue, nie dy'd for feare.
She, euer-wailing, blam'd the powers aboue,
That night nor day giue any reſt to Loue.
He prais'd the Heauens in ſilence, oft was mute,
And thought with teares and ſighs to winne his ſute.
Once in the ſhade, when ſhe by ſleepe repos'd,
And her cleere eies twixt her faire lids enclos'd;
The Shepheard Swaine began to hate and curſe
That day vnfortunate, which was the nurſe
Of all his ſorrowes. He had giuen breath
And life to her which was his cauſe of death.
O *Æſops* Snake, that thirſteſt for his bloud,
From whom thy ſelfe receiu'dſt a certaine good.
Thus oftentimes vnto himſelfe alone
Would he recount his griefe, vtter his mone;
And after much debating, did reſolue
Rather his Grandame earth ſhould cleane inuolue

His pining bodie, ere he would make knowne
To her, what Tares Loue in his breaſt had ſowne.
Yea, he would ſay when griefe for ſpeech hath cride;
" Tis better neuer aſke than be denide.
But as the Queene of Riuers, faireſt *Thames*,
That for her buildings other flouds enflames
With greateſt enuie: Or the *Nymph* of *Kent*,
That ſtatelieſt *Ships* to Sea hath euer ſent;
Some baſer groome, for lucres helliſh courſe,
Her channell hauing ſtopt, kept backe her ſourſe,
(Fill'd with diſdaine) doth ſwell aboue her mounds,
And ouerfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
Angry ſhe teares vp all that ſtops her way,
And with more violence runnes to the *Sea:*
So the kinde Shepheards griefe (which long vppent
Grew more in power, and longer in extent)
Forth of his heart more violently thruſt,
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burſt.
Marina hearing ſighs, to him drew neere,
And did intreat his cauſe of griefe to heare:
But had ſhe knowne her beautie was the ſting
That cauſed all that inſtant ſorrowing;
Silence in bands her tongue had ſtronger kept,
And ſh'ad not aſk'd for what the *Shepheard* wept.
The Swaine firſt, of all times, this beſt did thinke,
To ſhew his loue, whilſt on the Riuers brinke
They ſate alone, then thought, hee next would moue her
With ſighs and teares, (true tokens of a Louer:)
And ſince ſhe knew what helpe from him ſhe found
When in the Riuer ſhe had elſe beene drown'd,
He thinketh ſure ſhe cannot but grant this,
To giue reliefe to him, by whom ſhe is:
By this incited, ſaid; Whom I adore,
Sole Miſtreſſe of my heart, I thee implore,
Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long.
And ſince I life or death hold from your tongue,

Suffer my heart to loue ; yea, dare to hope
To get that good of loues intended ſcope.
Grant I may praiſe that light in you I ſee,
And dying to my ſelfe, may liue in thee.
Faire Nymph, ſurceaſe this death-alluring languiſh,
So rare a beautie was not borne for anguiſh.
Why ſhouldſt thou care for him that cares not for thee ?
Yea, moſt vnworthy wight, ſeemes to abhorre thee.
And if he be as you doe here paint forth him,
He thinkes you, beſt of beauties, are not worth him ;
That all the ioies of Loue will not quite coſt
For all lou'd-freedome which by it is loſt.
Within his heart ſuch ſelfe-opinion dwels,
That his conceit in this he thinkes excels ;
Accounting womens beauties ſugred baits,
That neuer catch, but fooles, with their deceits :
" Who of himſelfe harbours ſo vaine a thought,
" Truly to loue could neuer yet be brought.
Then loue that heart where lies no faithleſſe ſeed,
That neuer wore diſſimulations weed :
Who doth account all beauties of the Spring,
That iocund Summer-daies are vſhering,
As foiles to yours. But if this cannot moue
Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to loue ;
Yet ſweeteſt grant me loue to quench that flame,
Which burnes you now. Expell his worthleſſe name,
Cleane root him out by me, and in his place
Let him inhabit, that will runne a race
More true in loue. It may be for your reſt.
And when he ſees her, who did loue him beſt,
Poſſeſſed by another, he will rate
The much of good he loſt, when 'tis too late :
" For what is in our powers, we little deeme,
" And things poſſeſt by others, beſt eſteeme.
If all this gaine you not a *Shepherds* wife,
Yet giue not death to him which gaue you life.

Marine the faire, hearing his wooing tale,
Perceiued well what wall his thoughts did ſcale.
And anſwer'd thus: I pray ſir Swaine, what boot
Is it to me to plucke vp by the root
My former loue, and in his place to ſow
As ill a ſeed, for any thing I know?
Rather gainſt thee I mortall hate retaine,
That ſeek'ſt to plant in me new cares, new paine:
Alas! th'haſt kept my ſoule from deaths ſweet bands,
To giue me ouer to a Tyrants hands;
Who on his racks will torture by his power,
This weakned, harmeleſſe body, euery howre.
Be you the Iudge, and ſee if reaſons lawes
Giue recompence of fauour for this cauſe:
You from the ſtreames of death, brought life on ſhore;
Releas'd one paine, to giue me ten times more.
For loues ſake, let my thoughts in this be free;
Obiect no more your hapleſſe ſauing mee:
That Obligation which you thinke ſhould binde;
Doth ſtill increaſe more hatred in my minde;
Yea, I doe thinke more thankes to him were due
That would bereaue my life, than vnto you.
The Thunder-ſtroken Swaine lean'd to a tree,
As void of ſenſe as weeping *Niobe:*
Making his teares the inſtruments to wooe her,
The Sea wherein his loue ſhould ſwimme vnto her:
And, could there flow from his two-headed font,
As great a floud as is the *Helleſpont;*
Within that deepe he would as willing wander,
To meet his *Hero*, as did ere *Leander.*
Meane while the *Nymph* with-drew her ſelfe aſide,
And to a Groue at hand her ſteps applide.
With that ſad ſigh (O! had he neuer ſeene,
His heart in better caſe had euer beene)
Againſt his heart, againſt the ſtreame he went,
With this reſolue, and with a full intent,

When of that ſtreame he had diſcouered
The fount, the well-ſpring, or the bubling head,
He there would ſit, and with the Well drop vie,
That it before his eies would firſt runne drie:
But then he thought the * god that haunts that Lake,
The ſpoiling of his Spring would not well take.
And therefore leauing ſoone the Cryſtall flood,
Did take his way vnto the neereſt Wood:
Seating himſelfe within a darkſome Caue,
(Such places heauie *Saturniſts* doe craue,)
Where yet the gladſome day was neuer ſeene,
Nor *Phœbus* peircing beames had euer beene.
Fit for the *Synode* houſe of thoſe fell Legions,
That walke the Mountaines, and *Siluanus* regions.
Where *Tragedie* might haue her full ſcope giuen,
From men aſpects, and from the view of heauen.
Within the ſame ſome crannies did deliuer
Into the midſt thereof a pretty Riuer;
The *Nymph* whereof came by out of the veines
Of our firſt mother, hauing late tane paines
In ſcouring of her channell all the way,
From where it firſt began to leaue the Sea.
And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
When cõming through the Caue, ſhe heard that one
Spake thus: *If I doe in my death perſeuer,*
Pittie may that effect, which Loue could neuer.
By this ſhe can coniecture 'twas ſome Swaine,
Who ouerladen by a Maids diſdaine,
Had here (as fitteſt) choſen out a place,
Where he might giue a period to the race
Of his loath'd life: which ſhe (for pitties ſake)
Minding to hinder, diu'd into her Lake,
And haſtned where the euer-teeming Earth
Vnto her Current giues a wiſhed birth;
And by her new-deliuered Riuers ſide,
Vpon a Banke of flow'rs, had ſoone eſpide

Deæ ſanè, i. Nymphæ, plerumque fontibus & fluuijs præſunt apud poetas, quæ, Ephydriades, & Naiades dictæ: verum & nobis tamen deum præficere (ſic Alpheum Tyberinum, & Rhenum, & id genus alios diuos legimus) haud illicitum.

Remond, young *Remond*, that full well could ſing,
And tune his Pipe at *Pans*-birth carolling:
Who for his nimble leaping, ſweeteſt layes,
A Lawrell garland wore on Holy-dayes;
In framing of whoſe hand Dame *Nature* ſwore
There neuer was his like, nor ſhould be more:
Whoſe locks (inſnaring nets) were like the rayes,
Wherewith the Sunne doth diaper the Seas:
Which if they had been cut, and hung vpon
The ſnow-white Cliffes of fertile *Albion*,
Would haue allured more, to be, their winner,
Then all the * Diamonds that are hidden in her.
Him ſhe accoſted thus: Swaine of the *Wreathe*,
Thou art not placed, onely here to breathe;
But *Nature* in thy framing ſhewes to mee,
Thou ſhouldſt to others, as ſhe did to thee,
Doe good; and ſurely I my ſelfe perſwade,
Thou neuer wert for euill action made.
In heauens Conſiſtory 'twas decreed,
That choyceſt fruit ſhould come from choyceſt ſeed;
In baſer veſſels we doe euer put
Baſeſt materials, doe neuer ſhut
Thoſe Iewels moſt in eſtimation ſet,
But in ſome curious coſtly *Cabinet*.
If I may iudge by th'outward ſhape alone,
Within, all vertues haue conuention:
" For't giues moſt luſtre vnto Vertues feature,
" When ſhe appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.
Halfe way the hill, neere to thoſe aged trees,
Whoſe inſides are as Hiues for labring Bees,
(As who ſhould ſay (before their roots were dead)
For good workes ſake and almes, they harboured
Thoſe whom nought elſe did couer but the Skies:)
A path (vntroden but of Beaſts) there lies,
Directing to a Caue in yonder glade,
Where all this Forreſts Citizens, for ſhade

* Iulium Cæſarem, *ſpe Margaritarũ Britanniam petiſſe, ſcribit* Sueton. *in* Iul. *cap.* 47. *& ex ijs Thoracem factum* Veneri *genetrici dicãſſe.* Plin. *Hiſt. Nat.* 9, *ca.* 35. *De Margaritis verò noſtris conſulas* Camden. *in Cornub. & Somerſet.*

At noone-time come, and are the firſt, I thinke,
That (running through that Caue) my waters drinke:
Within this Rocke there ſits a wofull wight,
As void of comfort as that Caue of light;
And as I wot, occaſioned by the frownes
Of ſome coy *Shepheardeſſe* that haunts theſe Downes.
This I doe know (whos'euer wrought his care)
He is a man nye treading to deſpaire.
Then hie thee thither, ſince 'tis charitie
To ſaue a man; leaue here thy flocke with me:
For whilſt thou ſau'ſt him from the *Stygian* Bay,
Ile keepe thy Lambkins from all beaſts of prey.
The neerneſſe of the danger (in his thought)
As it doth euer, more compaſſion wrought:
So that with reuerence to the Nymph, he went
With winged ſpeed, and haſt'ned to preuent
Th'vntimely ſeiſure of the greedy graue:
Breathleſſe, at laſt, he came into the Caue;
Where, by a ſigh directed to the man,
To comfort him he in this ſort began:
Shepheard all haile, what meane theſe plaints? this Caue
(Th'image of death, true portrait of the graue)
Why doſt frequent? and waile thee vnder ground,
From whence there neuer yet was pitty found?
Come forth, and ſhew thy ſelfe vnto the light,
Thy griefe to me. If there be ought that might
Giue any eaſe vnto thy troubled minde,
We ioy as much to giue, as thou to finde.
The Loue-ſicke Swaine replide: *Remond*, thou art
The man alone to whom I would impart
My woes, more willing then to any Swaine,
That liues and feeds his ſheepe vpon the plaine.
But vaine it is, and 'twould increaſe my woes
By their relation, or to thee or thoſe
That cannot remedy. Let it ſuffiſe,
No fond diſtruſt of thee makes me preciſe

To ſhew my griefe. Leaue me then, and forgo
This Caue more ſad, ſince I haue made it ſo.
Here teares broke forth, and *Remond* gan anew
With ſuch intreaties, earneſt to purſue
His former ſuit, that he (though hardly) wan
The Shepherd to diſcloſe; and thus began:
Know briefly *Remond* then, heauenly face,
Natures Idea, and perfections grace,
Within my breaſt hath kindled ſuch a fire,
That doth conſume all things, except deſire;
Which daily doth increaſe, though alwaies burning,
And I want teares, but lacke no cauſe of mourning:
" For he whome Loue vnder his colours drawes,
" May often want th'effect, but ne're the cauſe.
Quoth th'other, haue thy ſtarres maligne been ſuch,
That their predominations ſway ſo much
Ouer the reſt, that with a milde aſpect
The Liues and loues of Shepherds doe affect?
Then doe I thinke there is ſome greater hand,
Which thy endeuours ſtill doth countermand:
Wherfore I wiſh thee quench the flame, thus mou'd,
" And neuer loue except thou be belou'd:
" For ſuch an humour euery woman ſeiſeth,
" She loues not him that plaineth, but that pleaſeth.
" Whē much thou loueſt, moſt diſdain coms on thee;
" And whē thou thinkſt to hold her, ſhe flies frō thee:
" She follow'd, flies; ſhe fled from followes poſt,
" And loueth beſt where ſhe is hated moſt.
" 'Tis euer noted both in Maids and Wiues,
" Their hearts and tongues are neuer Relatiues.
" Hearts full of holes, (ſo elder Shepherds ſaine)
" As apter to receiue then [to] retaine.
Whoſe crafts and wiles did I intend to ſhow,
This day would not permit me time I know:
The dayes ſwift horſes would their courſe haue run,
And diu'd themſelues within the *Ocean*,

Ere I ſhould haue performed halfe my taſke,
Striuing their craftie ſubtilties t'vnmaſke.
And gentle Swaine ſome counſell take of me;
Loue not ſtill where thou maiſt; loue, who loues thee;
Draw to the courteous, flie thy loues abhorror,
" And if ſhe be not for thee, be not for her.
If that ſhe ſtill be wauering, will away,
Why ſhouldſt thou ſtriue to hold that will not ſtay?
This Maxime, Reaſon neuer can confute,
" Better to liue by loſſe then die by ſute.
If to ſome other Loue ſhe is inclinde,
Time will at length cleane root that from her minde.
Time will extinct Loues flames, his hell-like flaſhes,
And like a burning brand conſum'd to aſhes.
Yet maiſt thou ſtill attend, but not importune:
" Who ſeekes oft miſſeth, ſleepers light on fortune,
Yea and on women too. " Thus doltiſh ſots
" Haue Fate and faireſt women for their lots.
" Fauour and pittie wait on Patience:
And hatred oft attendeth violence.
If thou wilt get deſire, whence Loue hath pawn'd it,
Beleeue me, take thy time, but ne'r demand it.
Women, as well as men, retaine deſire;
But can diſſemble, more then men, their fire.
Be neuer caught with looks, nor ſelfe-wrought rumor;
Nor by a quaint diſguiſe, nor ſinging humor.
Thoſe out-ſide ſhewes are toies, which outwards ſnare:
But vertue lodg'd within, is onely faire.
If thou haſt ſeene the beautie of our Nation,
And find'ſt her haue no loue, haue thou no paſſion:
But ſeeke thou further; other places ſure
May yeeld a face as faire, a Loue more pure:
Leaue (ô then leaue) fond Swaine this idle courſe,
For Loue's a God no mortall wight can force.
Thus *Remond* ſaid, and ſaw the faire *Marine*
Plac'd neere a Spring, whoſe waters Cryſtalline

Did in their murmurings beare a part, and plained
That one ſo true, ſo faire, ſhould be diſdained:
Whilſt in her cries, that fild the vale along,
Still *Celand* was the burthen of her ſong.
The ſtranger Shepherd left the other Swaine,
To giue attendance to his fleecy traine;
Who in departing from him, let him know,
That yonder was his freedomes ouerthrow,
Who ſate bewailing (as he late had done)
That loue by true affection was not wonne.
This fully knowne: *Remond* came to the Maid
And after ſome few words (her teares allaid)
Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruell,
To follow hate, and flie loues chiefeſt Iewell.
Faire, doe not blame him that he thus is moued;
For women ſure were made to be beloued.
If beautie wanting louers long ſhould ſtay,
It like an houſe vndwelt in would decay:
When in the heart if it haue taken place
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The Adamant and Beauty we diſcouer
To be alike; for Beauty drawes a Louer,
The Adamant his Iron. Doe not blame
His louing then, but that which caus'd the ſame.
Who ſo is lou'd, doth glory ſo to be:
The more your Louers, more your victorie.
Know, if you ſtand on faith, moſt womens lothing,
Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it ſomewhat, if what we call conſtance,
Within a heart hath long time reſidence,
And in a woman, ſhe becomes alone
Faire to her ſelfe, but foule to euery one.
If in a man it once haue taken place,
He is a foole, or dotes, or wants a face
To win a woman, and I thinke it be
No vertue, but a meere neceſſitie.

Heauens powers deny it Swain (quoth ſhe) haue done,
Striue not to bring that in deriſion,
Which whoſoe'er detracts in ſetting forth,
Doth truly derogate from his owne worth.
It is a thing which heauen to all hath lent
To be their vertues chiefeſt ornament:
Which who ſo wants, is well compar'd to theſe
Falſe tables, wrought by *Alcibiades;*
Which noted well of all, were found t'haue bin
Moſt faire without, but moſt deform'd within.
Then Shepherd know, that I intend to be
As true to one, as he is falſe to me.
To one? (quoth he) why ſo? Maids pleaſure take
To ſee a thouſand languiſh for their ſake:
Women deſire for Louers of each ſort,
And why not you? Th' amorous Swaine for ſport;
The Lad that driues the greateſt flocke to field,
Will Buſkins, Gloues, and other fancies yeeld;
The gallant Swaine will ſaue you from the iawes
Of rauenous Beares, and from the Lions pawes.
Beleeue what I propound; doe many chuſe,
" The leaſt Herbe in the field ſerues for ſome vſe.
Nothing perſwaded, nor aſſwag'd by this,
Was faireſt *Marine*, or her heauineſſe:
But prai'd the Shepherd as he ere did hope
His ſilly ſheepe ſhould fearleſſe haue the ſcope
Of all the ſhadowes that the trees doe lend,
From *Raynards* ſtealth, when *Titan* doth aſcend,
And runne his mid-way courſe: to leaue her there,
And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
He condeſcended; left her by the brooke,
And to the Swaine and 's ſheepe himſelfe betooke.
He gone: ſhe with her ſelfe thus gan to ſaine;
Alas poore *Marine*, think'ſt thou to attaine
His loue by ſitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay deſire

By wanting what's deſired? O that breath,
The cauſe of life, ſhould be the cauſe of death!
That who is ſhipwrackt on loues hidden ſhelfe,
Doth liue to others, dies vnto her ſelfe.
Why might not I attempt by Death as yet
To gaine that freedome, which I could not get,
Being hind'red heretofore, a time as free:
A place as fit offers it ſelfe to me,
Whoſe ſeed of ill is growne to ſuch a height,
That makes the earth groane to ſupport his weight.
Who ſo is lull'd aſleepe with *Midas'* treaſures,
And onely feares by death to loſe lifes pleaſures;
Let them feare death: but ſince my fault is ſuch,
And onely fault, that I haue lou'd too much,
On ioyes of life, why ſhould I ſtand! for thoſe
Which I neere had, I ſurely cannot loſe.
Admit a while I to theſe thoughts conſented,
" Death can be but deferred, not preuented.
Then raging with delay, her teares that fell
Vſher'd her way, and ſhe into a Well
Straight-waies leapt after: " O! how deſperation
" Attends vpon the minde enthral'd to paſſion!
The fall of her did make the God below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noiſe ſhould grow:
Whether ſome ruder Clowne in ſpight did fling
A Lambe, vntimely falne, into his Spring:
And if it were, he ſolemnly then ſwore
His Spring ſhould flow ſome other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be ſeene
To writhe in knots, or giue a gowne of greene
Vnto their Meadowes, nor be ſeene to play,
Nor driue the Ruſhy-mils, that in his way
The Shepherds made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their ſheepe ſhould rot.
And with ſuch Mooriſh Springs embrace their field,
That it ſhould nought but Moſſe and Ruſhes yeeld.

Vpon each hillocke, where the merry Boy
Sits piping in the ſhades his Notes of ioy,
Hee'd ſhew his anger, by ſome floud at hand,
And turne the ſame into a running ſand.
Vpon the *Oake*, the *Plumbe-tree*, and the *Holme*,
The *Stock-doue* and the *Blackbird* ſhould not come,
Whoſe muting on thoſe trees doe make to grow
Rots curing * *Hyphear*, and the *Miſſeltoe*.
Nor ſhall this helpe their ſheep, whoſe ſtomacks failes,
By tying knots of wooll neere to their tailes:
But as the place next to the knot doth die,
So ſhall it all the body mortifie.
Thus ſpake the God: but when as in the water
The corps came ſinking downe, he ſpide the matter,
And catching ſoftly in his armes the Maid,
He brought her vp, and hauing gently laid
Her on his banke, did preſently command
Thoſe waters in her to come forth: at hand
They ſtraight came guſhing out, and did conteſt
Which chiefly ſhould obey their Gods beheſt.
This done, her then pale lips he ſtraight held ope,
And from his ſiluer haire let fall a drop
Into her mouth, of ſuch an excellence,
That call'd backe life, which grieu'd to part from thence,
Being for troth aſſur'd, that, then this one,
She ne'er poſſeſt a fairer manſion.
Then did the God her body forwards ſteepe,
And caſt her for a while into a ſleepe;
Sitting ſtill by her did his full view take
Of Natures Maſter-peece. Here for her ſake,
My Pipe in ſilence as of right ſhall mourne,
Till from the watring we againe returne.

* *Hyphear ad ſaginanda Pecora vtilimus: nimo autem ſatum nullo modo naſcitur, nec niſi per aluum* [alvum] *autum redditum maximè Palumbis & Turdis.* Plin. *Hiſt. Nat.* 16. *cap.* 44. *Hinc illud vetus verbum Turdus ſibi malum cacat.*

The Second Song.

The Argvment.

Obliuions *Spring, and* Dory's *loue,*
With faire Marina's *rape, firſt moue*
Mine Oaten Pipe, which after ſings
The birth of two renowned Springs.

NOw till the Sunne ſhall leave vs to our reſt,
And *Cynthia* haue her Brothers place poſſeſt,
I ſhall goe on: and firſt in diffring ſtripe,
The floud-Gods ſpeech thus tune on Oaten Pipe.

Or mortall, or a power aboue,
Inrag'd by Fury, or by Loue,
Or both, I know not; ſuch a deed
Thou would'ſt effected, that I bleed
To thinke thereon: alas poore elfe,
What growne a traitour to thy ſelfe?
This face, this haire, this hand ſo pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing ſure.
Nor was it meant ſo ſweet a breath
Should be expos'd by ſuch a death;

But rather in ſome louers breſt
Be giuen vp, the place that beſt
Befits a louer yeeld his ſoule.
Nor ſhould thoſe mortals ere controule
The Gods, that in their wiſdome ſage
Appointed haue what Pilgrimage
Each one ſhould runne: and why ſhould men
Abridge the iourney ſet for them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turne his outward ſight
Into his inward, dar'd to act
Her death, whoſe body is compact
Of all the beauties euer Nature
Laid vp in ſtore for earthly creature.
No ſauage beaſt can be ſo cruell
To rob the earth of ſuch a Iewell.
Rather the ſtately Vnicorne
Would in his breaſt enraged ſcorne,
That Maids committed to his charge
By any beaſt in Forreſt large
Should ſo be wronged. *Satyres* rude
Durſt not attempt, or ere intrude
With ſuch a minde the flowry balkes
Where harmleſſe Virgins haue their walkes.
Would ſhe be won with me to ſtay,
My waters ſhould bring from the Sea
The Corrall red, as tribute due,
And roundeſt pearles of Orient hue:
Or in the richer veines of ground
Should ſeeke for her the Diamond.
And whereas now vnto my Spring
They nothing elſe but grauell bring,
They ſhould within a Mine of Gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And hauing it to duſt well wrought,
By them it hither ſhould be brought;

With which Ile paue and ouer-ſpread
My bottome, where her foot ſhall tread.
The beſt of Fiſhes in my flood
Shall giue themſelues to be her food.
The *Trout*, the *Dace*, the *Pike*, the *Breame*,
The *Eele*, that loues the troubled ſtreame,
The *Millers thombe*, the hiding *Loach*,
The *Perch*, the euer-nibbling *Roach*,
The *Shoats* with whom is *Tauie* fraught,
The fooliſh *Gudgeon*, quickly caught,
And laſt the little *Minnow*-fiſh,
Whoſe chiefe delight in grauell is.
In right ſhe cannot me deſpiſe
Becauſe ſo low mine Empire lies.
For I could tell how Natures ſtore
Of Maieſty appeareth more
In waters, then in all the reſt
Of Elements. It ſeem'd her beſt
To giue the waues moſt ſtrength and power:
For they doe ſwallow and deuoure
The earth; the waters quench and kill
The flames of fire: and mounting ſtill
Vp in the aire, are ſeene to be,
As challenging a Seignorie
Within the heauens, and to be one
That ſhould haue like dominion.
They be a ſeeling and a floore
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours ſtore
Ariſing from them, vitall ſpirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is ſtopped, kept aſunder.
And what's the reaſon elſe of Thunder,
Of lightnings flaſhes all about,
That with ſuch violence breake out,
Cauſing ſuch troubles and ſuch iarres,
As with it ſelfe the world had warres?

And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, then in the aire
Congealed waters oft to ſpie
Continuing pendant in the Skie?
Till falling downe in haile or ſnow,
They make thoſe mortall wights below
To runne, and euer helpe deſire
From his foe Element the fire,
Which fearing then to come abroad,
Within doores maketh his aboad.
Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth giue greene Liueries to the plaine,
Make[s] Shepheards Lambs fit for the diſh,
And giueth nutriment to fiſh.
Which nouriſheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth;
And therefore well conſidering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor ſow,
Her breaſt it doth ſo mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be
More eaſie for the ſhare and Oxe,
But that in Harueſt times the ſhocks
Of *Ceres* hanging eared corne
Doth fill the Houell and the Barne.
To Trees and Plants I comfort giue,
By me they fructifie and liue:
For firſt aſcending from beneath
Into the Skie, with liuely breath,
I thence am furniſh'd, and beſtow
The ſame on Herbs that are below.
So that by this each one may ſee
I cauſe them ſpring and multiply.
Who ſeeth this, can doe no leſſe,
Then of his owne accord confeſſe,

That notwithſtanding all the ſtrength
The earth enioyes in breadth and length,
She is beholding to each ſtreame,
And hath receiued all from them.
Her loue to him ſhe then muſt giue
By whom her ſelfe doth chiefly liue.
This being ſpoken by this waters God,
He ſtraight-way in his hand did take his rod,
And ſtroke it on his banke, wherewith the flood
Did ſuch a roaring make within the wood,
That ſtraight the *Nimph who then ſate on her ſhore,
Knew there was ſomewhat do be done in ſtore:
And therefore haſting to her Brothers Spring
She ſpide what cauſ'd the waters ecchoing.
Saw where faire *Marine* faſt aſleepe did lie,
Whilſt that the God ſtill viewing her ſate by:
Who when he ſaw his Siſter Nymph draw neare,
He thus gane tune his voice vnto her eare.

My faireſt Siſter (for we come
Both from the ſwelling *Thetis* wombe)
The reaſon why of late I ſtrooke
My ruling wand vpon my Brooke
Was for this purpoſe; Late this Maid
Which on my banke aſleepe is laid,
Was by her ſelfe or other wight,
Caſt in my ſpring, and did affright
With her late fall, the fiſh that take
Their chiefeſt pleaſure in my Lake:
Of all the Fry within my deepe,
None durſt out of their dwellings peepe.
The *Trout* within the weeds did ſcud,
The *Eele* him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this feare I was not free:
For as I muſing ſate to ſee
How that the prettie Pibbles round
Came with my Spring from vnder ground,

* The watry Nymph that ſpoke to *Remond.*

And how the waters iſſuing
Did make them dance about my Spring;
The noiſe thereof did me appall:
That ſtarting vpward therewithall,
I in my armes her bodie caught,
And both to light and life her brought:
Then caſt her in a ſleepe you ſee.
But Brother, to the cauſe (quoth ſhe)
Why by your raging waters wilde
Am I here called? *Thetis* childe,
Replide the God, for thee I ſent,
That when her time of ſleepe is ſpent,
I may commit her to thy gage,
Since women beſt know womens rage.
Meanewhile, faire Nymph, accompanie
My Spring with thy ſweet harmonie;
And we will make her ſoule to take
Some pleaſure, which is ſaid to wake,
Although the body hath his reſt.
She gaue conſent, and each of them addreſt
Vnto their part. The watrie *Nymph* did ſing
In manner of a prettie queſtioning:
The God made anſwer to what ſhe propounded,
Whilſt from the Spring a pleaſant muſicke ſounded,
(Making each ſhrub in ſilence to adore them)
Taking their ſubiect from what lay before them.

Nymph.

WHats that, compact of earth, infuſ'd with aire;
A certaine, made full with vncertainties;
Sway'd by the motion of each ſeuerall Spheare;
Who's fed with nought but infelicities;
Endures nor heat nor cold; is like a Swan,
That this houre ſings, next dies?
God. *It is a Man.*

Nymph. *Whats he, borne to be ſicke, ſo alwaies dying,*
That's guided by ineuitable Fate;
That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;
Whoſe Kalender of woes is ſtill in date;
Whoſe life's a bubble, and in length a ſpan;
A conſort ſtill in diſcords?
God. *Tis a man.*

Nymph. *What's hee, whoſe thoughts are ſtill quell'd in th'euent,*
Though ne'r ſo lawfull, by an oppoſite,
Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:
And at his eares weares ſtill a Paraſite:
Hath friends in wealth, or wealthie friends, who can
In want proue meere illuſions?
God. *Tis a Man.*

Nymph. *What's he, that what he is not, ſtriues to ſeeme,*
That doth ſupport an Atlas-*weight of care:*
That of an outward good doth beſt eſteeme:
And looketh not within how ſolid they are:
That doth not vertuous, but the richeſt ſcan;
Learning and worth by wealth?
God. *It is a Man.*

Nymph. *What's that poſſeſſor, which of good makes bad;*
And what is worſt, makes choice ſtill for the beſt;
That grieueth moſt to thinke of what he had;
And of his chiefeſt loſſe accounteth leaſt;
That doth not what he ought, but what he can;
Whoſe fancie's euer boundleſſe?
God. *Tis a man.*

Nymph. *But what is it wherein Dame* Nature *wrought*
The beſt of works, the onely frame of Heauen;
And hauing long to finde a preſent ſought,
Wherein the worlds whole beautie might be giuen;

The firſt woman is fained to be named *Pandora*, i. a creature

framed of the concurrence of the gifts and ornaments of all the Gods. As *Heſiod*, ὁτι πάντης ὀλυμπια δῶματ' ἐχοντες Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.

She did reſolue in it all arts to ſummon,
To ioine with Natures framing?
God. *Tis this Woman.*

Nymph. *If beautie be a thing to be admired;*
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we doe affect is moſt deſired;
What wight is he to loue denies ſubiection?
And can his thoughts within himſelfe confine?

Marine that waking lay, ſaid: *Celandine.*
He is the man that hates which ſome admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom moſt deſire:
'Tis onely he to loue denies ſubiecting,
And but himſelfe, thinkes none is worth affecting.
Vnhappy me the while, accurſt my Fate,
That Nature giues no loue where ſhe gaue hate.
The watrie Rulers then perceiued plaine,
Nipt with the Winter of loues froſt, Diſdaine;
This *Non-par-el* of beautie had beene led
To doe an act which Enuie pitied:
Therefore in pitie did conferre together,
What Phyſicke beſt might cure this burning Feuer.
At laſt found out that in a Groue below,
Where ſhadowing *Sicamours* paſt number grow,
A Fountaine takes his iourney to the Maine,
Whoſe liquors nature was ſo ſoueraigne,
(Like to the wondrous Well and famous Spring,
Which in * *Boe[o]tia* hath his iſſuing)
That whoſo of it doth but onely taſte,
All former memorie from him doth waſte.
Not changing any other worke of Nature,
But doth endow the drinker with a feature
More louely, faire *Medea* tooke from hence
Some of this water, by whoſe quinteſſence,
Æſon from age came backe to youth. This knowne,

* *Plinie* writes of two Springs riſing in *Boe[o]tia*, the firſt helping memory, called μνήμη: The latter cauſing obliuion, called ληθή.

The God thus ſpake:
Nymph, be thine owne,
And after mine. This Goddeſſe here
(For ſhees no leſſe) will bring thee where
Thou ſhalt acknowledge Springs haue do[n]e
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and liue with me,
No Shepherds daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boaſt them of a better life.
Meane while I leaue thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my ſiſters charge;
Whilſt I into my Spring doe diue,
To ſee that they doe not depriue
The Meadowes neere, which much doe thirſt,
Thus heated by the *Sunne*. May firſt
(Quoth *Marine*) Swaines giue Lambs to thee;
And may thy Floud haue ſeignorie
Of all Flouds elſe, and to thy fame
Meet greater Springs, yet keepe thy name.
May neuer *Euet* nor the *Tode*,
Within thy bankes make their abode!
Taking thy iourney from the Sea,
Maiſt thou ne'er happen in thy way
On Niter or on Brimſtone Mine,
To ſpoile thy taſte! this Spring of thine
Let it of nothing taſte but earth,
And ſalt conceiued, in their birth
Be euer freſh! Let no man dare
To ſpoile thy Fiſh, make locke or ware,
But on thy Margent ſtill let dwell
Thoſe flowers which haue the ſweeteſt ſmell.
And let the duſt vpon thy ſtrand
Become like *Tagus* golden ſand.
Let as much good betide to thee,
As thou haſt fauour ſhew'd to mee.

Thus ſaid, in gentle paces they remoue,
And haſtned onward to the ſhadie Groue:
Where both arriu'd; and hauing found the Rocke,
Saw how this precious water it did locke.
As he whom Auarice poſſeſſeth moſt,
Drawne by neceſſitie vnto his coſt,
Doth drop by peece-meale downe his priſon'd gold,
And ſeemes vnwilling to let goe his hold:
So the ſtrong rocke the water long time ſtops,
And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops.
Like hoording huſwiues that doe mold their food,
And keepe from others, what doth them no good.
The drops within a Ceſterne, fell of ſtone,
Which fram'd by *Nature*, *Art* had neuer one
Halfe part ſo curious. Many ſpells then vſing,
The waters Nymph twixt *Marines* lips infuſing
Part of this water, ſhe might ſtraight perceiue
How ſoone her troubled thoughts began to leaue
Her Loue-ſwolne-breaſt; and that her inward flame
Was cleane aſſwaged, and the very name
Of *Celandine* forgotten; did ſcarce know
If there were ſuch a thing as Loue or no.
And ſighing, therewithall threw in the aire
All former loue, all ſorrow, all deſpaire;
And all the former cauſes of her mone
Did therewith burie in obliuion.
Then muſtring vp her thoughts, growne vagabonds
Preſt to releeue her inward bleeding wounds,
She had as quickly all things paſt forgotten,
As men doe Monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
As one new borne ſhe ſeem'd, ſo al diſcerning,
" Though things long learned are the longſt vnlearning.
Then walk'd they to a Groue but neere at hand,
Where fierie *Titan* had but ſmall command,
Becauſe the leaues conſpiring kept his beames,
For feare of hurting (when hee's in extreames)

The vnder-flowers, which did enrich the ground
With ſweeter ſents than in *Arabia* found.
The earth doth yeeld (which they through pores exhale)
Earths beſt of odours, th'Aromaticall:
Like to that ſmell which oft our ſenſe deſcries
Within a field which long vnplowed lies,
Somewhat before the ſetting of the Sunne;
And where the Raine-bow in the *Horizon*
Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
The hand of Heauen his ſpungie Clouds doth ſtraine,
And throwes into her lap a ſhowre of raine;
She ſendeth vp (conceiued from the Sunne)
A ſweet perfume and exhalation.
Not all the Ointments brought from *Delos* Ile;
Nor from the confines of ſeuen-headed *Nile;*
Nor that brought whence *Phœnicians* haue abodes;
Nor *Cyprus* wilde Vine-flowers, nor that of *Rhodes,*
Nor Roſes-oile from *Naples, Capua,*
Saffron confected in *Cilicia;*
Nor that of *Quinces,* nor of *Marioram,*
That euer from the Ile of *Coos* came.
Nor theſe, nor any elſe, though ne'er ſo rare,
Could with this place for ſweeteſt ſmels compare.
There ſtood the *Elme,* whoſe ſhade ſo mildly dim
Doth nouriſh all that groweth vnder him.
Cypreſſe that like *Piramides* runne topping,
And hurt the leaſt of any by their dropping.
The *Alder,* whoſe fat ſhadow nouriſheth,
Each Plant ſet neere to him long flouriſheth.
The heauie-headed *Plane*-tree, by whoſe ſhade
The graſſe growes thickeſt, men are freſher made.
The *Oake,* that beſt endures the Thunder-ſhocks
The euerlaſting *Ebene, Cedar, Box.*
The *Oliue* that in Wainſcot neuer cleaues.
The amorous *Vine* which in the *Elme* ſtill weaues.

The *Lotus*, *Iuniper*, where wormes ne'er enter:
The *Pyne*, with whom men through the *Ocean* venter.
The warlike *Yewgh*, by which (more then the Lance)
The ſtrong-arm'd *Engliſh* ſpirits conquer'd *France*.
Amongſt the reſt the *Tamariſke* there ſtood,
For Huſwiues boſomes onely knowne moſt good.
The cold-place-louing *Birch*, and *Seruis* tree:
The *Walnut* louing vales, and *Mulbury*.
The *Maple*, *Aſhe*; that doe delight in Fountaines,
Which haue their currents by the ſides of Mountains.
The *Laurell*, *Mirtle*, *Iuy*, *Date*, which hold
Their leaues all Winter, be it ne'er ſo cold.
The *Firre*, that oftentimes doth Roſin drop:
The *Beech* that ſcales the Welkin with his top:
All theſe, and thouſand more within this Groue,
By all the induſtry of Nature ſtroue
To frame an Harbour that might keepe within it
The beſt of beauties that the world hath in it.
Here entring, at the entrance of which ſhroud,
The *Sunne* halfe angry hid him in a cloud,
As raging that a Groue ſhould from his ſight
Locke vp a beauty whence himſelfe had light.
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being ſham'd
Their beauties by the others were defam'd.
Neere to this Wood there lay a pleaſant Mead,
Where Fairies often did their Meaſures tread,
Which in the Meadow made ſuch circles g[r]eene,
As if with Garlands it had crowned beene,
Or like the Circle where the Signes we tracke,
And learned Shepherds call't the *Zodiacke:*
Within one of theſe rounds was to be ſeene
A Hillocke riſe, where oft the *Fairy-Queene*
At twy-light ſate, and did command her Elues,
To pinch thoſe Maids that had not ſwept their ſhelues:
And further if by Maidens ouer-ſight,
Within doores water were not brought at night:

Or if they ſpread no Table, ſet no Bread,
They ſhould haue nips from toe vnto the head:
And for the Maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the Water-paile bade leaue a Ring.
Vpon this Hill there ſat a louely *Swaine*,
As if that Nature thought it great diſdaine
That he ſhould (ſo through her his *Genius* told him)
Take equall place with *Swaines*, ſince ſhe did hold him
Her chiefeſt worke, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiours he ſhould neuer ſit.
Narciſſus change, ſure *Ouid* cleane miſtooke,
He dy'd not looking in a Cryſtall brooke,
But (as thoſe which in emulation gaze)
He pinde to death by looking on this face.
When he ſtood fiſhing by ſome Riuers brim,
The fiſh would leape, more for a ſight of him
Then for the flie. The Eagle higheſt bred,
Was taking him once vp for *Ganimed*.
The ſhag-haird *Satyres*, and the tripping *Fawnes*,
With all the troope that frolicke on the Lawnes,
Would come and gaze on him, as who ſhould ſay
They had not ſeene his like this many a day.
Yea *Venus* knew no difference twixt theſe twaine,
Saue *Adon* was a Hunter, this a Swaine.
The woods ſweet Queriſters from ſpray to ſpray
Would hop them neerer him, and then there ſtay:
Each ioying greatly from his little hart,
That they with his ſweet Reed might beare a part:
This was the Boy, (the Poets did miſtake)
To whom bright *Cynthia* ſo much loue did make;
And promis'd for his loue no ſcornfull eyes
Should euer ſee her more in horned guize:
But ſhe at his command would as of dutie
Become as full of light as he of beautie.
Lucina at his birth for Mid-wife ſtucke:
And *Citherea* nurc'd and gaue him ſucke,

Who to that end, once Doue-drawne from the Sea,
Her full Paps dropt, whence came the *Milkie-way.*
And as when *Plato* did i'th' Cradle thriue,
Bees to his lips brought honey from their Hiue:
So to this Boy they came, I know not whether
They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
The Wood-Nymphs oftentimes would buſied be,
And plucke for him the bluſhing Strawberie:
Making of them a Bracelet on a Bent,
Which for a fauour to this Swaine they ſent.
Sitting in ſhades, the *Sunne* would oft by ſkips
Steale through the boughes, and ſeize vpon his lips.
The chiefeſt cauſe the *Sunne* did condeſcend
To *Phaetons* requeſt, was to this end,
That whilſt the other did his Horſes reyne,
He might ſlide from his *Spheare*, & court this Swaine;
Whoſe ſparkling eyes vi'd luſtre with the Starres,
The trueſt Center of all Circulars.
In briefe, if any man in ſkill were able
To finiſh vp *Apelles* halfe-done Table,
This Boy (the man left out) were fitteſt ſure
To be the patterne of that portraiture.
Piping he ſate, as merry as his looke,
And by him lay his Bottle and his Hooke.
His buſkins (edg'd with ſiluer) were of ſilke,
Which held a legge more white then mornings milk.
Thoſe Buſkins he had got and brought away
For dancing beſt vpon the Reuell day:
His Oaten Reede did yeeld forth ſuch ſweet Notes,
Ioyned in conſort with the Birds ſhrill throtes,
That equaliz'd the Harmony of *Spheares*,
A Muſicke that would rauiſh choiceſt eares.
Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,
That ſuch an obiect had to looke vpon?)
Till at the laſt the Nymph did *Marine* ſend,
To aſke the neereſt way, whereby to wend

To thoſe faire walkes where ſprung *Marina's* ill
Whilſt ſhe would ſtay: *Marine* obey'd her will,
And haſtned towards him (who would not doe ſo,
That ſuch a pretty iourney had to goe?)
Sweetly ſhe came, and with a modeſt bluſh,
Gaue him the day, and then accoſted thus:
Faireſt of men, that (whilſt thy flocke doth feed)
Sitt'ſt ſweetly piping on thine Oaten Reed
Vpon this *Little berry* (ſome ycleep
A Hillocke) void of care, as are thy ſheepe
Deuoid of ſpots, and ſure on all this greene
A fairer flocke as yet was neuer ſeene:
Doe me this fauour (men ſhould fauour Maids)
That whatſoeuer path directly leads,
And void of danger, thou to me doe ſhow,
That by it to the Mariſh I might goe.
Mariage! (quoth he) miſtaking what ſhe ſaid,
Natures perfection: thou moſt faireſt Maid,
(If any fairer then the faireſt may be)
Come ſit thee downe by me; know louely Ladie,
Loue is the readieſt way: if tane aright
You may attaine thereto full long ere night.
The Maiden thinking he of Mariſh ſpoke,
And not of Mariage, ſtraight-way did inuoke,
And praid the Shepheards God might alwaies keepe
Him from all danger, and from Wolues his ſheepe.
Wiſhing withall that in the prime of Spring
Each ſheepe he had, two Lambs might yeerely bring.
But yet (quoth ſhe) arede good gentle Swaine,
If in the Dale below, or on yond Plaine;
Or is the Village ſituate in a Groue,
Through which my way lies, and ycleeped loue?
Nor on yond Plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;
Nor in the Dale where glides the ſiluer flood;
But like a Beacon on a hill ſo hie,
That euery one may ſee't which paſſeth by,

Is Loue yplac'd: ther's nothing can it hide,
Although of you as yet 'tis vneſpide.
But on which hill (quoth ſhe) pray tell me true?
Why here (quoth he) it ſits and talkes to you.
And are you Loue (quoth ſhe?) fond Swaine aduc,
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.
Though not your way, yet you may lye by me:
Nymph, with a Shepherd thou as merrily
Maiſt loue and liue, as with the greateſt Lord.
" Greatneſſe doth neuer moſt content afford.
I loue thee onely, not affect worlds pelfe,
" She is not lou'd, that's lou'd not for her ſelfe.
How many Shepherds daughters, who in dutie
To griping fathers haue inthral'd their beautie,
To wait vpon the *Gout*, to walke when pleaſes
Old *Ianuary* halt. O that diſeaſes
Should linke with youth: She that hath ſuch a mate
Is like two twins borne both incorporate:
Th'one liuing, th'other dead: the liuing twin
Muſt needs be ſlaine through noyſomneſſe of him
He carrieth with him: ſuch are their eſtates,
Who meerely marry wealth and not their mates.
As ebbing waters freely ſlide away,
To pay their tribute to the raging Sea;
When meeting with the floud they iuſtle ſtout,
Whether the one ſhall in, or th'other out:
Till the ſtrong floud new power of waues doth bring,
And driues the Riuer backe into his Spring:
So *Marine's* words offring to take their courſe,
By Loue then entring, were kept backe, and force
To it, his ſweet face, eyes, and tongue aſſign'd,
And threw them backe againe into her minde.
" How hard it is to leaue and not to do
" That which by nature we are prone vnto?
" We hardly can (alas why not?) diſcuſſe,
" When Nature hath decreed it muſt be thus.
" It is a Maxime held of all, knowne plaine,

" Thruſt Nature off with forkes, ſhe'll turne againe.
Blithe *Doridon* (ſo men this Shepherd hight)
Seeing his Goddeſſe in a ſilent plight,
(" Loue often makes the ſpeeches organs mute,)
Began againe thus to renue his ſute :
If by my words your ſilence hath beene ſuch,
Faith I am ſorry I haue ſpoke ſo much.
Barre I thoſe lips ? fit to be th'vttrers, when
The heauens would parly with the chiefe of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hearts conuinces)
When beſt of Scribes writes to the beſt of Princes,
Were mine like yours, of choiceſt words compleateſt,
" Ide ſhew how grief's a thing weighs down the greateſt
" The beſt of formes (who knows not) grief doth taint it,
" The ſkilfull'ſt Pēcil neuer yet could paint it.
And reaſon good, ſince no man yet could finde
What figure repreſents a grieued minde.
Me thinkes a troubled thought is thus expreſt,
To be a *Chaos* rude and indigeſt :
Where all doe rule, and yet none beares chiefe ſway :
Checkt onely by a power that's more then they.
This doe I ſpeake, ſince to this euery louer
That thus doth loue, is thus ſtill giuen ouer.
If that you ſay you will not, cannot loue :
Oh Heauens ! for what cauſe then do you here moue ?
Are you not fram'd of that experteſt mold,
For whom all in this Round concordance hold ?
Or are you framed of ſome other faſhion,
And haue a forme and heart, but yet no [1] paſſion ?
It cannot be : for then vnto what end
Did the beſt worke-man this great worke intend ?
Not that by minds commerce, and ioynt eſtate,
The worlds continuers ſtill ſhould propagate ?
Yea, if that Reaſon (Regent of the Senſes)
Haue but a part amongſt your excellences,

[1] Oldeds. have *a*.

Shee'll tell you what you call *Virginitie*,
Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree;
Which when the Gardner on it paines beſtowes,
To graffe an Impe thereon, in time it growes
To ſuch perfection, that it yeerely brings
As goodly fruit, as any tree that ſprings.
Beleeue me Maiden, vow no chaſtitie:
For maidens but imperfect creatures be.
Alas poore Boy (quoth *Marine*) haue the Fates
Exempted no degrees? are no eſtates
Free from Loues rage? Be rul'd: vnhappy Swaine,
Call backe thy ſpirits, and recollect againe
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth
" Loue is a *Syren* that doth ſhipwracke youth.
Be well aduis'd, thou entertainſt a gueſt
That is the Harbinger of all vnreſt:
VVhich like the Vipers young, that licke the earth,
Eat out the breeders wombe to get a birth.
Faith (quoth the Boy) I know there cannot be,
Danger in louing or inioying thee.
For what cauſe were things made and called good,
But to be loued? If you vnderſtood
The Birds that prattle here, you would know then,
As birds wooe birds, maids ſhould be woo'd of men.
But I want power to wooe, ſince what was mine
Is fled, and lye as vaſſals at your ſhrine:
And ſince what's mine is yours, let that ſame moue,
Although in me you ſee nought worthy Loue.
Marine about to ſpeake, forth of a ſling
(Fortune to all misfortunes plyes her wing
More quicke and ſpeedy) came a ſharpned flint,
VVhich in the faire boyes necke made ſuch a dint,
That crimſon bloud came ſtreaming from the wound,
And he fell downe into a deadly ſwound.
The bloud ran all along where it did fall,
And could not finde a place of buriall:

But where it came, it there congealed ſtood,
As if the Earth loath'd to drinke guiltleſſe blood.
Gold-haird *Apollo*, Muſes ſacred King,
VVhoſe praiſe in *Delphos* He doth euer ring:
Phyſickes firſt founder, whoſe Arts excellence
Extracted Natures chiefeſt quinteſſence,
Vnwilling that a thing of ſuch a worth
Should ſo be loſt; ſtraight ſent a Dragon forth
To fetch his bloud, and he perform'd the ſame:
And now Apothecaries giue it name,
From him that fetcht it: (Doctors know it good
In Phyſicks vſe) and call it *Dragons bloud.*
Some of the bloud by chance did down-ward fall,
And by a veine got to a Minerall,
VVhence came a Red, decayed Dames infuſe it
VVith *Venice Ceruſe*, and for painting vſe it.
Marine aſtoniſht (moſt vnhappy Maid)
O'er-come with feare, and at the view afraid,
Fell downe into a trance, eyes loſt their ſight,
VVhich being open, made all darkneſſe light.
Her bloud ran to her heart, of life to feed,
Or lothing to behold ſo vile a deed.
And as when VVinter doth the Earth array
In ſiluer ſute, and when the night and day
Are in diſſention, Night locks vp the ground,
VVhich by the helpe of day is oft vnbound:
A ſhepherds boy with bow and ſhafts addreſt,
Ranging the fields, hauing once pierc'd the breſt
Of ſome poore fowle, doth with the blow ſtraight ruſh
To catch the Bird lyes panting in the Buſh:
So ruſht this ſtriker in, vp *Marine* tooke,
And haſtned with her to a neare-hand Brooke.
Old Shepherds ſaine (old ſhepherds ſooth haue ſaine)
Two Riuers tooke their iſſue from the Maine,
Both neere together, and each bent his race,
VVhich of them both ſhould firſt behold the face

An expreſſion of the natures of two Riuers riſing neere together, and differing in their taſtes and manner of running.

Of Radiant *Phœbus:* One of them in gliding
Chanc'd on a Veine where *Niter* had abiding:
The other loathing that her purer Waue
Should be defil'd with that the *Niter* gaue,
Fled faſt away, the other follow'd faſt,
Till both beene in a Rocke ymet at laſt.
As ſeemed beſt, the Rocke did firſt deliuer
Out of his hollow ſides the purer Riuer:
(As if it taught thoſe men in honour clad,
To helpe the vertuous and ſuppreſſe the bad.)
Which gotten looſe, did ſoftly glide away.
As men from earth, to earth; from ſea to ſea;
So Riuers run: and that from whence both came
Takes what ſhe gaue: *Waues, Earth:* but leaues a name.
As waters haue their courſe, & in their place
Succeeding ſtreames will out, ſo is mans race:
The *Name* doth ſtill ſuruiue, and cannot die,
Vntill the Channels ſtop, or Spring grow dry.
As I haue ſeene vpon a Bridall day
Full many Maids clad in their beſt array,
In honour of the Bride come with their Flaſkets
Fill'd full with flowers: others in wicker-baſkets
Bring from the Mariſh Ruſhes, to o'er-ſpread
The ground, whereon to Church the Louers tread;
Whilſt that the quainteſt youth of all the Plaine
Vſhers their way with many a piping ſtraine:
So, as in ioy, at this faire Riuers birth,
Triton came vp a Channell with his mirth,
And call'd the neighb'ring Nymphs each in her turne
To poure their pretty Riuilets from their Vrne;
To wait vpon this new-deliuered Spring.
Some running through the Meadowes, with them bring
Cowſlip and *Mint:* and 'tis anothers lot
To light vpon ſome Gardeners curious knot,
Whence ſhe vpon her breſt (loues ſweet repoſe)
Doth bring the *Queene* of flowers, the *Engliſh Roſe.*

Some from the Fenne bring *Reeds*, *Wilde-tyme* from
Some frō a Groue the *Bay* that *Poets* crowns ; (Downs ;
Some from an aged Rocke the Moſſe hath torne,
And leaues him naked vnto winters ſtorme :
Another from her bankes (in meere good will)
Brings nutriment for fiſh, the *Camomill.*
Thus all bring ſomewhat, and doe ouer-ſpread
The way the Spring vnto the Sea doth tread.
This while the *Floud* which yet the Rocke vp pent,
And ſuffered not with iocund merriment
To tread rounds in his Spring, came ruſhing forth,
As angry that his waues (he thought) of worth
Should not haue libertie, nor helpe the pryme.
And as ſome ruder Swaine compoſing ryme,
Spends many a gray Gooſe quill vnto the handle,
Buries within his ſocket many a Candle ;
Blots Paper by the quire, and dries vp Inke,
As *Xerxes* Armie did whole Riuers drinke,
Hoping thereby his name his worke ſhould raiſe
That it ſhould liue vntill the laſt of dayes :
Which finiſhed, he boldly doth addreſſe
Him and his workes to vnder-goe the *Preſſe ;*
When loe (O Fate !) his worke not ſeeming fit
To walke in equipage with better wit,
Is kept from light, there gnawne by Moathes and wormes,
At which he frets : Right ſo this Riuer ſtormes :
But broken forth ; As *Tauy* creepes vpon
The Weſterne vales of fertile *Albion*,
Here daſhes roughly on an aged Rocke,
That his entended paſſage doth vp locke ;
There intricately mongſt the Woods doth wander,
Loſing himſelfe in many a wry Meander :
Here amorouſly bent, clips ſome faire Mèad ;
And then diſperſt in rils, doth meaſures tread
Vpon her boſome 'mongſt her flowry ranks :
There in another place beares downe the banks,

Of ſome day-labouring wretch: here meets a rill,
And with their forces ioyn'd cuts out a Mill
Into an Iland, then in iocund guiſe
Suruayes his conqueſt, lauds his enterpriſe:
Here digs a Caue at ſome high Mountaines foot:
There vndermines an Oake, teares vp his root:
Thence ruſhing to ſome Country-farme at hand,
Breaks o'er the Yeomans mounds, ſweepes from his land
His Harueſt hope of Wheat, of Rye, or Peaſe:
And makes that channell which was Shepherds leaſe:
Here, as our wicked age doth ſacriledge,
Helpes downe an Abbey, then a naturall bridge
By creeping vnder ground he frameth out,
As who ſhould ſay he either went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For hauing done a deed ſo vile and baſe:
So ran this Riuer on, and did beſtirre
Himſelfe, to finde his fellow-Traueller.
But th'other fearing leaſt her noyſe might ſhow
What path ſhe took, which way her ſtreams did flow:
As ſome way-faring man ſtrayes th'row a wood,
Where beaſts of prey thirſting for humane bloud
Lurke in their dens, he ſoftly liſtning goes,
Not truſting to his heeles, treads on his toes:
Dreads euery noiſe he heares, thinks each ſmall buſh
To be a beaſt that would vpon him ruſh:
Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth ſmother;
Now leaues this path, takes that, then to another:
Such was her courſe. This feared to be found,
The other not to finde, ſwels o'er each mound,
Roares, rages, foames, againſt a mountaine daſhes,
And in recoile, makes Meadowes ſtanding plaſhes:
Yet findes not what he ſeekes in all his way,
But in deſpaire runs headlong to the Sea.
This was the cauſe them by tradition taught,
Why one floud ran ſo faſt, th'other ſo ſoft,

Both from one head. Vnto the rougher ſtreame,
(Crown'd by that Meadowes flowry Diadem,
Where *Doridon* lay hurt) the cruell Swaine
Hurries the Shepherdeſſe, where hauing laine
Her in a Boat like the *Cannowes* of *Inde*,
Some ſilly trough of wood, or ſome trees rinde ;
Puts from the ſhoare, and leaues the weeping ſtrand,
Intends an act by water, which the land
Abhorr'd to boulſter ; yea, the guiltleſſe earth
Loath'd to be Mid-wife to ſo vile a birth.
Which to relate I am inforc'd to wrong
The modeſt bluſhes of my Maiden-ſong.
Then each faire *Nymph* whom Nature doth endow
With beauties cheeke, crown'd with a ſhamefaſt brow ;
Whoſe well-tun'd eares, chaſt-obiect-louing eyne
Ne'er heard nor ſaw the workes of **Aretine ;*
Who ne'er came on the *Citherean* ſhelfe,
But is as true as Chaſtitie it ſelfe ;
Where hated Impudence ne'er ſet her ſeed ;
Where luſt lies not vail'd in a virgins weed :
Let her with-draw. Let each young Shepherdling
Walke by, or ſtop his eare, the whilſt I ſing.
  But yee, whoſe bloud, like Kids vpon a plaine,
Doth ſkip, and dance *Lauoltoes* in each veine ;
Whoſe breſts are ſwolne with the *Venerean* game,
And warme your ſelues at luſts alluring flame ;
Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
And wallowing lye within a ſenſuall ſinke ;
Whoſe fained geſtures doe entrap our youth
With an apparancie of ſimple truth ;
Inſatiate gulphs, in your defectiue part
By Art helpe Nature, and by Nature, Art :
Lend me your eares, and I will touch a ſtring
Shall lull your ſenſe aſleepe the while I ſing.
  But ſtay : me thinkes I heare ſomething in me
That bids me keepe the bounds of modeſtie ;

* An obſcene *Italian* Poet.

Sayes, " Each mans voice to that is quickly moued
" Which of himſelfe is beſt of all beloued ;
" By vttring what thou knowſt leſſe glory's got,
" Then by concealing what thou knoweſt not.
If ſo, I yeeld to it, and ſet my reſt
Rather to loſe the bad, then wrong the beſt.
My Maiden-Muſe flies the laſciuious Swaines,
And ſcornes to ſoyle her lines with luſtfull ſtraines :
Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
Immodeſties abhorred Character)
His ſhameleſſe pryings, his vndecent doings ;
His curious ſearches, his reſpectleſſe wooings :
How that he ſaw. But what ? I dare not breake it,
You ſafer may conceiue then I dare ſpeake it.
Yet verily had he not thought her dead,
Sh'ad loſt, ne'er to be found, her Maiden-head.
The rougher ſtreame loathing a thing compacted
Of ſo great ſhame, ſhould on his Floud be acted ;
(According to our times not well allow'd
In others, what he in himſelfe auow'd)
Bent hard his fore-head, furrow'd vp his face,
And danger led the way the boat did trace.
And as within a *Landſkip* that doth ſtand
Wrought by the Pencill of ſome curious hand,
We may diſcry, here meadow, there a wood :
Here ſtanding ponds, and there a running floud :
Here on ſome mount a houſe of pleaſure vanted,
Where once the roaring Cannon had beene planted :
There on a hill a Swaine pipes out the day,
Out-brauing all the Quiriſters of *May*.
A Hunts-man here followes his cry of hounds,
Driuing the Hare along the fallow grounds :
Whilſt one at hand ſeeming the ſport t'allow,
Followes the hounds, and careleſſe leaues the Plow.
There in another place ſome high-rais'd land,
In pride beares out her breaſts vnto the ſtrand.

Here ſtands a bridge, and there a conduit head :
Here round a May-pole ſome the meaſures tread :
There boyes the truant play and leaue their booke :
Here ſtands an Angler with a baited hooke.
There for a Stagge one lurkes within a bough :
Here ſits a Maiden milking of her Cow.
There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe)
Lies buried in his duſt ſome ancient Towne ;
Who now inuillaged, there's onely ſeene
In his vaſte ruines what his ſtate had beene :
And all of theſe in ſhadowes ſo expreſt
Make the beholders eyes to take no reſt.
So for the Swaine the *Floud* did meane to him
To ſhew in Nature (not by Art to limbe)
A Tempeſts rage, his furious waters threat,
Some on this ſhoare, ſome on the other beat.
Here ſtands a Mountaine, where was once a Dale ;
There where a Mountaine ſtood is now a Vale.
Here flowes a billow, there another meets :
Each, on each ſide the ſkiffe, vnkindly greets.
The waters vnderneath gan vpward moue,
Wondring what ſtratagems were wrought aboue :
Billowes that miſt the boat, ſtill onward thruſt,
And on the Cliffes, as ſwolne with anger, burſt.
All theſe, and more, in ſubſtance ſo expreſt,
Made the beholders thoughts to take no reſt.
Horror in triumph rid vpon the waues ;
And all the *Furies* from their gloomy caues
Came houering o're the Boat, ſummond each ſence
Before the fearefull barre of *Conſcience ;*
Were guilty all, and all condemned were
To vnder-goe their horrors with deſpaire.
What Muſe ? what Powre ? or what thrice ſacred Herſe,
That liues immortall in a well-tun'd Verſe,
Can lend me ſuch a ſight that I might ſee
A guilty conſcience true *Anatomie ;*

That well-kept Regiſter wherein is writ
All ils men doe, all goodneſſe they omit?
His pallid feares, his ſorrowes, his affrightings;
His late wiſht *had-I-wiſts*, remorcefull bitings:
His many tortures, his heart-renting paine:
How were his griefes compoſed in one chaine,
And he by it let downe into the Seas,
Or th'row the Center to th'*Antipodes?*
He might change Climates, or be barr'd Heauens face;
Yet finde no ſalue, nor euer change his caſe.
Feares, ſorrowes, tortures, ſad affrights, nor any,
Like to the Conſcience ſting, though thrice as many;
Yet all theſe torments by the Swaine were borne.
Whilſt Deaths grim viſage lay vpon the ſtorme.
But as when ſome kinde Nurſe doth long time keep
Her pretty babe at ſucke, whom ſalne aſleepe
She layes downe in his Cradle, ſtints his cry
With many a ſweet and pleaſing *Lullaby;*
Whilſt the ſweet childe, not troubled with the ſhock,
As ſweetly ſlumbers, as his Nurſe doth rocke:
So lay the Maid, th'amazed Swaine ſate weeping,
And death in her was diſpoſſeſt by ſleeping.
The roaring voyce of winds, the billowes raues;
Nor all the muttring of the ſullen waues
Could once diſquiet, or her ſlumber ſtirre:
But lull'd her more aſleepe then wakened her.
Such are their ſtates, whoſe ſoules from foule offence
Enthroned ſit in ſpotleſſe *Innocence.*
Where reſt my Muſe; till (iolly Shepheards Swaines)
Next morne with Pearles of dew bedecks our plaines
Wee'll fold our flockes, then in fit time goe on
To tune mine Oaten pipe for *Doridon.*

The Third Song.

The Argvment.

The Shepheards Swaine here ſinging on,
Tels of the cure of Doridon:
And then vnto the waters fals
Chanteth the ruſticke Paſtorals.

NOw had the *Sunne*, in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid *good-morrow* to the nether world:
And *Cynthia*, in her orbe and perfect round,
Twice view'd the ſhadowes of the vpper ground.
Twice had the *Day-ſtarre* vſher'd forth the light;
And twice the *Euening-ſtarre* proclaim'd the night;
Ere once the ſweet-fac'd Boy (now all forlorne)
Came with his Pipe to reſalute the Morne.
When grac'd by time (vnhappy time the while)
The cruell Swaine (who ere knew Swaine ſo vile?)
Had ſtroke the Lad, in came the watry Nymph,
To raiſe from ſound poore *Doridon* (the Impe,
Whom Nature ſeem'd to haue ſelected forth
To be ingraffed on ſome ſtocke of worth;)

And the Maids helpe, but ſince "to doomes of Fate
"Succour, though ne'er ſo ſoone, comes ſtill too late."
She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrings him,
And ſo with words of hope ſhe home-wards brings him.
At doore expecting him his Mother ſate,
Wondring her Boy ſhould ſtay from her ſo late;
Framing for him vnto her ſelfe excuſes,
And with ſuch thoughts gladly her ſelfe abuſes:
As that her ſonne, ſince day grew old and weake,
Staid with the Maids to runne at *Barlibreake:*
Or that he cours'd a *Parke* with females fraught,
Which would not run except they might be caught.
Or in the thickets layd ſome wily ſnare
To take the Rabbet, or the pourblinde Hare.
Or taught his Dogge to catch the climbing Kid:
Thus Shepheards doe; and thus ſhe thought he did.
"*In things expected meeting with delay,*
"*Though there be none, we frame ſome cauſe of ſtay.*
And ſo did ſhe, (as ſhe who doth not ſo?)
Coniecture Time vnwing'd he came ſo ſlow.
But *Doridon* drew neere, ſo did her griefe:
"Ill lucke, for ſpeed, of all things elſe is chiefe.
Homer. For as the *Blinde-man* ſung, *Time ſo prouides,*
That Ioy goes ſtill on foot, and ſorrow rides.
Now when ſhe ſaw (a wofull ſight) her ſonne,
Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun
To vtter ſuch a plaint, that ſcarce another,
Like this, ere came from any loue-ſicke mother.
If man hath done this, heauen why mad'ſt thou men?
Not to deface thee in thy children;
But by the worke the Worke-man to adore;
Framing that ſomething, which was nought before.
Aye me vnhappy wretch! if that in things
Which are as we (ſaue title) men feare Kings,
That be their Poſtures to the life limb'd on
Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in ſtone,

" Tis death to ſtab: why then ſhould earthly things
Dare to deface his forme who formed Kings?
When the world was but in his infancy,
Reuenge, Deſires vniuſt, vile Iealouſie,
Hate, Enuy, Murther, all theſe ſix then raigned,
When but their halfe of men the world contained:
Yet but in part of theſe, thoſe ruled then,
When now as many vices liue as men.
Liue they? yes liue I feare to kill my Sonne,
With whom my ioyes, my loue, my hopes are done.
Ceaſe, quoth the *Waters Nymph*, that led the Swain;
Though 'tis each mothers cauſe thus to complaine:
Yet " abſtinence in things we muſt profeſſe
" Which *Nature* fram'd for need, not for exceſſe.
Since the leaſt bloud, drawne from the leſſer part
Of any childe, comes from the Mothers hart,
We cannot chuſe but grieue, except that wee
Should be more ſenſleſſe than the ſenſleſſe tree,
Reply'd his Mother. Doe but cut the limbe
Of any Tree, the trunke will weepe for him:
Rend the cold * *Sicamor's* thin barke in two,
His Name and Teares, would ſay, So *Loue ſhould do.*
" That Mother is all flint (then beaſts leſſe good)
" Which drops no water when her childe ſtreames blood.
At this the wounded Boy fell on his knee,
Mother, kinde Mother (ſaid) weepe not for mee,
Why, I am well? Indeed I am: If you
Ceaſe not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew.
When I was promiſt firſt the lights fruition,
You oft haue told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I ſhould hold it with like rent and paine
As others doe, and one time leaue't againe.
Then deereſt mother leaue, oh leaue to waile,
" Time will effect, where teares can nought auaile.
Herewith *Marinda* taking vp her ſonne,
Her hope, her loue, her ioy, her *Doridon*;

* Alluding to our Engliſh pronunciation and indifferent Orthographie.

She thank'd the *Nymph*, for her kinde ſuccour lent,
Who ſtrait tript to her watry Regiment.
Downe in a dell (where in that * Month whoſe fame
Growes greater by the man who gaue it name,
Stands many a well-pil'd cocke of ſhort ſweet hay
That feeds the huſbands Neat each Winters day)
A mountaine had his foot, and gan to riſe
In ſtately height to parlee with the Skies.
And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,
Waighing the fickle props in things of ſtate,
His head began to droope, and down-wards bending,
Knockt on that breſt which gaue it birth and ending:
And lyes ſo with an hollow hanging vaut,
As when ſome boy trying the *Somerſaut*,
Stands on his head, and feet, as hee did lie
To kicke againſt earths ſpangled Canopie;
When ſeeing that his heeles are of ſuch weight,
That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
Leaues any more to ſtriue; and thus doth ſay,
What now I cannot doe, another day
May well effect: it cannot be denide
I ſhew'd a will to act, becauſe I tride:
The *Scornefull-hill* men call'd him, who did ſcorne
So to be call'd, by reaſon he had borne
No hate to greatneſſe, but a minde to be
The ſlaue of greatneſſe, through Humilitie:
For had his Mother Nature thought it meet
He meekly bowing would haue kiſt her feet.
Vnder the hollow hanging of this hill
There was a Caue cut out by Natures ſkill:
Or elſe it ſeem'd the Mount did open's breſt,
That all might ſee what thoughts he there poſſeſt.
Whoſe gloomy entrance was enuiron'd round
With ſhrubs that cloy ill huſbands Meadow-ground:
The thick-growne *Haw-thorne* & the binding *Bryer*,
The *Holly* that out-dares cold Winters ire:

* Iuly tooke his name from Iulius Cæſar.

Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,
That ſcarſe a glympſe of light could inward ſteale.
An vncouth place, fit for an vncouth minde,
That is as heauy as that caue is blinde;
Here liu'd a man his hoary haires call'd old,
Vpon whoſe front time many yeares had told.
Who, ſince Dame Nature in him feeble grew,
And he vnapt to giue the world ought new,
The ſecret power of Hearbes that grow on mold,
Sought ought, to cheriſh and relieue the old.
Hither *Marinda* all in haſte came running,
And with her teares deſir'd the old mans cunning.
When this good man (as goodneſſe ſtill is preſt
At all aſſayes to helpe a wight diſtreſt)
As glad and willing was to eaſe her ſonne,
As ſhe would euer ioy to ſee it done.
And giuing her a ſalue in leaues vp bound;
And ſhe directed how to cure the wound,
With thanks, made home-wards, (longing ſtill to ſee
Th'effect of this good *Hermits* Surgerie)
There carefully, her ſonne laid on a bed,
(Enriched with the bloud he on it ſhed)
She waſhes, dreſſes, bindes his wound (yet ſore)
That grieu'd, it could weepe bloud for him no more.
Now had the glorious *Sunne* tane vp his *Inne*,
And all the lamps of heau'n inlightned bin,
Within the gloomy ſhades of ſome thicke Spring,
Sad *Philomel* gan on the Haw-thorne ſing,
(Whilſt euery beaſt at reſt was lowly laid)
The outrage done vpon a ſilly Maid.
All things were huſht, each bird ſlept on his bough;
And night gaue reſt to him, day tyr'd at plough;
Each beaſt, each bird, and each day-toyling wight,
Receiu'd the comfort of the ſilent night:
Free from the gripes of ſorrow euery one,
Except poore *Philomel* and *Doridon*;

She on a Thorne ſings ſweet though ſighing ſtraines;
He on a couch more ſoft, more ſad complaines:
Whoſe in-pent thoughts him long time hauing pained,
He ſighing wept, & weeping thus complained.
Sweet *Philomela* (then he heard her ſing)
I doe not enuy thy ſweet carolling,
But doe admire thee, that each euen and morrow,
Canſt careleſly thus ſing away thy ſorrow.
Would I could doe ſo too! and euer be
In all my woes ſtill imitating thee:
But I may not attaine to that; for then
Such moſt vnhappy, miſerable men
Would ſtriue with Heauen, and imitate the Sunne,
Whoſe golden beames in exhalation,
Though drawn from Fens, or other grounds impure,
Turne all to fructifying nouriture.
When we draw nothing by our Sun-like eyes,
That euer turnes to mirth, but miſeries:
Would I had neuer ſeene, except that ſhe
Who made me wiſh ſo, loue to looke on me.
Had *Colin Clout* yet liu'd, (but he is gone)
That beſt on earth could tune a louers mone,
Whoſe ſadder Tones inforc'd the Rocks to weepe,
And laid the greateſt griefes in quiet ſleepe:
Who when he ſung (as I would doe to mine)
His trueſt loues to his faire *Roſaline*,
Entic'd each Shepherds eare to heare him play,
And rapt with wonder, thus admiring ſay:
Thrice happy plaines (if plaines thrice happy may be)
Where ſuch a Shepherd pipes to ſuch a Lady.
Who made the Laſſes long to ſit downe neere him;
And woo'd the Riuers frō their Springs to heare him.
Heauen reſt thy Soule (if ſo a Swaine may pray)
And as thy workes liue here, liue there for aye.
Meane while (vnhappy) I ſhall ſtill complaine
Loues cruell wounding of a ſeely Swaine.

Two nights thus paſt: the Lilly-handed Morne
Saw *Phœbus* ſtealing dewe from *Ceres* Corne.
The mounting *Larke* (daies herauld) got on wing
Bidding each bird chuſe out his bough and ſing.
*The lofty Treble ſung the little *Wren*;
Robin the Meane, that beſt of all loues men;
The *Nightingale* the Tenor; and the *Thruſh*
The Counter-tenor ſweetly in a buſh:
And that the Muſicke might be full in parts,
Birds from the groues flew with right willing hearts:
But (as it ſeem'd) they thought (as doe the Swaines,
Which tune their Pipes on ſack'd *Hibernia's* plaines)
There ſhould ſome droaning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
In Embaſſie vnto the King of *Bees*,
To aid his partners on the flowres and trees:
Who condiſcending gladly flew along
To beare the Baſe to his well-tuned ſong.
The *Crow* was willing they ſhould be beholding
For his deepe voyce, but being hoarſe with ſkolding,
He thus lends aide; vpon an Oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, ſo keepeth time.
O true delight, enharboring the breſts
Of thoſe ſweet creatures with the plumy creſts.
Had Nature vnto man ſuch ſimpl'eſſe giuen,
He would like Birds be farre more neere to heauen.
But *Doridon* well knew (who knowes no leſſe?)
" Mans compounds haue o'er thrown his ſimpleneſſe.
Noone-tide the *Morne* had woo'd, and ſhe gan yeeld,
When *Doridon* (made ready for the field)
Goes ſadly forth (a wofull Shepherds Lad)
Drowned in teares, his minde with griefe yclad,
To ope his fold and let his Lamkins out,
(Full iolly flocke they ſeem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, he ſadly pacing,
Both guides and followes them towards their grazing.

* A deſcription of a Muſicall Conſort of Birds.

When from a Groue the Wood-Nymphs held full deare,
Two heauenly voyces did intreat his eare,
And did compell his longing eyes to ſee
What happy wight enioy'd ſuch harmonie.
Which ioyned with fiue more, and ſo made ſeauen,
Would parallel in mirth the *Spheares* of heauen.
To haue a ſight at firſt he would not preſſe,
For feare to interrupt ſuch happineſſe:
But kept aloofe the thicke growne ſhrubs among,
Yet ſo as he might heare this wooing Song.

F. FIe Shepherds Swaine, why ſitſt thou all alone,
Whil'ſt other Lads are ſporting on the leyes?
R. *Ioy* may haue company, but *Griefe* hath none:
Where pleaſure neuer came, ſports cannot pleaſe.
F. Yet may you pleaſe to grace our this daies ſport,
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.
R. A looker on indeede, ſo Swaines of ſort,
Caſt low, take ioy to looke whence they are thrown?
F. Seeke ioy and finde it.
R. Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

Then both agree in one,
Sorrow doth hate
To haue a mate;
" True griefe is ſtill alone.

F. Sad Swaine areade, (if that a Maid may aſke)
What cauſe ſo great effects of griefe hath wrought?)
R. Alas, Loue is not hid, it weares no maſke;
To view 'tis by the face conceiu'd and brought.
F. The cauſe I grant: the cauſer is not learned:
Your ſpeech I doe entreat about this taſke.
R. If that my heart were ſeene, 'twould be diſcerned;
And *Fida's* name found grauen on the caſke.

F. Hath Loue young *Remond* moued?
R. 'Tis *Fida* that is loued.

BOTH.

Although 'tis ſaid that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or goods chiefe parts
Truſt either Seas or Women.

F. How may a Maiden be aſſur'd of loue,
Since falſhood late in euerie Swaine excelleth?
R. When proteſtations faile, time may approue
Where true affection liues, where falſhood dwelleth.
F. The trueſt cauſe elects a Iudge as true:
Fie, how my ſighing, my much louing telleth.
R. Your loue is fixt in one whoſe heart to you
Shall be as conſtancy, which ne'er rebelleth.
F. None other ſhall haue grace.
R. None elſe in my heart place.

BOTH.

Goe Shepherds Swaines and wiue all,
For Loue and Kings
Are two like things
Admitting no Corriuall.

As when ſome Malefactor iudg'd to die
For his offence, his Execution nye,
Caſteth his ſight on ſtates vnlike to his,
And weighs his ill by others happineſſe:
So *Doridon* thought euery ſtate to be
Further from him, more neere felicitie.
O bleſſed ſight, where ſuch concordance meets,
Where truth with truth, and loue with liking greets.
Had (quoth the Swain) the Fates giuen me ſome meaſure
Of true delights ineſtimable treaſure,
I had beene fortunate: but now ſo weake
My bankrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.

Sweet Loue that drawes on earth a yoake ſo euen;
Sweet life that imitates the bliſſe of heauen;
Sweet death they needs muſt haue, who ſo vnite
That two diſtinct make one *Hermaphrodite:*
Sweet loue, ſweet life, ſweet death, that ſo doe meet
On earth; in death, in heauen be euer ſweet!
Let all good wiſhes euer wait vpon you,
And happineſſe as hand-maid tending on you.
Your loues within one centre meeting haue!
One houre your deaths, your corps poſſeſſe one graue!
Your names ſtill greene, (thus doth a Swaine implore)
Till time and memory ſhall be no more!
  Herewith the couple hand in hand aroſe,
And tooke the way which to the ſheep-walke goes.
And whil'ſt that *Doridon* their gate look'd on,
His dogge diſclos'd him, ruſhing forth vpon
A well-fed Deere, that trips it o'er the Meade,
As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread
On *Ceres* dangling eares, or Shaft let goe
By ſome faire Nymph that beares *Diana's* Bowe.
When turning head, he not a foot would ſturre,
Scorning the barking of a Shepheards curre:
So ſhould all Swaines as little weigh their ſpite,
VVho at their ſongs doe bawle, but dare not bite.
  Remond, that by the dogge the Maſter knew,
Came backe, and angry bade him to purſue;
Dory (quoth he) if your ill-tuter'd dogge
Haue nought of awe, then let him haue a clogge.
Doe you not know this ſeely timorous Deere,
(As vſuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
The Sunne not ten degrees got in the Signes,
Since to our Maides, here gathering Columbines,
She weeping came, and with her head low laid
In *Fida's* lap, did humbly begge for aide.
VVhereat vnto the hounds they gaue a checke,
And ſauing her, might ſpie about her necke

A Coller hanging, and (as yet is ſeene)
Theſe words in gold wrought on a ground of greene:
Maidens: ſince 'tis decreed a Maid ſhall haue me,
Keepe me till he ſhall kill me that muſt ſaue me.
But whence ſhe came, or who the words concerne,
VVe neither know nor can of any learne.
Vpon a pallat ſhe doth lie at night,
Neere *Fida's* bed, nor will ſhe from her ſight:
Vpon her walkes ſhe all the day attends,
And by her ſide ſhe trips where ere ſhe wends.
Remond (replide the Swaine) if I haue wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd:
I ſorrow for't, and truelie doe proteſt,
As yet I neuer heard ſpeech of this Beaſt:
Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawfull we ſhould chaſe the Deere,
That breaking our incloſures euery morne
Are found at feed vpon our crop of corne?
Yet had I knowne this Deere, I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd.
I thinke no leſſe, quoth *Remond;* but I pray,
Whither walkes *Doridon* this Holy-day?
Come driue your ſheepe to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a Shepherd with his louely Laſſe,
Sit telling tales vpon the clouer graſſe:
There is the merry Shepherd of the hole;
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,
Alexis, Siluan, Teddy of the Glen,
Rowly and *Perigot* here by the Fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all
That meet to ſolemnize this feſtiuall.
I grieue not at their mirth, ſaid *Doridon:*
Yet had there beene of Feaſts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will ſay,
" Where there's Content 'tis euer Holy-day.

Leaue further talke (quoth *Remond*) let's be gone,
Ile helpe you with your ſheepe, the time drawes on.
Fida will call the *Hinde*, and come with vs.
Thus went they on, and *Remond* did diſcuſſe
Their cauſe of meeting, till they won with pacing
The circuit choſen for the Maidens tracing.
It was a *Roundell* ſeated on a plaine,
That ſtood as *Sentinell* vnto the *Maine*,
Enuiron'd round with Trees and many an Arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour :
And on a bough within the quickning Spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to ſing ;
Whoſe pleaſing Noates the tyred Swaine haue made
To ſteale a nap at noone-tide in the ſhade.
Nature her ſelfe did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride.
Whoſe various flowres deceiu'd the raſher eye
In taking them for curious Tapiſtrie.
A ſiluer Spring forth of a rocke did fall,
That in a drought did ſerue to water all.
Vpon the edges of a graſſie banke,
A tuft of Trees grew circling in a ranke,
As if they ſeem'd their ſports to gaze vpon,
Or ſtood as guard againſt the winde and Sunne :
So faire, ſo freſh, ſo greene, ſo ſweet a ground
The piercing eyes of heauen yet neuer found.
Here *Doridon* all ready met doth ſee,
(Oh who would not at ſuch a meeting be?)
Where he might doubt, who gaue to other grace,
Whether the place the Maids, or Maids the place.
Here gan the Reede, and merry Bag-pipe play,
Shrill as a *Thruſh* vpon a Morne of May,
(A rurall Muſicke for an heauenly traine)
And euery Shepherdeſſe danc'd with her Swaine.
As when ſome gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make

Some prettie driuing ; here it ſweepes the plaine :
There ſtaies, here hops, there mounts, and turns again :
Yet all ſo quicke, that none ſo ſoone can ſay
That now it ſtops, or leapes, or turnes away :
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their ſeuerall motions to be one.
A crooked meaſure was their firſt election,
Becauſe all crooked tends to beſt perfection.
And as I weene this often bowing meaſure,
Was chiefly framed for the women's pleaſure.
Though like the rib, they crooked are and bending,
Yet to the beſt of formes they aime their ending :
Next in an (*I*) their meaſure made a reſt,
Shewing when Loue is plaineſt it is beſt.
Then in a (*Y*) which thus doth Loue commend,
Making of two at firſt, one in the end.
And laſtly cloſing in a round do enter,
Placing the luſty Shepherds in the center:
About the Swaines they dancing ſeem'd to roule,
As other *Planets* round the Heauenly *Pole.*
Who by their ſweet aſpect or chiding frowne,
Could raiſe a Shepherd vp, or caſt him downe.
Thus were they circled till a Swaine came neere,
And ſent this ſong vnto each Shepherds eare :
The Note and voyce ſo ſweet, that for ſuch mirth
The Gods would leaue the heauens, & dwell on earth.

HAppy are you ſo encloſed,
May the Maids be ſtill diſpoſed
In their geſtures and their dances,
So to grace you with intwining,
That Enuy *wiſh in ſuch combining,*
Fortunes ſmile with happy chances.

Here it ſeemes as if the Graces
Meaſur'd out the Plaine in traces,

In a Shepherdeſſe diſguiſing.
Are the Spheares ſo nimbly turning?
Wandring Lamps in heauen burning,
To the eye ſo much intiſing?

Yes, Heauen meanes to take theſe thither,
And adde one ioy to ſee both dance together.

Gentle Nymphes be not refuſing,
Loues neglect is times abuſing,
They and beauty are but lent you,
Take the one and keepe the other:
Loue keepes freſh, what age doth ſmother.
Beauty gone you will repent you.

'Twill be ſaid when yee haue proued,
Neuer Swaines more truly loued:
O then flye all nice behauiour.
Pitty faine would (as her dutie)
Be attending ſtill on beautie,
Let her not be out of fauour.

Diſdaine *is now ſo much rewarded,*
That Pitty *weepes ſince ſhe is vnregarded.*

The meaſure and the Song here being ended:
Each Swain his thoughts thus to his Loue cõmended.

The firſt preſents his Dogge, *with theſe :*

When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,
And bid my Dogge goe take a Sheepe,
He cleane miſtakes what I bid doe,
And bends his pace ſtill towards you.
Poore wretch, he knowes more care I keepe
To get you, then a ſeely Sheep.

The ſecond, his *Pipe*, with theſe :

Bid me to ſing (faire Maid) my Song ſhal proue
There ne'er was truer Pipe ſung truer Loue.

The third, a paire of *Gloues*, thus :

Theſe will keepe your hands from burning,
Whilſt the Sunne is ſwiftly turning :
But who can any veile deuiſe
To ſhield my Heart from your faire Eyes?

The fourth, an *Anagram.*

Maiden aid Men.

Maidens ſhould be ayding Men,
And for loue giue loue agen:
Learne this leſſon from your Mother,
One good wiſh requires another.
They deſerue their names beſt, when
Maids moſt willingly aid Men.

The fift, a *Ring*, with a Picture in a Iewell on it.

Nature hath fram'd a Iemme beyond compare,
The world's the Ring, *but you the* Iewell *are.*

The ſixt, a *Noſegay* of Roſes, with a Nettle in it.

Such is the Poſie, Loue *compoſes;*
A ſtinging Nettle mixt with Roſes.

The ſeuenth, a *Girdle.*

This during light I giue to clip your Waſt,
Faire, grant mine armes that place when day
is paſt.

The Eight

You haue the ſubſtance, and I liue
But by the ſhadowe which you giue.
Subſtance and ſhadowe, both are due,
And giuen of me to none but you,
Then whence is life but from that part,
Which is poſſeſſor of the hart.

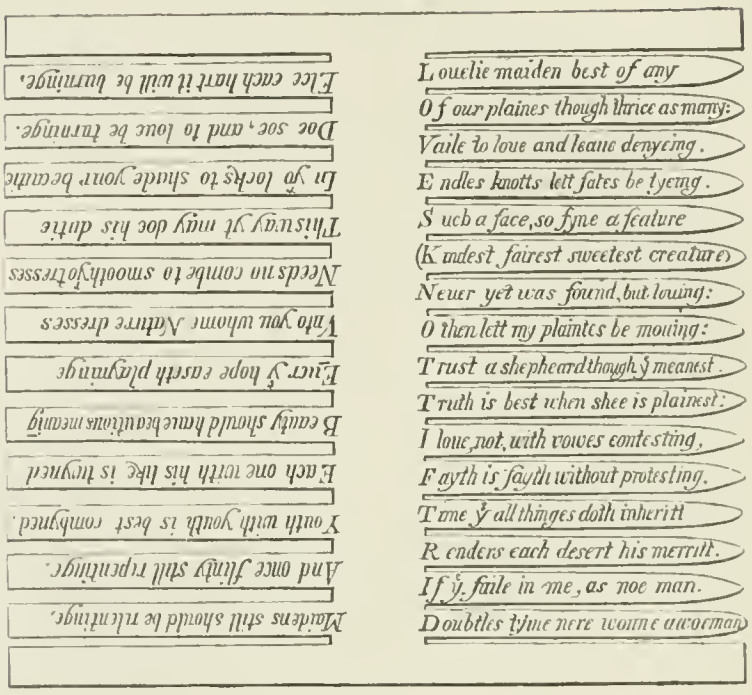
The Nynth

The Hooke of right belongs to you. for when I take but ſeelie Sheepe, yo still take Men

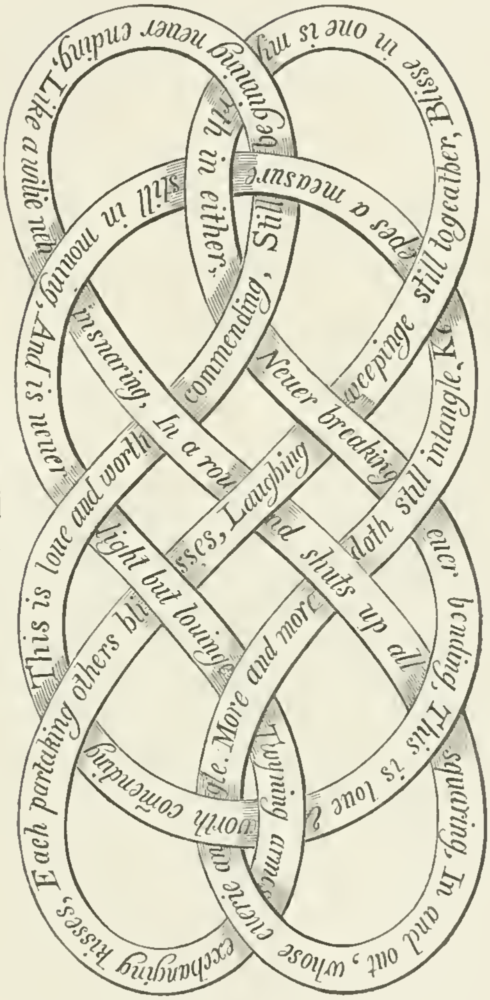
The Tenth

Louelie maiden best of any
Of our plaines though thrice as many:
Vaile to loue and leaue denyeing.
Endles knotts lett fates be tyeing.
Such a face, so fyne a feature
(Kindest fairest sweetest creature)
Neuer yet was found, but louing:
O then lett my plaintes be mouing:
Trust a shepheard though ẏ meanest.
Truth is best when shee is plainest:
I loue, not, with vowes contesting,
Fayth is fayth without protesting.
Time ẏ all thinges doth inheritt
Renders each desert his merritt.
If ẏ faile in me, as noe man.
Doubtles tyme nere wonne awoeman

Elce each hart it will be burninge.
Doe soe, and to loue be turninge.
In yō locks to shade your beautie
This way yt may doe his dutie
Needs no combe to smooth yō tresses
Vnto you whome Nature dresses
Euer ẏ hope easeth playninge
Beauty should haue beautious meaning
Each one with his like is twyned
Youth with youth is best combyned.
And once flinty still ripentinge.
Maidens still should be rilentinge.



The Eleauenth



The Twelfth

Loe Cupid leaues his bowe, his reason is.
Because your eyes wounde when his ſhafts doe misse

Whilſt euery one was offring at the ſhrine
Of ſuch rare beauties might be ſtil'd diuine:
This lamentable voyce towards them flyes:
O Heauen ſend aid, or elſe a Maiden dies!
Herewith ſome ran the way the voyce them led;
Some with the Maiden ſtaid which ſhooke for dread;
What was the cauſe time ſerues not now to tell.
Harke; for my iolly Wether rings his bell,
And almoſt all our flocks haue left to graze,
Shepherds 'tis almoſt night, hie home apace,
When next we meet (as we ſhall meet ere long)
Ile tell the reſt in ſome enſuing Song.

The Fovrth Song.

The Argvment.

Fida's *diſtreſſe, the Hinde is ſlaine,*
Yet from her ruines liues againe.
Riots *deſcription next I rime;*
Then Aletheia, *and old* Time:
And laſtly, from this Song I goe,
Hauing deſcrib'd the Vale of Woe.

HAppy yee dayes of old, when euery waſte
VVas like a Sanctvarie to the chaſte:
VVhen Inceſts, Rapes, Adulteries, were not knowne;
All pure as bloſſomes, which are newly blowne.
Maids were as free from ſpots, and ſoiles within,
As moſt vnblemiſht in the outward ſkin.
Men euery Plaine and Cottage did afford,
As ſmooth in deeds, as they were faire of word.
Maidens with Men as ſiſters with their brothers;
And Men with Maids conuers'd as with their Mothers;
Free from ſuſpition, or the rage of blood.
Strife onely raign'd, for all ſtriu'd to be good.

But then as little Wrens but newly fledge,
Firſt, by their neſts hop vp and downe the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets vp a tree:
His fellow noting his agilitie,
Thinkes he as well may venter as the other,
So fluſhing from one ſpray vnto another,
Gets to the top, and then enbold'ned flies,
Vnto an height paſt ken of humane eyes:
So time brought worſe, men firſt deſir'd to talke;
Then came ſuſpect; and then a priuate walke;
Then by conſent appointed times of meeting,
Where moſt ſecurely each might kiſſe his ſweeting;
Laſtly, with luſts their panting breſts ſo ſwell,
They came to. But to what I bluſh to tell,
And entred thus, Rapes vſed were of all,
Inceſt, Adultery, held as Veniall:
The certainty in doubtfull ballance reſts,
If beaſts did learne of men, or men of beaſts.
Had they not learn'd of man who was their King,
So to inſult vpon an vnderling,
They ciuilly had ſpent their liues gradation,
As meeke and milde as in their firſt creation;
Nor had th' infections of infected minds
So alter'd nature, and diſorder'd kinds,
Fida had beene leſſe wretched, I more glad,
That ſo true loue ſo true a progreſſe had.
When *Remond* left her (*Remond* then vnkinde)
Fida went downe the dale to ſeeke the Hinde;
And found her taking ſoyle within a flood:
Whom when ſhe call'd ſtraight follow'd to the wood.
Fida then wearied, ſought the cooling ſhade,
And found an arbour by the Shepherds made
To frolike in (when *Sol* did hotteſt ſhine)
With cates which were farre cleanlier then fine.
For in thoſe dayes men neuer vs'd to feed
So much for pleaſure as they did for need.

Enriching then the arbour downe ſhe ſate her;
Where many a buſie Bee came flying at her:
Thinking when ſhe for ayre her breſts diſcloſes,
That there had growne ſome tuft of Damaſke-Roſes,
And that her azure veines which then did ſwell,
Were Conduit-pipes brought from a liuing Well.
Whoſe liquor might the world enioy for money,
Bees would be bank-rupt, none would care for honey.
The Hinde lay ſtill without (poore ſilly creature,
How like a woman art thou fram'd by nature?
Timerous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
Caught beſt when force is intermixt with cunning)
Lying thus diſtant, different chances meet them,
And with a fearfull obiect Fate doth greet them.
Something appear'd, which ſeem'd farre off, a man, Deſcription of *Riot*.
In ſtature, habit, gate, proportion:
But when their eyes their obiects Maſters were,
And it for ſtricter cenſure came more neere,
By all his properties one well might gheſſe,
Than of a man, he ſure had nothing leſſe.
For verily ſince old *Deucalions* flood
Earths ſlime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Vpon the various earths embrodered gowne
There is a weed vpon whoſe head growes Downe;
Sow-thiſtle 'tis ycleep'd, whoſe downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deeme her for a Maid: ſuch was his haire,
Ready to ſhed at any ſtirring ayre.
His eares were ſtrucken deafe when he came nie,
To heare the Widowes or the Orphans crie.
His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
With poaring in the blood of bodies ſlaine.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
Vollies of execrable blaſphemie;
Banning the Heauens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall vpon him:

Like *Scythian* Wolues, or *men of wit bereauen,
Which howle and ſhoot againſt the lights of Heauen.
His hands (if hands they were) like ſome dead corſe,
With digging vp his buried anceſtors;
Making his Fathers tombe and ſacred ſhrine
The trough wherein the Hog-heard fed his Swine.
And as that Beaſt hath legs (which Shepherds feare,
Ycleep'd a *Badger*, which our Lambs doth teare)
One long, the other ſhort, that when he runs
Vpon the plaines, he halts; but when he wons
On craggy Rocks, or ſteepy ſtils, we ſee
None runs more ſwift, nor eaſier then he:
Such legs the Monſter had, one ſinew ſhrunke,
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunke;
And halted in the paths to *Vertue* tending:
And therefore neuer durſt be that way bending:
But when he came on carued *Monuments*,
Spiring *Coloſſes*, and high raiſed rents,
He paſt them o're, quicke, as the Eaſterne winde
Sweepes through a Meadow; or a nimble *Hinde*,
Or *Satyre* on a Lawne; or ſkipping *Roe;*
Or well-wing'd Shaft forth of a *Parthian* bow.
His body made (ſtill in conſumptions rife)
A miſerable priſon for a life.
Riot he hight; whom ſome curs'd Fiend did raiſe,
When like a *Chaos* were the nights and daies:
Got and brought vp in the *Cymerian* Clime,
Where Sun nor Moon, nor daies, nor nights do time:
As who ſhould ſay, they ſcorn'd to ſhew their faces
To ſuch a Fiend ſhould ſeeke to ſpoile the *Graces*.
At ſight whereof, *Fida* nigh drown'd in feare,
Was cleane diſmaid when he approched neare;
Nor durſt ſhe call the Deere, nor whiſtling winde her,
Fearing her noiſe might make the Monſter finde her;
Who ſlily came, for he had cunning learn'd him,
And ſeiz'd vpon the Hinde, ere ſhe diſcern'd him.

* Men of *Scirum* ſhoot againſt the Starres.

Oh how ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtrugled; euery nerue
Is preſt at all aſſaies a life to ſerue:
Yet ſoone we loſe, what we might longer keepe
Were not Preuention commonly a ſleepe.
Maids, of this Monſters brood be fearefull all,
What to the *Hinde* may hap to you befall.
Who with her feet held vp in ſtead of hands,
And teares which pittie from the Rocke commands,
She ſighes, and ſhrikes, & weeps, and looks vpon him:
Alas ſhe ſobs, and many a groane throwes on him;
With plaints which might abate a Tyrants knife;
She begs for pardon, and entreats for life.
The hollow caues reſound her moanings neere it,
That heart was flint which did not grieue to heare it:
The high topt *Firres* which on that mountaine keep,
Haue euer ſince that time beene ſeene to weepe.
The *Owle* till then, 'tis thought full well could ſing,
And tune her voyce to euery bubling Spring:
But when ſhe heard thoſe plaints, then forth ſhe yode
Out of the couert of an *Iuy* rod,
And hollowing for aide, ſo ſtrain'd her throat,
That ſince ſhe cleane forgot her former noat.
A little *Robin* ſitting on a tree,
In dolefull noats bewail'd her Tragedie.
An *Aſpe*, who thought him ſtout, could not diſſemble,
But ſhew'd his feare, and yet is ſeene to tremble.
Yet Cruelty was deafe, and had no ſight
In ought which might gain-ſay the appetite:
But with his teeth rending her throat aſunder,
Beſprinkl'd with her blood the greene graſſe vnder
And gurmundizing on her fleſh and blood,
He vomiting returned to the Wood.
Ryot but newly gone, as ſtrange a viſion
Though farre more heauenly, came in apparition.
As that *Arabian* bird (whom all admire)
Her exequies prepar'd and funerall fire,

Burnt in a flame conceiued from the Sun,
And nouriſhed with ſlips of *Cynamon*,
Out of her aſhes hath a ſecond birth,
And flies abroad, a wonderment on earth:
So from the ruines of this mangled Creature
Aroſe ſo faire and ſo diuine a feature,
Deſcription of *Truth.* That *Enuy* for her heart would doat vpon her;
Heauen could not chuſe but be enamour'd on her:
Were I a *Starre*, and ſhe a ſecond *Spheare*,
Ide leaue the other, and be fixed there.
Had faire *Arachne* wrought this Maidens haire,
When ſhe with *Pallas* did for ſkill compare,
Minerua's worke had neuer beene eſteem'd,
But this had beene more rare and highly deem'd.
Yet gladly now ſhe would reuerſe her doome,
Weauing this haire within a Spiders Loome.
Vpon her fore-head, as in glory ſate
Mercy and Maieſty, for wondring at,
As pure and ſimple as *Albania's* ſnow,
Or milke-white Swans which ſtem the ſtreams of *Poe:*
Like to ſome goodly fore-land, bearing out
Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the ſhoare about.
And leſt the man which ſought thoſe coaſts might ſlip,
Her eyes like Stars, did ſerue to guide the ſhip.
Vpon her front (heauens faireſt *Promontory*)
Delineated was, th'Authentique Story
Of thoſe Elect, whoſe ſheepe at firſt began
To nibble by the ſprings of *Canaan:*
Out of whoſe ſacred loynes (brought by the ſtem
Of that ſweet Singer of *Ieruſalem*)
Came the beſt Shepherd euer flocks did keepe,
Who yeelded vp his life to ſaue his ſheepe.
O thou Eterne! by whom all beings moue,
Giuing the Springs beneath, and Springs aboue:
Whoſe Finger doth this *Vniuerſe* ſuſtaine,
Bringing the former and the latter raine:

Who doſt with plenty Meads and Paſtures fill,
By drops diſtill'd like dew on *Hermon* Hill:
Pardon a ſilly Swaine, who (farre vnable
In that which is ſo rare, ſo admirable)
Dares on an Oaten-pipe, thus meanly ſing
Her praiſe immenſe, worthy a ſiluer ſtring.
And thou which through the Deſart and the Deepe,
Didſt lead thy Choſen like a flocke of ſheepe:
As ſometime by a Starre thou guidedſt them,
Which fed vpon the plaines of *Bethelem;*
So by thy ſacred Spirit direct my quill,
When I ſhall ſing ought of thy *Holy hill,*
That times to come, when they my rymes rehearſe,
May wonder at me, and admire my Verſe:
For who but one rapt in Cœleſtiall fire,
Can by his Muſe to ſuch a pitch aſpire;
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron Pen might dwell.
When ſhe was borne, *Nature* in ſport began,
To learne the cunning of an *Artizan,*
And did Vermilion with a white compoſe,
To mocke her ſelfe, and paint a Damaſke Roſe.
But ſcorning *Nature* vnto *Art* ſhould ſeeke,
She ſpilt her colours on this Maidens cheeke.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodneſſe came,
Of power to giue the dead a liuing name.
Her words embalmed in ſo ſweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on Time and Death,
Whoſe fragrant ſweets, ſince the *Camelion* knew,
And taſted of, he to this humor grew:
Left other Elements, held this ſo rare,
That ſince he neuer feeds on ought but Ayre.
O had I *Virgils* verſe, or *Tullies* Tongue!
Or raping numbers like the *Thracian's* Song,
I haue a Theame would make the Rocks to dance,
And ſurly Beaſts that through the Deſart prance,

Hie from their Caues, and euery gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.
Nay, they would thinke their ſtates for euer raiſed,
But once to looke on one, ſo highly praiſed.
Out of whoſe Maiden breſts (which ſweetly riſe)
The *Seers* ſuckt their hidden *Prophecies:*
And told that for her loue in times to come,
Many ſhould ſeeke the Crowne of *Martyrdome*,
By fire, by ſword, by tortures, dungeons, chaines,
By ſtripes, by famine, and a world of paines;
Yet conſtant ſtill remaine (to her they loued)
Like *Syon* Mount, that cannot be remoued.
Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,
The world for her no fitter place afforded.
Praiſe her who liſt, he ſtill ſhall be her debter:
For *Art* ne'er fain'd, nor *Nature* fram'd a better.
As when a *holy Father* hath began
To offer ſacrifice to mighty *Pan*,
Doth the requeſt of euery Swaine aſſume,
To ſcale the Welkin in a ſacred fume,
Made by a widow'd *Turtles* louing mate,
Or *Lamkin*, or ſome *Kid* immaculate,
The offring heaues aloft, with both his hands;
Which all adore, that neere the Altar ſtands:
So was her heauenly body comely rais'd
On two faire columnes; thoſe that *Ouid* prais'd
In *Iulia's* borrowed name, compar'd with theſe,
Were Crabs to Apples of th'*Heſpherides*;
Or ſtumpe-foot *Vulcan* in compariſon,
With all the height of true perfection.
Nature was here ſo lauiſh of her ſtore,
That ſhe beſtow'd vntill ſhe had no more.
VVhoſe Treaſure being weakned (by this Dame)
She thruſts into the world ſo many lame.
The higheſt *Synode* of the glorious Skie,
(I heard a VVood-Nymph ſing) ſent *Mercurie*

To take a ſuruay of the faireſt faces,
And to deſcribe to them all womens graces;
VVho long time wandring in a ſerious queſt,
Noting what parts by *Beauty* were poſſeſt:
At laſt he ſaw this *Maid*, then thinking fit
To end his iourney, here, *Nil-vltra*, writ.
Fida in adoration kiſs'd her knee,
And thus beſpake; Haile glorious Deitie!
(If ſuch thou art, and who can deeme you leſſe?)
VVhether thou raign'ſt *Queene* of the *Wilderneſſe*.
Or art that Goddeſſe ('tis vnknowne to me)
Which from the *Ocean* drawes her pettigree:
Or one of thoſe, who by the moſſie bankes
Of driſling *Hellicon*, in airie rankes
Tread Roundelayes vpon the ſiluer ſands,
Whilſt ſhaggy *Satyres* tripping o're the ſtrands,
Stand ſtill at gaze, and yeeld their ſenſes thrals
To the ſweet cadence of your Madrigals:
Or of the *Faiery* troope which nimbly play,
And by the Springs dance out the Summers day;
Teaching the little birds to build their neſts,
And in their ſinging how to keepen reſts:
Or one of thoſe, who watching where a Spring
Out of our Grandame Earth hath iſſuing,
With your attractiue Muſicke wooe the ſtreame
(As men by *Faieries* led, ſalne in a dreame)
To follow you, which ſweetly trilling wanders
In many Mazes, intricate Meanders;
Till at the laſt, to mocke th'enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces vp ſome ſhady hill;
And laugh to ſee the waue no further tread;
But in a chafe run foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
Leauing the other deſtitute of name.
If thou be one of theſe, or all, or more,
Succour a ſeely Maid, that doth implore

Aid, on a bended heart, vnfain'd and meeke,
As true as bluſhes of a Maiden cheeke.
Maiden, ariſe, repli'd the new-borne Maid:
" Pure Innocence the ſenſleſſe ſtones will aide.
Nor of the *Fairie* troope, nor *Muſes* nine;
Nor am I *Venus*, nor of *Proſerpine:*
But daughter to a luſty aged Swaine,
That cuts the greene tufts off th'enamel'd plaine;
And with his Sythe hath many a Summer ſhorne
The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;
* Deſcription of *Time.* Who from the cloud-clipt mountaine by his ſtroake
Fels downe the lofty Pine, the Cedar, Oake:
He opes the flood-gates as occaſion is
Sometimes on that mans land, ſometimes on this.
When *Verolame*, a ſtately Nymph of yore
Did vſe to decke her ſelfe on *Iſis* ſhore,
One morne (among the reſt) as there ſhe ſtood,
Saw the pure Channell all beſmear'd with blood;
Inquiring for the cauſe, one did impart,
Thoſe drops came from her holy *Albans* hart;
Herewith in griefe ſhe gan intreat my Syre,
That *Iſis* ſtreame, which yeerely did attire
Thoſe gallant fields in changeable array,
Might turne her courſe and run ſome other way.
Leſt that her waues might waſh away the guilt
From off their hands which *Albans* blood had ſpilt:
He condeſcended, and the nimble waue
Her Fiſh no more within that channell draue:
But as a witneſſe left the crimſon gore
To ſtaine the earth, as they their hands before.
He had a being ere there was a birth,
And ſhall not ceaſe vntill the Sea and Earth,
And what they both containe, ſhall ceaſe to be,
Nothing confines him but *Eternitie.*
By him the names of good men euer liue,
Which ſhort liu'd men vnto *Obliuion* giue:

And in forgetfulneſſe he lets him fall,
That is no other man then naturall:
'Tis he alone that rightly can diſcouer,
Who is the true, and who the fained Louer.
In Summers heat when any Swaine to ſleepe
Doth more addict himſelfe then to his ſheepe;
And whilſt the *Leaden God* ſits on his eyes,
If any of his Fold or ſtrayes or dyes,
And to the waking Swaine it be vnknowne,
Whether his ſheepe be dead, or ſtraid, or ſtolne;
To meet my Syre he bends his courſe in paine,
Either where ſome high hill ſuruaies the plaine;
Or takes his ſtep toward the flowrie vallies,
Where *Zephyre* with the *Cowſlip* hourely dallies;
Or to the groues, where birds from heat or weather,
Sit ſweetly tuning of their noates together:
Or to a Mead a wanton Riuer dreſſes
With richeſt *Collers* of her turning *Eſſes;*
Or where the Shepherds ſit old ſtories telling,
Chronos my Syre hath no ſet place of dwelling;
But if the Shepherd meet the aged Swaine,
He tels him of his ſheepe, or ſhewes them ſlaine.
So great a gift the ſacred Powers of heauen
(Aboue all others) to my Syre haue giuen,
That the abhorred Stratagems of night,
Lurking in cauernes from the glorious light,
By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And ſhew'd as monſters to the wondring World.
What Mariner is he ſailing vpon
The watry Deſart clipping *Albion*,
Heares not the billowes in their dances roare
Anſwer'd by *Eccoes* from the neighbour ſhoare?
To whoſe accord the Maids trip from the Downes,
And Riuers dancing come, ycrown'd with Townes,
All ſinging forth the victories of *Time*,
Vpon the Monſters of the Weſterne Clime,

VVhoſe horrid, damned, bloody, plots would bring
Confuſion on the Laureate Poets King,
VVhoſe Hell-fed hearts deuis'd how neuer more
A *Swan* might ſinging ſit on *Iſis* ſhore:
But croaking *Rauens*, and the *Scrich-owles* crie,
The fit Muſitians for a *Tragedie*,
Should euermore be heard about her ſtrand,
To fright all Paſſengers from that ſad Land.
Long Summers dayes I on his worth might ſpend,
And yet begin againe when I would end.
All Ages ſince the firſt age firſt begun,
Ere they could know his worth their age was done:
VVhoſe abſence all the Treaſury of earth
Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd *Tagus* birth,
Not all the golden grauell he treads ouer,
One minute paſt, that minute can recouer.
I am his onely Childe (he hath no other)
Cleep'd *Aletheia*, borne without a Mother.
Poore *Aletheia* long deſpis'd of all,
Scarce *Charitie* would lend an Hoſpitall
To giue my Months cold watching one nights reſt,
But in my roome tooke in the Miſers Cheſt.
In winters time when hardly fed the flocks,
And Iſicles hung dangling on the Rocks;
When *Hyems* bound the floods in ſiluer chaines,
And hoary Froſts had candy'd all the Plaines;
When euery Barne rung with the threſhing Flailes,
And Shepherds Boyes for cold gan blow their nailes:
(Wearied with toyle in ſeeking out ſome one
That had a ſparke of true deuotion;)
It was my chance (chance onely helpeth need)
To finde an houſe ybuilt for holy deed,
With goodly Architect, and Cloiſters wide,
With groues and walkes along a Riuers ſide;
The place it ſelfe afforded admiration,
And euery ſpray a Theame of contemplation.

Aletheia ſeeks relieſe at an Abbey, and is denide.

But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan intreat an enterance thereat:
The Porter aſkt my name: I told; He ſwell'd,
And bade me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,
I ſought for ſhelter to a ruin'd houſe,
Harb'ring the Weaſell, and the duſt-bred Mouſe;
And others none, except the two-kinde Bat,
Which all the day there melancholy ſate:
Here ſate I downe with winde and raine ybeat;
Griefe fed my minde, and did my body eat.
Yet *Idleneſſe* I ſaw (lam'd with the Gout)
Had entrance when poore *Truth* was kept without.
There ſaw I *Drunkenneſſe* with Dropſies ſwolne;
And pamper'd *Luſt* that many a night had ſtolne
Ouer the *Abby*-wall when Gates were lock'd,
To be in *Venus* wanton boſome rock'd:
And *Gluttony* that ſurfetting had bin,
Knocke at the gate and ſtraight-way taken in:
Sadly I ſate, and ſighing grieu'd to ſee,
Their happineſſe, my infelicitie.
At laſt came *Enuy* by, who hauing ſpide
Where I was ſadly ſeated, inward hide,
And to the *Conuent* eagerly ſhe cries,
Why ſit you here, when with theſe eares and eyes
I heard and ſaw a ſtrumpet dares to ſay,
She is the true faire *Aletheia*,
Which you haue boaſted long to liue among you,
Yet ſuffer not a peeuiſh Girle to wrong you?
With this prouok'd, all roſe, and in a rout
Ran to the gate, ſtroue who ſhould firſt get out,
Bade me be gone, and then (in tearmes vnciuill)
Did call me counterfait, witch, hag, whore, deuill;
Then like a ſtrumpet droue me from their cels,
With tinkling pans, and with the noiſe of bels.
And he that lou'd me, or but moan'd my caſe,
Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face.

Thus beaten thence (diſtreſt, forſaken wight)
Inforc'd in fields to ſleepe, or wake all night;
A ſilly ſheepe ſeeing me ſtraying by,
Forſooke the ſhrub where once ſhe meant to lye;
As if ſhe in her kinde (vnhurting elfe)
Did bid me take ſuch lodging as her ſelfe:
Gladly I tooke the place the ſheepe had giuen,
Vncanopy'd of any thing but heauen.
Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with grief frequented,
Vnto the ſilent night I thus lamented:
Faire *Cynthia*, if from thy ſiluer Throne,
Thou euer lentſt an eare to Virgins mone!
Or in thy Monthly courſe, one minute ſtaid
Thy Palfrayes trot, to heare a wretched Maid!
Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,
Forlorne, forſaken, cloath'd in miſerie:
But if a woe hath neuer woo'd thine eare,
To ſtop thoſe Courſers in their full Cariere;
But as ſtone-hearted men, vncharitable,
Paſſe careleſſe by the poore, when men leſſe able
Hold not the needed[1] helpe in long ſuſpence,
But in their hands poure their beneuolence.
O! if thou be ſo hard to ſtop thine eares!
When ſtars in pitty drop downe from their Spheares,
Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
Inſhrowd the pale beames of thy borrowed light:
O! neuer once diſcourage goodneſſe (lending
One glimpſe of light) to ſee misfortune ſpending
Her vtmoſt rage on *Truth*, deſpis'd, diſtreſſed,
Vnhappy, vnrelieued, yet vndreſſed.
Where is the heart at vertues ſuffring grieueth?
Where is the eye that pittying relieueth?
Where is the hand that ſtill the hungry feedeth?
Where is the eare that the decrepit ſteedeth?
That heart, that hand, that eare, or elſe that eye,
Giueth, relieueth, feeds, ſteeds miſery?

[1] Ed. 1625 has *needies*.

O earth produce me one (of all thy ſtore)
Enioyes; and be vaine-glorious no more.
By this had *Chanticlere*, the village-clocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her Maids to knocke:
And the ſwart plow man for his breakfaſt ſtaid,
That he might till thoſe lands were fallow laid:
The hils and vallies here and there reſound
With the re-ecchoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound.
Each Shepherds daughter with her cleanly Peale,
Was come a field to milke the Mornings meale,
And ere the *Sunne* had clymb'd the Eaſterne hils,
To guild the muttring bournes, and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring *Bee* had left the Hiue,
And nimble *Fiſhes* which in Riuers diue,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned Flie,
I roſe from reſt, not in felicitie.
Seeking the place of *Charities* reſort,
Vnware I hapned on a Princes Court;
Where meeting *Greatneſſe*, I requir'd reliefe,
(O happy vndelay'd) ſhe ſaid in briefe,
To ſmall effect thine oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and ſo many friends?
If of my houſhold I ſhould make thee one,
Farewell my ſeruant *Adulation:*
I know ſhe will not ſtay when thou art there:
But ſeeke ſome Great mans ſeruice other-where.
Darkneſſe and light, ſummer and winters weather
May be at once, ere you two liue together.
Thus with a nod ſhe left me cloath'd in woe.
Thence to the Citie once I thought to goe,
But ſomewhat in my mind this thought had thrown,
It was a place wherein I was not knowne.
And therefore went vnto theſe homely townes,
Sweetly enuiron'd with the Dazied Downes.
Vpon a ſtreame waſhing a village end
A Mill is plac'd, that neuer difference kend

Twixt dayes for worke, and holy-tides for reſt,
Truth entreats succor from a Miller, a Tayler & a Weauer. But alwaies wrought & ground the neighbors greſt.
Before the doore I ſaw the *Miller* walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking:
One of them was a *Weauer*, and the other
The Village *Tayler*, and his truſty brother;
To them I came, and thus my ſuit began:
Content, the riches of a Country-man,
Attend your Actions, be more happy ſtill,
Then I am hapleſſe! and as yonder Mill,
Though in his turning it obey the ſtreame,
Yet by the head-ſtrong torrent from his beame
Is vnremou'd, and till the wheele be tore,
It daily toyles; then reſts, and workes no more:
So in lifes motion may you neuer be
(Though ſwayd with griefes) o'er-borne with miſery.
With that the *Miller* laughing, bruſh'd his cloathes,
Then ſwore by Cocke and other dung-hill oathes,
I greatly was to blame, that durſt ſo wade
Into the knowledge of the Wheel-wrights trade.
I, neighbour, quoth the *Tayler* (then he bent
His pace to me, ſpruce like a *Iacke of Lent*)
Your iudgement is not ſeame-rent when you ſpend it,
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it.
And Maiden, let me tell you in diſpleaſure,
You muſt not preſſe the cloth you cannot meaſure:
But let your ſteps be ſtitcht to wiſdomes chalking,
And caſt preſumptuous ſhreds out of your walking.
The *Weauer* ſaid, Fie wench, your ſelfe you wrong,
Thus to let ſlip the ſhuttle of your rong:
For marke me well, yea, marke me well, I ſay,
I ſee you worke your ſpeeches Web aſtray.
Sad to the Soule, o'er laid with idle words,
O heauen, quoth I, where is the place affords
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The moſt deiected hopes of wronged *Truth?*

Truth! quoth the *Miller*, plainly for our parts,
I and the *Weauer* hate thee with our hearts:
The ſtrifes you raiſe I will not now diſcuſſe,
Betweene our honeſt Cuſtomers and vs:
But get you gone, for ſure you may deſpaire
Of comfort here, ſeeke it ſome other-where.
Maid (quoth the *Tayler*) we no ſuccour owe you,
For as I gueſſe her's none of vs doth know you:
Nor my remembrance any thought can ſeize
That I haue euer ſeene you in my dayes.
Seene you? nay, therein confident I am;
Nay, till this time I neuer heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
My neighbour at that inſtant cald me thiefe,
By this you ſee you are vnknowne among vs,
We cannot help you, though your ſtay may wrong vs.
Thus went I on, and further went in woe:
For as ſhrill ſounding *Fame*, that's neuer ſlow,
Growes in her going, and increaſeth more,
Where ſhe is now, then where ſhe was before:
So *Griefe* (that neuer healthy, euer ſicke,
That froward Scholler to *Arethmeticke*,
Who doth Diuiſion and Subſtraction flie,
And chiefly learnes to adde and multiply)
In longeſt iourneys hath the ſtrongeſt ſtrength,
And is at hand, ſuppreſt, vnquaild at length.

Deſcription of a ſolitarie Vale.

Betweene two hils, the higheſt *Phœbus* ſees
Gallantly crownd with large Skie-kiſſing trees,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the humble vallies lay;
And *Wilde-Bores* from their dens their gambols play:
There lay a graueld walke ore-growne with greene,
Where neither tract of man nor beaſt was ſeene.
And as the Plow-man when the land he tils,
Throwes vp the fruitfull earth in ridged hils,
Betweene whoſe *Cheuron* forme he leaues a balke;
So twixt thoſe hils had Nature fram'd this walke,

Not ouer-darke, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a Snake deſcending:
All huſht and ſilent as the mid of night:
No chattring *Pie*, nor *Crow* appear'd in ſight;
But further in I heard the *Turtle-Doue*,
Singing ſad Dirges on her lifeleſſe Loue.
Birds that compaſſion from the rocks could bring,
Had onely licenſe in that place to ſing:
Whoſe dolefull noates the melancholly *Cat*
Cloſe in a hollow tree ſate wondring at.
And Trees that on the hill-ſide comely grew,
When any little blaſt of *Æol* blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The Iudges to approue their melody.
Iuſt halfe the way this ſolitary Groue,
A Cryſtall Spring from either hill-ſide ſtroue,
Which of them firſt ſhould wooe the meeker ground,
And make the Pibbles dance vnto their ſound.
But as when children hauing leaue to play,
And neare their Maſters eye ſport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childiſh toyes
Oft vex their Tutor with too great a noyſe,
And make him ſend ſome ſeruant out of doore,
To ceaſe their clamour, leſt they play no more:
So when the prettie *Rill* a place eſpies,
Where with the Pibbles ſhe would wantonize;
And that her vpper ſtreame ſo much doth wrong her
To driue her thence, and let her play no longer;
If ſhe with too loud mutt'ring ran away,
As being [too] much incens'd to leaue her play;
A weſterne milde, and pretty whiſpering gale,
Came dallying with the leaues along the dale,
And ſeem'd as with the water it did chide,
Becauſe it ran ſo long vnpacifide:
Yea, and me thought it bade her leaue that coyle,
Or he would choake her vp with leaues and ſoyle:

Whereat the riuelet in my minde did weepe,
And hurl'd her head into a ſilent deepe.
Now he that guides the Chariot of the *Sunne*,
Vpon th' *Eclipticke Circle* had ſo runne,
That his braſſe-hoof'd fire-breathing horſes wan
The ſtately height of the *Meridian:*
And the day-lab'ring man (who all the morne
Had from the quarry with his Pick-axe torne
A large well ſquared ſtone, which he would cut
To ſerue his ſtile, or for ſome water-ſhut)
Seeing the *Sunne* preparing to decline,
Tooke out his Bag, and ſate him downe to dine.
When by a ſliding, yet not ſteepe deſcent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er Poet did inuent
The like for ſorrow: not in all this Round
A fitter ſeat for paſſion can be found.
As when a dainty Fount, and Cryſtall Spring,
Got newly from the earths impriſoning,
And ready preſt ſome channell cleere to win,
Is round his riſe by Rockes immured in,
And from the thirſty earth would be with-held,
Till to the Ceſterne top the waues haue ſwell'd:
But that a carefull *Hinde* the Well hath found,
As he walkes ſadly through his parched ground;
Whoſe patience ſuffring not his land to ſtay
Vntill the water o'er the Ceſterne play,
He gets a Picke-axe and with blowes ſo ſtout,
Digs on the Rocke, that all the groues about
Reſound his ſtroke, and ſtill the rocke doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
Whereby the waters from their priſon run,
To cloſe earths gaping wounds made by the *Sun:*
So through theſe high rais'd hils, embracing round
This ſhady, ſad, and ſolitary ground,
Some power (reſpecting one whoſe heauy mone
Requir'd a place to ſit and weepe alone)

Had cut a path, whereby the grieued wight
Might freely take the comfort of this Scyte.
About the edges of whoſe roundly forme,
In order grew ſuch Trees as doe adorne
The ſable hearſe, and ſad forſaken mate ;
And Trees whoſe teares their loſſe commiſerate,
Such are the *Cypreſſe*, and the weeping *Myrrhe*,
The dropping *Amber*, and the refin'd *Fyrrhe*,
The bleeding *Vine*, the watry *Sicamour*,
And *Willough* for the forlorne Paramour ;
In comely diſtance : vnderneath whoſe ſhade
Moſt neat in rudeneſſe *Nature* arbors made :
Some had a light ; ſome ſo obſcure a ſeat,
Would entertaine a ſufferance ne'er ſo great :
Where grieued wights ſate (as I after found,
Whoſe heauy hearts the height of ſorrow crown'd)
Wailing in ſaddeſt tunes the doomes of Fate
On men bv vertue cleeped fortunate.
The firſt note that I heard I ſoone was won,
To thinke the ſighes of faire *Endymion ;*
The ſubiect of whoſe mournfull heauy lay
Was his declining with faire *Cynthia.*
Next him a great man ſate, in woe no leſſe ;
Teares were but barren ſhadowes to expreſſe
The ſubſtance of his griefe, and therefore ſtood
Diſtilling from his heart red ſtreames of blood :
He was a Swaine whom all the *Graces* kiſt,
A braue, heroicke, worthy *Martialiſt :*
Yet on the Downes he oftentimes was ſeene
To draw the merry Maidens of the Greene
With his ſweet voyce : Once, as he ſate alone,
He ſung the outrage of the lazy *Drone*,
Vpon the lab'ring *Bee*, in ſtraines ſo rare,
That all the flitting Pinnioniſts of ayre
Attentiue ſate, and in their kindes did long
To learne ſome Noat from his well-timed Song.

Exiled *Naſo* (from whoſe golden pen
The *Muſes* did diſtill delights for men)
Thus ſang of *Cepalus* (whoſe name was worne
Within the boſome of the bluſhing *Morne :*)
He had a dart was neuer ſet on wing,
But death flew with it: he could neuer fling,
But life fled from the place where ſtucke the head.
A Hunters frolicke life in Woods he lead
In ſeparation from his yoaked Mate,
Whoſe beauty, once, he valued at a rate
Beyond *Aurora's* cheeke, when ſhe (in pride)
Promis'd their off-ſpring ſhould be Deifide :
Procris ſhe hight; who (ſeeking to reſtore
Her ſelfe that happineſſe ſhe had before)
Vnto the greene wood wends, omits no paine
Might bring her to her Lords embrace againe:
But *Fate* thus croſt her, comming where he lay
Wearied with hunting all a Summers day,
He ſomewhat heard within the thicket ruſh,
And deeming it ſome Beaſt, hid in a buſh,
Raiſed himſelfe, then ſet on wing a dart,
Which tooke a ſad reſt in the reſtleſſe heart
Of his chaſte wife; who with a bleeding breſt
Left loue and life, and ſlept in endleſſe reſt.
With *Procris* heauie Fate this Shepherds wrong
Might be compar'd, and aſke as ſad a ſong.
In th' *Autumne* of his youth, and manhoods *Spring*,
Deſert (growne now a moſt deiected thing)
Won him the fauour of a *Royall Maid*,
Who with *Diana's* Nymphs in foreſts ſtray'd,
And liu'd a Huntreſſe life exempt from feare.
She once encountred with a ſurly *Beare*,
Neare to a Cryſtall Fountaines flowery brink
Heat brought them thither both, and both would drinke,
When from her golden quiuer ſhe tooke forth
A *Dart*, aboue the reſt eſteem'd for worth,

And ſent it to his ſide: the gaping wound
Gaue purple ſtreames to coole the parched ground.
Whereat he gnaſht his teeth, ſtorm'd his hurt lym,
Yeelded the earth what it denied him:
Yet ſunke not there, but (wrapt in horror) hy'd
Vnto his helliſh caue, deſpair'd and dy'd.
After the *Beares* juſt death, the quickning Sunne
Had twice ſix times about the *Zodiacke* run,
And (as reſpectleſſe) neuer caſt an eye,
Vpon the night-inuail'd *Cymmerij*,
When this braue Swaine (approued valorous)
In oppoſition, of a tyrannous
And bloody *Sauage* being long time gone
Quelling his rage with faithleſſe *Gerion*
Returned from the ſtratagems of warres,
(Inriched with his quail'd foes bootleſſe ſcarres)
To ſee the cleare eyes of his deareſt Loue,
And that her ſkill in hearbs might helpe remoue
The freſhing of a wound which he had got
In her defence, by *Enuies* poyſon'd ſhot,
And comming through a Groue wherein his faire
Lay with her breſts diſplai'd to take the aire,
His ruſhing through the boughes made her ariſe,
And dreading ſome wilde beaſts rude enterprize,
Directs towards the noyſe a ſharpned dart,
That reach'd the life of his vndaunted heart,
Which when ſhee knew, twice twenty Moones nie ſpent
In teares for him, and dy'd in languiſhment.
Within an arbour ſhadow'd with a Vine,
Mixed with *Roſemary* and *Eglantine*,
A Shepherdeſſe was ſet, as faire as young,
Whoſe praiſe full many a Shepherd whilome ſung,
Who on an *Altar faire* had to her Name,
In conſecration many an *Anagram:*
And when with ſugred ſtraines they ſtroue to raiſe
Worth, to a garland of immortall *Bayes;*

She as the learnedſt Maid was choſe by them,
(Her flaxen haire crown'd with an *Anadem*)
To iudge who beſt deſeru'd, for ſhe could fit
The height of praiſe vnto the height of wit.
But well-a-day thoſe happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a ſmall ſubtraction.)
And as the *Yeere* hath firſt his iocund *Spring*,
Wherein the Leaues, to Birds ſweet carrolling,
Dance with the winde: then ſees, the *Summers* day
Perfect the Embrion Bloſſome of each ſpray:
Next commeth *Autumne*, when the threſhed ſheafe
Loſeth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Laſtly, cold *Winters* rage, with many a ſtorme,
Threats the proud *Pines* which *Ida's* top adorne,
And makes the ſap leaue ſuccourleſſe the ſhoot,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying root.
Or as a quaint *Muſitian* being won,
To run a point of ſweet Diuiſion,
Gets by degrees vnto the higheſt *Key;*
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper Tone; and laſtly, throwes
His Period in a *Diapazon* Cloſe:
So euery humane thing terreſtriall,
His vtmoſt height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in faireſt age,
Enamour'd on a Maid (whoſe parentage
Had *Fate* adorn'd, as *Nature* deckt her eye,
Might at a becke command a Monarchie)
But poore and faire could neuer yet bewitch
A miſers minde, preferring foule and rich,
And therefore (as a Kings heart left behinde,
When as his corps are borne to be enſhrin'd)
(His Parents will, a Law) like that dead corſe,
Leauing his heart, is brought vnto his Horſe,
Carried vnto a place that can impart
No ſecret Embaſſie vnto his heart,

Climbes ſome proud hill, whoſe ſtately eminence
Vaſſals the fruitfull vales circumference:
From whence, no ſooner can his lights deſcry
The place enriched by his *Miſtreſſe* eye:
But ſome thicke cloud his happy proſpect blends,
And he in ſorrow rais'd, in teares deſcends:
So this ſad Nymph (whom all commiſerate)
Once pac'd the hill of *Greatneſſe* and of *State*,
And got the top; but when ſhe gan addreſſe
Her ſight, from thence to ſee true happineſſe,
Fate interpos'd an enuious cloud of feares,
And ſhe with-drew into this vale of teares,
Where *Sorrow* ſo enthral'd beſt *Vertues* Iewell,
Stones check'd griefs hardnes, call'd her too-too cruel,
A ſtreame of teares vpon her faire cheekes flowes,
As morning dew vpon the Damaſke-Roſe,
Or Cryſtall-glaſſe vailing Vermilion;
Or drops of Milke on the Carnation:
She ſang and wept (ô yee Sea-binding Cleeues,
Yeeld Tributary drops, for *Vertue* grieues!)
And to the Period of her ſad ſweet Key
Intwinn'd her caſe with chaſte *Penelope:*
But ſee the driſling *South*, my mournfull ſtraine
Anſwers, in weeping drops of quickning raine,
And ſince this day we can no further goe,
Reſtleſſe I reſt within this *Vale of Woe*,
Vntill the modeſt morne on earths vaſt *Zone*,
The euer gladſome day ſhall re-inthrone.

The Fifth Song.

The Argvment.

In Noats that rocks to pittie moue,
Idya *ſings her buried Loue:*
And from her horne of plentie *giues*
Comfort to Truth, *whom none relieues.*
Repentance *houſe next cals me on,*
With Riots *true conuerſion:*
Leauing Amintas *Loue to* Truth,
To be the Theame the Muſe *enſu'th.*

HEre full of *Aprill*, vail'd with ſorrowes wing,
For louely Layes, I dreary Dirges ſing.
Who ſo hath ſeene yong Lads (to ſport themſelues)
Run in a low ebbe to the ſandy ſhelues:
Where ſeriouſly they worke in digging wels,
Or building childiſh ſorts of Cockle-ſhels:
Or liquid water each to other bandy;
Or with the Pibbles play at handy-dandy,
Till vnawares the Tyde hath clos'd them round,
And they muſt wade it through or elſe be drown'd,
May (if vnto my Pipe he liſten well)
My *Muſe* diſtreſſe with theirs ſoone paralell.

For where I whilome ſung the loues of Swaines,
And woo'd the Cryſtall Currants of the Plaines,
Teaching the Birds to loue, whilſt euery Tree
Gaue his attention to my Melodie:
Fate now (as enuying my too-happy Theame)
Hath round begirt my Song with Sorrowes ſtreame,
Which till my Muſe wade through and get on ſhore,
My griefe-ſwolne Soule can ſing of Loue no more.
But turne we now (yet not without remorſe)
To heauenly *Aletheias* ſad diſcourſe,
That did from *Fida's* eyes ſalt teares exhale,
When thus ſhe ſhew'd the *Solitarie Vale.*
Iuſt in the midſt this ioy-forſaken ground
A hillocke ſtood, with Springs embraced round:
(And with a Cryſtall Ring did ſeeme to marry
Themſelues, to this ſmall Ile ſad-ſolitarie:)
Vpon whoſe breſt (which trembled as it ran)
Rode the faire downie-ſiluer-coated *Swan:*
And on the bankes each *Cypreſſe* bow'd his head,
To heare the *Swan* ſing her owne * *Epiced.*
As when the gallant youth which liue vpon
The Weſterne Downes of louely *Albion;*
Meeting, ſome feſtiuall to ſolemnize,
Chooſe out two, ſkil'd in wraſtling exerciſe,
Who ſtrongly, at the wriſt or coller cling,
Whilſt arme in arme the people make a Ring.
So did the water round this Ile inlinke,
And ſo the Trees grew on the waters brinke:
Waters their ſtreames about the Iland ſcatter;
And Trees perform'd as much vnto the water:
Vnder whoſe ſhade the *Nightingale* would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to ſing.
The woods moſt ſad, Muſitians thither hie,
As it had beene the *Siluians Caſtalie,*
And warbled forth ſuch *Elegyacke* ſtraines,
That ſtrucke the windes dumbe; & the motly plaines

* A Funerall ſong before the corps be interred.

Were fill'd with enuy, that ſuch ſhady places
Held all the worlds delights in their embraces.
O how (me thinkes) the impes of *Mneme* bring
Dewes of Inuention from their ſacred Spring!
Here could I ſpend that ſpring of *Poeſie*,
Which not *twice ten Sunnes* haue beſtow'd on me;
And tell the world, the *Muſes* loue appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeares.
But ere my *Muſe* erected haue the frame,
Wherein t'enſhrine an vnknowne Shepherds name,
She many a Groue, and other woods muſt tread,
More Hils, more Dales, more Founts muſt be diſplaid,
More Meadowes, Rockes, and from them all elect
Matter befitting ſuch an Architect.
As Children on a play-day leaue the Schooles,
And gladly runne vnto the ſwimming Pooles,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles ſtung,
Ruſh to diſpoile ſome ſweet *Thruſh* of her young;
Or with their hats (for fiſh) lade in a Brooke
Withouten paine: but when the *Morne* doth looke
Out of the *Eaſterne gates*, a Snayle would faſter
Glide to the Schooles, then they vnto their Maſter:
So when before I ſung the Songs of Birds,
(Whilſt euery moment ſweetned lines affords)
I pip'd deuoid of paine, but now I come
Vnto my taſke, my *Muſe* is ſtricken dumbe.
My blubbring pen her ſable teares lets fall,
In Characters right *Hyrogliphicall*,
And mixing with my teares are ready turning,
My late white paper to a weed of mourning;
Or Inke and Paper ſtriue how to impart,
My words, the weeds they wore, within my hart:
Or elſe the blots vnwilling are my rimes
And their ſad cauſe ſhould liue till after-times;
Fearing if men their ſubiect ſhould deſcry,
They forth-with would diſſolue in teares and die.

Vpon the *Ilands* craggy riſing hill,
A *Quadrant* ranne, wherein by Artleſſe ſkill,
At euery corner *Nature* did erect
A Columne rude, yet void of all defect:
Whereon a Marble lay. The thick-growne *Bryer*,
And prickled *Hawthorne* (wouen all entyre)
Together clung, and barr'd the gladſome light
From any entrance, fitting onely night.
No way to it but one, ſteepe and obſcure,
The ſtaires of rugged ſtone, ſeldome in vre,
All ouer-growne with Moſſe, as *Nature* ſate
To entertaine *Griefe* with a *cloth of State.*
Hardly vnto the top I had aſcended,
But that the Trees (ſiding the ſteps) befriended
My weary limbes, who bowing downe their armes,
Gaue hold vnto my hands to ſcape from harmes:
Which euermore are ready, ſtill preſent
Our feet, in climbing places eminent.
Before the doore (to hinder *Phœbus* view)
A ſhady *Box-tree* graſped with an *Eugh*,
As in the place behalfe they menac'd warre
Againſt the radiance of each ſparkling Star.
And on their barkes (which *Time* had nigh deprau'd)
Theſe lines (it ſeem'd) had been of old engrau'd:
This place was fram'd of yore, to be poſſeſt
By one which ſometime Hath Beene Happieſt.
Louely *Idya* the moſt beautious
Of all the darlings of *Occeanus*,
Heſperia's enuy and the Weſterne pride,
Whoſe party-coloured garment *Nature* dy'd
In more eye-pleaſing hewes with richer graine,
Then *Iris* bow attending *Aprils* raine.
Whoſe Lilly white inſhaded with the Roſe
Had that man ſeene, who ſung th'*Eneidos*,
Dido had in obliuion ſlept, and ſhe
Had giu'n his *Muſe* her beſt eternitie.

His fountaines are ſo drie, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left to eaſe his heart;
Why ſhould he keepe it? ſince the time doth call,
That he ne'er better can beſtow it in:
If ſo he feares
That others teares
In greater number, greateſt prizes winne;
Know none giues more then he which giueth all.
Then he which hath but one poore teare *in ſtore,*
O let him ſpend that drop, *and weepe no more.*

Why flowes not Helicon *beyond her ſtrands?*
Is Henry *dead, and doe the Muſes ſleepe?*
Alas! I ſee each one amazed ſtands,
"Shallow foords mutter, ſilent are the deepe:
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where:
All are ſo full, nought can augment their ſtore:
Then how ſhould they
Their griefes diſplay
To men, ſo cloid, they faine would heare no more?
Though blaming thoſe whoſe plaints they cannot heare:
And with this wiſh their paſſions I allow,
May that Muſe *neuer ſpeake that's ſilent now!*

Is Henry *dead? alas! and doe I liue*
To ſing a Scrich-owles *Note that he is dead?*
If any one a fitter Theame can giue,
Come giue it now, or neuer to be read.
But let him ſee it doe of horror taſt,
Anguiſh, deſtruction: could it rend in ſunder
With fearefull grones
The ſenſeleſſe ſtones,
Yet ſhould we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would ſo exceed their laſt:
Time cannot make our ſorrowes ought compleater;
Nor adde one griefe to make our mourning greater.

England *was ne'er ingirt with waues till now ;*
Till now it held part with the Continent:
Aye me! ſome one in pitty ſhew me, how
I might in dolefull numbers ſo lament ;
That any one which lou'd him, hated me,
Might dearely loue me, for lamenting him.
Alas ! my plaint
In ſuch conſtraint
Breaks forth in rage, that though my paſſions ſwimme,
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be:
Imperfect lines ! O happy ! were I hurld
And cut from life as England *from the world.*

O happier had we beene ! if we had beene
Neuer made happie by enioying thee !
Where hath the glorious eye of heauen ſeene
A ſpectacle of greater miſerie?
Time turne thy courſe ; and bring againe the Spring ;
Breake Natures lawes ; ſearch the records of old,
If ought befell
Might paralell
Sad Britain's *caſe: weepe Rocks, and Heauen behold,*
What Seas of ſorrow ſhe is plunged in.
Where ſtormes of woe ſo mainly haue beſet her ;
She hath no place for worſe, nor hope for better.

Britaine *was whilome knowne (by more then fame)*
To be one of the Ilands fortunate ;
What franticke man would giue her now that name,
Lying ſo rufull and diſconſolate?
Hath not her watry Zone *in murmuring,*
Fill'd euery ſhoare with Ecchoes *of her crie?*
Yes, Thetis *raues,*
And bids her waues
Bring all the Nymphes *within her Emperie*
To be aſſiſtant in her ſorrowing:

Had braue *Atrides* (who did erſt imploy
His force to mix his dead with thoſe of *Troy*)
Beene proffered for a truce her fained peece
Helen had ſtaid, and that had gone to *Greece:*
The *Phrygian* ſoile had not been drunk with blood,
Achilles longer breath'd, and *Troy* yet ſtood:
The Prince of Poets had not ſung his ſtory,
My friend had loſt his euer-liuing glory.
But as a ſnowy *Swan*, who many a day
On *Thamar's* ſwelling breſts hath had his play,
For further pleaſure doth aſſay to ſwim
My natiue *Tauy*, or the ſandy *Plim:*
And on the panting billowes brauely rides,
Whilſt Country-laſſes walking on the ſides,
Admire her beauty, and with clapping hands,
Would force her leaue the ſtreame, and tread the ſands,
When ſhe regardleſſe ſwims to th'other edge,
Vntill an enuious Bryer, or tangling Sedge
Diſpoyles her Plumes; or elſe a ſharpned Beame
Pierceth her breſt, and on the bloudy ſtreame
She pants for life: So whilome rode this Maid
On ſtreames of worldly bliſſe, more rich arrayd,
With Earths delight, then thought could put in vre,
To glut the ſenſes of an *Epicure.*
Whilſt neighbring Kings vpon their frontires ſtood,
And offer'd for her dowre huge Seas of blood:
And periur'd *Gerion* to winne her, rent
The *Indian* Rockes for gold, and bootleſſe ſpent
Almoſt his patrimony for her ſake,
Yet nothing like reſpected as the *Drake*
That ſkowr'd her Channels, and deſtroyd the weede,
VVhich ſpoyld her fiſters nets, and fiſhes breede.
At laſt her trueſt loue ſhe threw vpon
A *royall Youth*, whoſe like, whoſe *Paragon*
Heauen neuer lent the Earth: ſo great a ſpirit
The VVorld could not containe, nor kingdomes merit:

And therefore *Ioue* did with the Saints inthrone him,
And left his *Lady* nought but teares to mone him.
Within this place (as wofull as my Verſe)
She with her Cryſtall founts bedew'd his Herſe,
Inuailed with a ſable weed ſhe ſate,
Singing this ſong which ſtones diſſolued at.

WHat time the world clad in a mourning robe,
A Stage made for a wofull Tragedie:
When ſhowers of teares from the Cœleſtiall Globe
Bewaild the fate of Sea-lou'd Britanie;
When ſighs as frequent were as various ſights,
When Hope *lay bed-rid, and all pleaſures dying,*
When Enuy *wept,*
And Comfort *ſlept:*
When Cruelty *it ſelfe ſate almoſt crying,*
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights,
When Autumne *had diſrob'd the* Summers *pride,*
Then Englands *honour,* Europes *wonder dy'd.*

O ſaddeſt ſtraine that e'er the Muſes *ſung!*
A text of Woe for Griefe to comment on;
Teares, ſighes, and ſobs, giue paſſage to my tongue,
Or I ſhall ſpend you till the laſt is gone.
Which done, my heart in flames of burning loue
(Wanting his moiſture) ſhall to cinders turne:
But firſt, by me
Bequeathed be
To ſtrew the place wherein his ſacred Vrne
Shall be inclos'd, this might in many moue
The like effect: (who would not doe it?) when
No graue befits him but the hearts of men.

That man whoſe maſſe of ſorrowes hath been ſuch,
That by their weight laid on each ſeuerall part,

But when this goodly Lady gan addreſſe
Her heauenly voyce to ſweeten heauineſſe,
It drown'd the reſt, as torrents little Springs;
And ſtrucken mute at her great ſorrowings,
Lay ſtill and wondred at her pitious mone,
Wept at her griefes, and did forget their owne,
Whilſt I attentiue ſate, and did impart,
Teares when they wanted drops, and from a hart,
As hie in ſorrow as e'er creature wore,
Lent thrilling grones to ſuch as had no more.
Had wiſe *Vlyſſes* (who regardleſſe flung
Along the *Ocean* when the *Syrens* ſung)
Paſs'd by and ſeene her on the ſea-torne cleeues,
Waile her loſt Loue (while *Neptunes* watry Theeues
Durſt not approach for Rockes:) to ſee her face
He would haue hazarded his *Grecian* race,
Thruſt head-long to the ſhore, and to her eyes
Offer'd his Veſſell as a Sacrifice.
Or had the *Syrens* on a neighbour ſhore
Heard in what raping Notes ſhe did deplore
Her buried *Glory*, they had left their ſhelues,
And to come neere her would haue drown'd themſelues.
Now ſilence lock'd the organs of that voyce; Aletheia commeth to Idya.
Whereat each merry *Syluan* wont reioyce,
When with a bended knee to her I came,
And did impart my griefe and hated name:
But firſt a pardon begg'd, if that my cauſe
So much conſtrain'd me as to breake the Lawes
Of her wiſh'd ſequeſtration, or aſk'd Bread
(To ſaue a life) from her, whoſe life was dead:
But lawleſſe famine, ſelfe-conſuming hunger,
Alas! compel'd me: had I ſtayed longer,
My weakned limmes had beene my wants forc'd meed,
And I had fed, on that I could not feed.
When ſhe (compaſſionate) to my ſad mone
Did lend a ſigh, and ſtole it from her owne;

And (wofull Lady wrackt on hapleſſe ſhelfe)
Yeelded me comfort, yet had none her ſelfe:
Told how ſhe knew me well ſince I had beene,
As chiefeſt conſort of the *Fairy Queene;*
O happy *Queene!* for euer, euer praiſe
Dwell on thy Tombe; the period of all dayes
Onely ſeale vp thy fame; and as thy *Birth*
Inrich'd thy *Temples* on the fading earth,
So haue thy *Vertues* crown'd thy bleſſed ſoule,
Where the *firſt Mouer* with his words controule;
As with a girdle the huge *Ocean* bindes;
Gathers into his fiſt the nimble Windes;
Stops the bright Courſer in his hot careere;
Commands the *Moone* twelue courſes in a yeere:
Liue thou with him in endleſſe bliſſe, while we
Admire all vertues in admiring thee.
Thou, thou, the fautreſſe of the learned *Well;*
Thou nurſing Mother of *Gods Iſrael;*
Thou, for whoſe louing *Truth*, the heauens raines
Sweet *Mel* and *Manna* on our flowry plaines:
Thou, by whoſe hand the ſacred *Trine* did bring
Vs out of bonds, from bloody *Bonnering*.
Ye ſuckling Babes, for euer bleſſe that Name
Releaſ'd your burning in your Mothers flame!
Thrice bleſſed Maiden, by whoſe hand was giuen
Free liberty to taſte the food of Heauen.
Neuer forget her (*Albions* louely Daughters)
Which led you to the Springs of liuing Waters!
And if my *Muſe* her glory faile to ſing,
May to my mouth my tongue for euer cling!
Herewith (at hand) taking her *Horne of Plentie*
Fil'd with the choyſe of euery Orchards daintie,
As *Peares*, *Plums*, *Apples*, the ſweet *Raſpis-berry*,
The *Quince*, the *Apricocke*, the bluſhing *Cherry;*
The *Mulberry* (his blacke from *Thiſbie* taking)
The cluſter'd *Filberd*, *Grapes* oft merry-making.

Idya cheriſheth Aletheia.

See where they ſadly ſit on Iſis *ſhore,*
And rend their haires as they would ioy no more.

Iſis *the glory of the Weſterne world,*
When our Heroë (*honour'd* Eſſex) *dy'd,*
Strucken with wonder, backe againe ſhe hurld,
And fill'd her banckes with an vnwoonted Tyde:
As if ſhe ſtood in doubt, if it were ſo,
And for the certaintie had turn'd her way.
Why doe not now
Her waues reflow?
Poore Nymph, *her ſorrowes will not let her ſtay;*
Or flies to tell the world her Countries woe:
Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as ſhowing
Our teares ſhould make the flood, not her reflowing.

Sometimes a Tyrant held the reynes of Rome,
Wiſhing to all the City but one head,
That all at once *might vndergoe his doome,*
And by one blow *from life be ſeuered.*
Fate wiſht the like on England, *and 'twas giuen:*
(*O miſerable men, enthral'd to Fate!*)
Whoſe heauy hand
That neuer ſcand
The miſery of Kingdomes ruinate,
Minding to leaue her of all ioyes bereauen,
With one ſad blow (*Alas! can worſer fall!*)
Hath giuen this little Ile her Funerall.

O come yee bleſſed Impes of Memory,
Erect a new Parnaſſus *on his graue!*
There tune your voices to an Elegy,
The ſaddeſt Note that ere Apollo *gaue.*
Let euery Accent make the ſtander by
Keepe time vnto your Song with dropping teares,
Till drops that fell
Haue made a well

To ſwallow him which ſtill vnmoued heares?
And though my ſelfe proue ſenſeleſſe of your cry,
Yet gladly ſhould my light of life grow dim,
To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

When laſt he ſickned, then we firſt began
To tread the Labyrinth *of* Woe *about:*
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Hauing his thread *of life to guide vs out.*
But Deſtinie *no ſooner ſaw vs enter*
Sad Sorrowes Maze, *immured vp in night,*
(*Where nothing dwels*
But cryes and yels
Throwne from the hearts of men depriu'd of light,)
When we were almoſt come into the Center,
Fate (*cruelly*) *to barre our ioyes returning,*
Cut off our Thread, *and left vs all in* mourning.

If you haue ſeene at foot of ſome braue hill,
Two Springs ariſe, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings through an humble dale,
(Where tufty Daizies nod at euery gale)
And on the bankes a Swaine (with *Lawrell* crown'd)
Marying his ſweet Notes with their ſiluer ſound:
When as the ſpongy clouds ſwolne big with water,
Throw their conception on the worlds *Theater:*
Downe from the hils the rained waters roare,
Whilſt euery leafe drops to augment their ſtore:
Grumbling the ſtones fall o'er each others backe,
Rending the greene turfes with their * *Cataract*,
And through the Meadowes run with ſuch a noiſe,
That taking from the Swaine the fountaines voice,
Inforce him leaue their margent, and alone
Couple his baſe Pipe with their baſer *Tone.*
Know (Shepherdeſſe) that ſo I lent an eare
To thoſe ſad wights whoſe plaints I told whileare:

* A fall of waters from a very high place.

Aletheia to Fida.

(This fruitfull Horne th'immortall Ladies fill'd
With all the pleaſures that rough Forreſts yeeld,
And gaue *Idya*, with a further bleſſing,
That thence (as from a Garden) without dreſſing,
She theſe ſhould euer haue; and neuer want
Store, from an Orchard without tree or plant.)
With a right willing hand ſhe gaue me, hence,
The Stomackes comforter, the pleaſing *Quince;*
And for the chiefeſt cheriſher ſhe lent
The *Royall Thiſtles* milkie nouriſhment.
Here ſtaid I long: but when to ſee *Aurora*
Kiſſe the perfumed cheekes of dainty *Flora*,
Without the vale I trod one louely Morne,
With true intention of a quicke returne,
An vnexpected chance ſtroue to deferre
My going backe, and all the loue of her.
But Maiden ſee the day is waxen old,
And gins to ſhut in with the *Marigold:*
The *Neat-herds* Kine doe bellow in the yard;
And *Dairy Maidens* for the milke prepar'd,
Are drawing at the *Vdder*, long ere now
The Plow-man hath vnyoak't his Teame from plow:
My transformation to a fearefull *Hinde*
Shall to vnfold a fitter ſeaſon finde;
Meane while yond *Pallace*, whoſe braue Turrets tops,
Ouer the ſtately Wood ſuruay the cops,
Promis'th (if ſought) a wiſhed place of reſt,
Till *Sol* our *Hemiſphere* haue repoſſeſt.
Now muſt my *Muſe* afford a ſtraine to *Riot*,
Who almoſt kild with his luxurious diet,
Lay eating graſſe (as dogges) within a wood,
So to diſgorge the vndiſgeſted food:
By whom faire *Aletheia* paſt along
With *Fida* Queene of euery ſhepherds ſong,
By them vnſeene (for he ſecurely lay
Vnder the thicke of many a leauied ſpray)

And through the leueld Meadowes gently threw
Their neateſt feet, waſht with refreſhing dew,
Where he durſt not approach, but on the edge
Of th'hilly wood, in couert of a hedge,
VVent onward with them, trode with them in paces,
And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.
Into the Plaines at laſt he headlong venter'd:
But they the hill had got and pallace enter'd.
VVhen, like a valiant well reſolued man
Seeking new paths i' th' pathleſſe *Ocean*,
Vnto the ſhores of monſter-breeding *Nyle*,
Or through the North to the vnpeopled *Thyle*,
VVhere from the *Equinoctiall* of the *Spring*,
To that of *Autumne*, *Titans golden Ring*
Is neuer off; and till the *Spring* againe
In gloomy darkneſſe all the ſhoares remaine.
Or if he furrow vp the brynie Sea,
To caſt his Ancors in the frozen bay
Of woody *Norway;* (who hath euer fed
Her people more with ſcaly fiſh then bread)
Though ratling mounts of Ice thruſt at his Helme,
And by their fall ſtill threaten to o'rewhelme
His little Veſſell: and though *Winter* throw
(What *age* ſhould on their heads) white caps of Snow;
Striues to congeale his bloud; he cares not for't,
But arm'd in minde, gets his intended port:
So *Ryot*, though full many doubts ariſe,
VVhoſe vnknowne ends might graſpe his enterpriſe,
Climbes towards the Palace, and with gate demure,
VVith hanging head, a voice as faining pure,
With torne and ragged coat, his hairy legs
Bloudy, as ſcratch'd with Bryers, he entrance begs.
Remembrance ſate as Portreſſe of this gate:
A Lady alwayes muſing as ſhe ſate,
Except when ſometime ſuddainly ſhe roſe,
And with a back-bent eye, at length, ſhe throwes

Her hands to heauen: and in a wondring guize,
Star'd on each obiect with her fixed eyes:
As ſome way-faring man paſſing a wood,
(Whoſe wauing top hath long a Sea-marke ſtood)
Goes iogging on, and in his minde nought hath,
But how the *Primroſe* finely ſtrew the path,
Or ſweeteſt *Violets* lay downe their heads
At ſome trees root on moſſie feather-beds,
Vntill his heele receiues an Adders ſting,
Whereat he ſtarts, and backe his head doth fling.
She neuer mark'd the ſute he did preferre,
But (careleſſe) let him paſſe along by her.
So on he went into a ſpatious court,
All trodden bare with multitudes reſort:
At th'end whereof a ſecond gate appeares,
The Fabricke ſhew'd full many thouſand yeares:
Whoſe Poſterne-key that time a Lady kept,
Her eyes all ſwolne as if ſhe ſeldome ſlept;
And would by fits her golden treſſes teare,
And ſtriue to ſtop her breath with her owne haire:
Her lilly hand (not to be lik'd by Art)
A paire of Pincers held; wherewith her heart
Was hardly graſped, while the piled ſtones
Re-eccoed her lamentable grones.
Here at this gate the cuſtome long had bin
When any ſought to be admitted in,
Remorce thus vs'd them, ere they had the key,
And all theſe torments felt, paſs'd on their way.
When *Riot* came, the Ladies paines nigh done,
She paſt the gate; and then *Remorce* begun
To fetter *Riot* in ſtrong iron chaines;
And doubting much his patience in the paines.
As when a *Smith* and's Man (lame *Vulcans* fellowes)
Call'd from the *Anuile* or the puffing *Bellowes*,
To clap a well-wrought ſhooe (for more then pay)
Vpon a ſtubborne Nagge of *Galloway;*

Or vnback'd *Iennet*, or a *Flaunders* Mare,
That at the Forge ſtand ſnuffing of the ayre;
The ſwarty *Smith* ſpits in his Buckhorne fiſt,
And bids his Man bring out the fiue-fold twiſt,
His ſhackles, ſhacklocks, hampers, gyues and chaines,
His linked bolts; and with no little paines
Theſe make him faſt: and leaſt all theſe ſhould faulter,
Vnto a poſte with ſome ſix doubled halter
He bindes his head; yet all are of the leaſt
To curbe the fury of the head-ſtrong beaſt:
When if a Carriers Iade be brought vnto him,
His Man can hold his foot whilſt he can ſhoe him:
Remorce was ſo inforc'd to binde him ſtronger,
Becauſe his faults requir'd inflict̃ion longer
Then any ſin-preſt wight which many a day
Since *Iudas* hung himſelfe had paſt that way.
When all the cruell torments he had borne,
Galled with chaines, and on the racke nigh torne,
Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart;
All lame and reſtleſſe, full of wounds and ſmart,
He to the Poſterne creepes, ſo inward hies,
And from the gate a two-fold path deſcries,
One leading vp a hill, *Repentance* way;
And (as more worthy) on the right hand lay:
The other head-long, ſteepe, and lik'ned well
Vnto the path which tendeth downe to hell:
All ſteps that thither went ſhew'd no returning,
The port to paines, and to eternall mourning;
Where certaine *Death* liu'd, in an Ebon chaire,
The ſoules blacke homicide meager *Deſpaire*
Had his abode: there gainſt the craggie rocks
Some daſht their braines out, with relentleſſe knocks,
Others on trees (ô moſt accurſed elues)
Are faſtening knots, ſo to vndoe themſelues.
Here one in ſinne not daring to appeare
At Mercies ſeat with one repentant teare,

Within his breſt was launcing of an eye,
That vnto God it might for vengeance cry:
There from a Rocke a wretch but newly fell,
All torne in pieces, to goe whole to Hell.
Here with a ſleepie Potion one thinkes fit
To graſpe with death, but would not know of it:
There in a poole two men their liues expire,
And die in water to reuiue in fire.
Here hangs the bloud vpon the guiltleſſe ſtones:
There wormes conſume the fleſh of humane bones.
Here lyes an arme: a legge there: here a head,
Without other lims of men vnburied,
Scattring the ground, and as regardleſſe hurl'd,
As they at vertue ſpurned in the world.
Fye hapleſſe wretch, ô thou! whoſe graces ſteruing,
Meaſur'ſt Gods mercy by thine owne deſeruing;
Which cry'ſt (diſtruſtfull of the power of Heauen)
My ſinnes are greater then can be forgiuen:
Which ſtill are ready to *curſe God and die*,
At euery ſtripe of worldly miſerie;
O learne (thou in whoſe breſts the Dragon lurkes)
Gods mercy (euer) is o'er all his workes.
Know he is pitifull, apt to forgiue;
Would not a ſinners death, but that he liue.
O euer, euer reſt vpon that word
Which doth aſſure thee, though his two edg'd Sword
Be drawne in Iuſtice gainſt thy ſinfull ſoule,
To ſeparate the rotten from the whole;
Yet if a ſacrifice of prayer be ſent him,
He will not ſtrike; or if he ſtrike repent him.
Let none deſpaire: for curſed *Iudas* ſinne
Was not ſo much in yeelding vp the King
Of life, to death, as when he thereupon
Wholy diſpair'd of Gods remiſſion.
Riot, long doubting ſtood which way were beſt
To leade his ſteps: at laſt preferring reſt

(As fooliſhly he thought) before the paine
Was to be paſt ere he could well attaine
The high-built Palace; gan aduenture on
That path, which led to all confuſion,
When ſodainly a voice as ſweet as cleere,
With words diuine began entice his eare:
Whereat as in a rapture, on the ground
He proſtrate lay, and all his ſenſes found
A time of reſt; onely that facultie
Which neuer can be ſeene, nor euer dye,
That in the eſſence of an endleſſe Nature
Doth ſympathize with the *All-good Creator*,
That onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd
And from a heauenly Quire this ditty heard.

Vaine man, doe not miſtruſt
Of heauen winning;
Nor (though the moſt vniuſt)
Deſpaire for ſinning
God *will be ſeene his ſentence changing.*
If he behold thee wicked wayes eſtranging.

Climbe vp where pleaſures dwell
In flowry Allies:
And taſte the liuing Well
That decks the Vallies.
Faire Metanoia *is attending*
To crowne thee with thoſe ioyes which know no ending.

Herewith on leaden wings *Sleepe* from him flew,
When on his arme he roſe, and ſadly threw
Shrill acclamations; while an hollow caue,
Or hanging hill, or heauen an anſwer gaue.
O ſacred Eſſence lightning me this houre!
How may I lightly ſtile thy great Power? *Ecch. Power.*

Power? but of whence? vnder the green-wood ſpray.
Or liu'ſt in heau'n? ſay. *Ecch. In Heauens aye.*
In heauens aye I tell, may I it obtaine
By almes; by faſting, prayer, by paine. *Ecch. By paine.*
Shew me the paine, 't ſhall be vndergone:
I to mine end will ſtill goe on. *Ecch. Goe on.*
But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:
What if the Mountain I do climbe? *Ecch. Doe; climbe.*
Is that the way to ioyes which ſtill endure?
O bid my ſoule of it be ſure! *Ecch. Be ſure.*
Then thus aſſured, doe I climbe the hill,
Heauen be my guide in this thy will. *Ecch. I will.*
As when a maid taught from her mother wing,
To tune her voyce vnto a ſiluer ſtring,
When ſhe ſhould run, ſhe reſts; reſts when ſhould run,
And ends her leſſon hauing now begun:
Now miſſeth ſhe her ſtop, then in her ſong,
And doing of her beſt ſhe ſtill is wrong,
Begins againe, and yet againe ſtrikes falſe,
Then in a chafe forſakes her *Virginals*,
And yet within an houre ſhe tries anew,
That with her daily paines (Arts chiefeſt due)
She gaines that charming ſkill: and can no leſſe
Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderneſſe,
Then that *Oeagrin Harpiſt*, for whoſe lay,
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray.
So *Riot*, when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haſte and there long ſtandeth ſtill,
Now getteth vp a ſtep, then fals againe,
Yet not deſpairing all his nerues doth ſtraine,
To clamber vp a new, then ſlide his feet,
And downe he comes: but giues not ouer yet,
For (with the maid) he hopes, a time will be
When merit ſhall be linkt with induſtry.
Now as an *Angler* melancholy ſtanding
Vpon a greene banke yeelding roome for landing,

A wrigling yellow worme thruſt on his hooke,
Now in the midſt he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
Mendeth his Corke and Bait, but all in vaine,
He long ſtands viewing of the curled ſtreame;
At laſt a hungry *Pike*, or well-growne *Breame*
Snatch at the worme, and haſting faſt away,
He knowing it, a Fiſh of ſtubborne ſway,
Puls vp his rod, but ſoft: (as hauing ſkill)
Wherewith the hooke faſt holds the Fiſhes gill,
Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
Whilſt furiouſly all vp and downe doth ſwim
Th'inſnared Fiſh, here on the top doth ſcud,
There vnderneath the banks, then in the mud;
And with his franticke fits ſo ſcares the ſhole,
That each one takes his *hyde*, or ſtarting hole:
By this the *Pike* cleane wearied vnderneath
A *Willow* lyes, and pants (if Fiſhes breath)
Wherewith the *Angler* gently puls him to him,
And leaſt his haſte might happen to vndoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the Fiſh to land,
Walkes to another Poole: at length is winner
Of ſuch a diſh as ſerues him for his dinner:
So when the *Climber* halfe the way had got,
Muſing he ſtood, and buſily gan plot,
How (ſince the mount did alwaies ſteeper tend)
He might with ſteps ſecure his iourney end.
At laſt (as wandring Boyes to gather Nuts)
A hooked Pole he from a *Haſell* cuts;
Now throwes it here, then there to take ſome hold,
But bootleſſe and in vaine, the rockie mold,
Admits no cranny, where his *Haſell*-hooke
Might promiſe him a ſtep, till in a nooke
Somewhat aboue his reach he hath eſpide
A little *Oake*, and hauing often tride

To catch a bough with ſtanding on his toe,
Or leaping vp, yet not preuailing ſo;
He rols a ſtone towards the little tree,
Then gets vpon it, faſtens warily
His Pole vnto a bough, and at his drawing
The early riſing *Crow* with clam'rous kawing,
Leauing the greene bough, flyes about the Rocke,
Whilſt twenty twenty couples to him flocke:
And now within his reach the thin leaues waue,
With one hand onely then he holds his ſtaue,
And with the other graſping firſt the leaues,
A pretty bough he in his fiſt receiues;
Then to his girdle making faſt the hooke,
His other hand another bough hath tooke;
His firſt, a third, and that, another giues,
To bring him to the place where his root liues.
Then, as a nimble *Squirrill* from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his *Filberd*-food,
Sits peartly on a bough his browne Nuts cracking,
And from the ſhell the ſweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a ſort of Boyes,
(To ſhare with him) come with ſo great a noyſe,
That he is forc'd to leaue a Nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour *Oake*,
Thence to a *Beech*, thence to a row of *Aſhes;*
Whilſt th'row the Quagmires, and red water plaſhes,
The Boyes run dabling thorow thicke and thin,
One teares his hoſe, another breakes his ſhin,
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the *Bryers;* and that hath loſt his ſhooe:
This drops his band; that head-long fals for haſte;
Another cries behinde for being laſt:
With ſticks and ſtones, and many a founding hollow,
The little foole, with no ſmall ſport, they follow,
Whilſt he, from tree to tree, from ſpray to ſpray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his *Dray:*

Such ſhift made *Ryot*, ere he could get vp,
And ſo from bough to bough he won the top,
Though hindrances, for euer comming there,
Were often thruſt vpon him by *Diſpaire.*
Now at his feet the ſtately mountaine lay,
And with a gladſome eye he gan ſuruay
What perils he had trod on ſince the time
His weary feet and armes aſſaid to climbe.
When with a humble voyce (withouten feare,
Though he look'd wilde and ouer-grown with haire)
A gentle Nymph in ruſſet courſe array,
Comes and directs him onward in his way.
Firſt, brings ſhe him into a goodly Hall,
Faire, yet not beautified with Minerall:
But in a careleſſe Art, and artleſſe care,
Made, looſe neglect, more louely farre then rare.
Vpon the floore (ypau'd with Marble ſlate)
(With Sack-cloth cloth'd) many in aſhes ſate:
And round about the wals for many yeares,
Hung Cryſtall Vials of repentant teares:
And Books of vowes, and many a heauenly deed,
Lay ready open for each one to read,
Some were immured vp in little ſheads,
There to contemplate Heauen, and bid their Beads.
Others with garments thin of Cammels-haire,
With head, and armes, and legs, and feet all bare,
Were ſinging Hymnes to the *Eternall Sage*,
For ſafe returning from their Pilgrimage,
Some with a whip their pamper'd bodies beat;
Others in faſting liue, and ſeldome eat:
But as thoſe Trees which doe in *India* grow
And call'd of elder Swaines full long agoe
The *Sun* and *Moones* faire Trees (full goodly deight)
And ten times ten feet challenging their height:
Hauing no helpe (to ouer-looke braue Towers)
From coole refreſhing dew, or driſling ſhowers;

Deſcription of the houſe of Repentance.

When as the Earth (as oftentimes is ſeene)
Is interpos'd twixt *Sol* and *Nights pale Queene;*
Or when the *Moone* ecclipſeth *Titans* light,
The Trees (all comfortleſſe) rob'd of their ſight
Weepe liquid drops, which plentifully ſhoot
Along the outward barke downe to the root:
And by their owne ſhed teares they euer flouriſh;
So their own ſorrowes, their owne ioyes doe nouriſh:
And ſo within this place full many a wight,
Did make his teares his food both day and night.
And had it g[r]anted (from th'Almighty great)
To ſwim th'row them vnto his *Mercy-ſeat.*
Faire *Metanoia* in a chaire of earth,
With count'nance ſad, yet ſadneſſe promis'd mirth,
Sate vail'd in courſeſt weeds of Cammels hayre,
Inriching pouertie; yet neuer faire
Was like to her, nor ſince the world begun
A louelier Lady kiſt the glorious *Sun.*
For her the *God of Thunder*, mighty, great,
Whoſe Foot-ſtoole is the Earth, and Heauen his Seat,
Vnto a man who from his crying birth
Went on ſtill, ſhunning what he carried, earth:
VVhen he could walke no further for his graue,
Nor could ſtep ouer, but he there muſt haue
A ſeat to reſt, when he would faine goe on;
But age in euery nerue, in euery bone
Forbad his paſſage: for her ſake hath heauen
Fill'd vp the graue, and made his path ſo euen,
That fifteene courſes had the bright Steeds run,
(And he was weary) ere his courſe was done.
For ſcorning her, the Courts of Kings which throw
A proud rais'd pinnacle to reſt the Crow;
And on a Plaine out-braue a neighbour Rocke,
In ſtout reſiſtance of a Tempeſts ſhocke,
For her contempt heauen (reining his diſaſters)
Haue made thoſe Towers but piles to burne their maſters.

To her the lowly Nymph (*Humbleſſa* hight)
Brought (as her office) this deformed wight;
To whom the Lady courteous ſemblance ſhewes,
And pittying his eſtate in ſacred thewes,
And Letters (worthily ycleep'd diuine)
Reſolu'd t'inſtruct him: but her diſcipline
She knew of true effect, would ſurely miſſe,
Except the firſt his *Metamorphoſis*
Should cleane exile: and knowing that his birth
VVas to inherit reaſon, though on earth
Some VVitch had thus transform'd him, by her ſkill,
Expert in changing, euen the very will,
In few dayes labours with continuall prayer,
(A ſacrifice tranſcends the buxome ayre)
His griſly ſhape, his foule deformed feature,
His horrid lookes, worſe then a ſauage creature,
By *Metanoia's* hand from heauen, began
Receiue their ſentence of diuorce from man.
And as a louely Maiden, pure and chaſte,
VVith naked Iu'rie necke, and gowne vnlac'd,
VVithin her chamher, when the day is fled,
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed:
Firſt, puts ſhe off her lilly-ſilken gowne,
That ſhrikes for ſorrow as ſhe layes it downe;
And with her armes graceth a VVaſt-coat fine,
Imbracing her as it would ne'er vntwine.
Her flexen haire inſnaring [the] beholders,
She next permits to waue about her ſhoulders,
And though ſhe caſt it backe, the ſilken ſlips
Still forward ſteale, and hang vpon her lips:
VVhereat ſhe ſweetly angry, with her laces
Bindes vp the wanton locks in curious traces,
VVhilſt (twiſting with her ioynts) each haire long lingers,
As loth to be inchain'd, but with her fingers.
Then on her head a dreſſing like a Crowne;
Her breaſts all bare, her Kirtle ſlipping downe,

And all things off (which rightly euer be
Call'd the foule-faire markes of our miſerie)
Except her laſt, which enuiouſly doth ſeize her,
Leaſt any eye partake with it in pleaſure,
Prepares for ſweeteſt reſt, while *Siluans* greet her,
And (longingly) the down-bed ſwels to meet her:
So by degrees his ſhape all brutiſh vilde,
Fell from him (as looſe ſkin from ſome yong childe)
In lieu whereof a man-like ſhape appeares,
And gallant youth ſcarce ſkill'd in twenty yeares,
So faire, ſo freſh, ſo young, ſo admirable
In euery part, that ſince I am not able
In words to ſhew his picture, gentle Swaines,
Recall the praiſes in my former ſtraines;
And know if they haue graced any lim,
I onely lent it thoſe, but ſtole't from him.
Had that chaſte *Roman Dame* beheld his face,
Ere the proud King poſſeſt her Huſbands place,
Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and this ſtaine
Had won her greater fame, had ſhe beene ſlaine.
The Larke that many mornes her ſelfe makes merry
With the ſhrill chanting of her *teery-lerry*,
(Before he was transform'd) would leaue the ſkyes,
And houer o'er him to behold his eyes.
Vpon an Oten-pipe well could he play,
For when he fed his flocke vpon the lay
Maidens to heare him from the Plaines came tripping
And Birds frō bough to bough full nimbly ſkipping;
His flocke (then happy flocke) would leaue to feed,
And ſtand amaz'd to liſten to his Reed:
Lyons and Tygers, with each beaſt of game;
With hearing him were many times made tame:
Braue trees & flowers would towards him be bending
And none that heard him wiſht his Song an ending:
Maids, Lyons, birds, flocks, trees, each flowre, each
Were wrapt with wōder, whē he vs'd to ſing (ſpring,

So faire a perſon to deſcribe to men
Requires a curious Pencill, not a Pen.
Him *Metanoia* clad in ſeemly wiſe
(Not after our corrupted ages guiſe,
Where gaudy weeds lend ſplendor to the lim,
While that his cloaths receiu'd their grace from him,)
Then to a garden ſet with rareſt flowres,
With pleaſant fountains ſtor'd, and ſhady bowres:
She leads him by the hand, and in the groues,
Where thouſand pretty Birds ſung to their Loues,
And thouſand thouſand bloſſomes (from their ſtalks)
Milde *Zephyrus* threw downe to paint the walkes:
Where yet the wilde Boare neuer durſt appeare:
Here *Fida* (euer to kinde *Raymond* deare)
Met them, and ſhew'd where *Aletheia* lay,
(The faireſt Maid that euer bleſt the day.)
Sweetly ſhe lay, and cool'd her lilly-hands
Within a Spring that threw vp golden ſands:
As if it would intice her to perſeuer
In liuing there, and grace the banks for euer.
To her *Amintas* (*Riot* now no more)
Came, and ſaluted: neuer man before
More bleſt, nor like this kiſſe hath beene another
But when two dangling *Cherries* kiſt each other:
Nor euer beauties, like, met at ſuch cloſes;
But in the kiſſes of two Damaſke-Roſes.
O, how the flowres (preſt with their treadings on thē)
Stroue to caſt vp their heads to looke vpon them!
How iealouſly the buds that ſo had ſeene them,
Sent forth the ſweeteſt ſmels to ſtep betweene them,
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers
Once known of them, they might neglect the flowres,
How often wiſht *Amintas* with his heart,
His ruddy lips from hers might neuer part;
And that the heauens this gift were thē bequeathing,
To feed on nothing but each others breathing!

A truer loue the *Muſes* neuer ſung,
Nor happyer names ere grac'd a golden tongue:
O! they are better fitting his ſweet ſtripe,
Who on the bankes of *Ancor*[1] tun'd his Pipe:
Or rather for that learned *Swaine* whoſe layes
Diuineſt *Homer* crown'd with deathleſſe Bayes:[2]
Or any one ſent from the ſacred Well
Inheriting the ſoule of *Aſtrophell:*[3]
Theſe, theſe in golden lines might write this Story,
And make theſe loues their owne eternall glory:
Whilſt I a Swaine as weake in yeeres as ſkill,
Should in the valley heare them on the hill,
Yet (when my Sheepe haue at their Ceſterne beene,
And I haue brought them backe to ſheare the greene)
To miſſe an idle houre, and not for meed,
VVith choiceſt reliſh ſhall mine Oaten Reed
Record their worths: and though in accents rare
I miſſe the glory of a charming ayre,
My *Muſe* may one day make the Courtly Swaines
Enamour'd on the *Muſicke* of the Plaines,
And as vpon a hill ſhe brauely ſings,
Teach humble Dales to weepe in Cryſtall Springs.

[1] Drayton. [2] Chapman. [3] Sydney.

The end of the firſt Booke.

BRITANNIA'S

PASTORALS.

The ſecond Booke.

HORAT.

Carmine Dij ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.

LONDON,

Printed by IOHN HAVILAND,

1625.

TO

THE TRVLY NOBLE AND LEARNED WILLIAM EARLE OF PEMBROKE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO HIS MAIESTIE, &c.

NOT that the gift (*Great Lord*) deſerues your hand,
(Held euer worth the rareſt workes of men)
Offer I this; but ſince in all our Land
None can more rightly claime a *Poet's* Pen:
That Noble Bloud and Vertue truly knowne,
Which circular in you vnited run,
Makes you each good, & euery good your owne,
If it can hold in what my *Muſe* hath done.
But weake and lowly are theſe tuned Layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire Memorie,
You may improue them, and your gracing raiſe;
For things are priz'd as their poſſeſſours be.
If for ſuch fauour they haue worthleſſe ſtriuen,
Since *Loue* the cauſe was, be that *Loue* forgiuen!

Your Honours,

W. BROWNE.

*

To the moſt ingenious Author Mr. W. Browne.

INgenious Swaine! *that highly doſt adorne*
Clear Tauy! *on whoſe brinck we both were borne!*
Iuſt Praiſe *in me would ne're be thought to moue*
From thy ſole Worth, *but from my partiall* Loue.
Wherefore I will not doe thee ſo much wrong,
As by ſuch mixture to allay thy Song.
But while kinde ſtrangers rightly praiſe each Grace
Of thy chaſte Muſe; *I* (*from the happy* Place
That brought thee forth, and thinkes it not vnfit
To boaſt now that it earſt bred ſuch a Wit;)
Would onely haue it knowne I much reioyce;
To heare ſuch Matters, *ſung by ſuch a* Voyce.

Iohn Glanvill.

To his Friend Mr. Browne.

ALL that doe reade thy Workes, and ſee thy face,
(Where ſcarce a haire growes vp, thy chin to grace)
Doe greatly wonder how ſo youthfull yeares
Could frame a Work, where ſo much worth appears.
To heare how thou deſcrib'ſt a Tree, a Dale,
A Groue, a Greene, a ſolitary Vale,

The Euening Showers, and the Morning Gleames,
The golden Mountaines, and the ſiluer Streames,
How ſmooth thy Verſe is, and how ſweet thy Rimes,
How ſage, and yet how pleaſant are thy Lines;
What more or leſſe can there be ſaid by men,
But, *Muſes* rule thy Hand, and guide thy Pen.

THO. WENMAN,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his worthily-affected Friend
Mr. VV. BROWNE.

AWake ſad Muſe, and thou my ſadder ſpright,
Made ſo by Time, *but more by* Fortunes *ſpight,*
Awake, and hie vs to the Greene,
There ſhall be ſeene
The quainteſt Lad of all the time
For neater Rime:
Whoſe free and vnaffected ſtraines
Take all the Swaines
That are not rude and ignorant,
Or Enuy want.

And Enuy leſt it's hate diſcouered be
A Courtly Loue and Friendſhip offers thee:
The Shepherdeſſes blithe and faire
For thee deſpaire.
And whoſoe're depends on Pan
Holds him a man
Beyond themſelues, (if not compare,)
He is ſo rare,
So innocent in all his wayes
As in his Layes.
He maſters no low ſoule who hopes to pleaſe
The Nephew of the braue Philiſides.

Another to the ſame.

WEre all mens enuies fixt in one mans lookes,
That monſter that would prey on ſafeſt Fame,
Darſt not once checke at thine, nor at thy Name:
Se he who men can reade as well as Bookes
Atteſt thy Lines; thus tride, they ſhow to vs
As Scæua's *Shield, thy Selfe* Emeritus.

W. HERBERT.

To my BROWNE, *yet brighteſt Swaine*
That woons, or haunts or Hill or Plaine.

Poeta naſcitur.

PIpe on, ſweet *Swaine*, till Ioy, in Bliſſe, ſleepe waking;
Hermes, it ſeemes, to thee, of all the *Swaines*,
Hath lent his *Pipe* and *Art:* For thou art making
With ſweet *Notes* (noted) *Heau'n* of *Hils* and *Plaines!*
Nay, if as thou beginſt, thou doſt hold on,
The totall *Earth* thine *Arcadie* will bee;
And *Neptunes Monarchy* thy *Helicon:*
So, all in both will make a *God* of thee.
To whom they will exhibit *Sacrifice*
Of richeſt *Loue* and *Praiſe;* and enuious *Swaines*
(Charm'd with thine *Accents*) ſhall thy *Notes* agnize
To reach aboue great *Pans* in all thy *Straines.*
Then, ply this *Veyne:* for, it may well containe
The richeſt *Morals* vnder pooreſt *Shroud;*
And ſith in thee the *Paſt'rall ſpirit* doth raigne,
On ſuch *Wits-Treaſures* let it ſit abrood:
Till it hath hatch'd ſuch *Numbers* as may buy
The rareſt *Fame* that e're enriched *Ayre;*
Or fann'd the Way faire, to ÆTERNITY,
To which vnſoil'd, thy *Glory* ſhall repaire!

Where (with the *Gods* that in faire *Starres* doe dwell,
When thou ſhalt, blazing, in a *Starre* abide)
Thou ſhalt be ſtil'd the *Shepherds-Starre*, to tell
Them many *Myſteries;* and be their *Guide.*
Thus, doe I ſpurre thee on with ſharpeſt *praiſe,*
To vſe thy *Gifts* of *Nature*, and of *Skill,*
To double-gilde *Apollos Browes*, and *Bayes,*
Yet make great NATVRE *Arts* true *Sou'raigne* ſtill.
So, *Fame* ſhall euer ſay, to thy renowne,
The *Shepherds-Star*, or bright'ſt in *Skie*, is *Browne!*

The true Louer of thine
Art and Nature,

IOHN DAVIES *of Heref.*

Ad Illvſtriſſimvm Ivvenem GVLIELMVM BROWNE Generoſum, in Operis ſui Tomum ſecundum Carmen gratulatorium.

SCripta priùs vidi, legi, digitoq̃, notaui
Carminis iſtius ſingula verba meo.
Ex ſcriptis ſparſim quærebam carpere dicta,
Omnia ſed par eſt, aut ego nulla notem.
Filia ſi fuerit facies hæc nacta ſororis,
Laudator prolis ſolus & Author eris:
Hæc nondum viſi qui flagrat amore libelli
Prænarrat ſcriptis omnia certa tuis.

CAROLVS CROKE.

To my noble Friend the Author.

A Perfect Pen, it ſelfe will euer praiſe.
So pipes our *Shepherd* in his *Roundelayes,*
That who could iudge, of Muſickes ſweeteſt ſtraine,
Would ſweare thy *Muſe* were in a heauenly vaine.

A Worke of worth, ſhowes what the Worke-man is:
When as the fault, that may be found amiſſe,
(To ſuch at leaſt, as haue iudicious eyes)
Nor in the Worke, nor yet the Worke-man lyes.

Well worthy thou, to weare the *Lawrell* wreath:
When frō thy breſt, theſe bleſſed thoughts do breath;
That in thy gracious Lines ſuch grace doe giue,
It makes thee, euerlaſtingly to liue.
Thy words well coucht, thy ſweet inuention ſhow,
A perfect Poet, that could place them ſo.

VNTON CROKE,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To the Author.

THat priuiledge which others claime,
To flatter with their Friends
With thee (Friend) *ſhall not be mine ayme,*
My Verſe ſo much pretends.

The generall Vmpire of beſt wit
In this will ſpeake thy fame.
The Muſes *Minions as they ſit,*
Will ſtill confirme the ſame.

Let me ſing him that merits beſt,
Let others ſcrape for faſhion;
Their buzzing prate thy worth will ieſt,
And ſleight ſuch commendation.

ANTH. VINCENT.

To his worthy Friend Mr. W. Browne,
on his Booke.

THat Poets are not bred ſo, but ſo borne,
Thy *Muſe* it proues; for in her ages morne
She hath ſtroke enuy dumbe, and charm'd the loue
Of eu'ry *Muſe* whoſe birth the Skies approue.
Goe on; I know thou art too good to feare.
And may thy earely ſtraines affect the eare
Of that rare *Lord*, who iudge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which doe aduantage man!

Iohn Morgan,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his Friend the Authour.

SOmetimes (*deare friend*) *I make thy Booke my meat,*
And then I iudge 'tis Hony *that I eat.*
Sometimes my drinke it is, and then I thinke
It is Apollo's Nectar, *and no drinke.*
And being hurt in minde, I keepe in ſtore
Thy Booke, a precious Balſame *for the ſore.*
'Tis Hony, Nectar, Balſame *moſt diuine:*
Or one word for them all; my Friend, 'tis thine.

Tho. Heygate,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his Friend the Author.

IF antique Swaines wanne ſuch immortall praiſe,
Though they alone with their melodious Layes,
Did onely charme the Woods and flowry Lawnes:
Satyres, and Floods, and Stones, and hairy *Fawnes:*

How much braue Youth to thy due worth belongs,
That charm'ſt not thē but men with thy ſweet Songs?

AVGVSTVS CÆSAR,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To the Authour.

TIs knowne I ſcorne to flatter (or commend)
What merits not applauſe though in my Friend:
Which by my cenſure ſhould now more appeare,
Were this *not full as* good *as thou art* deare:
But ſince thou couldſt not (erring) make it ſo,
That I might my impartiall humour ſhow
By finding fault; Nor one of theſe friends tell
How to ſhew loue ſo ill, that I as well
Might paint out mine: I feele an enuious touch,
And tell thee Swaine: *that at thy fame I grutch,*
Wiſhing the Art that makes this Poeme *ſhine,*
And this thy Worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.
For when Detraction ſhal forgotten be,
This will continue to eternize thee;
And if hereafter any buſie wit
Should, wronging thy conceit, miſcenſure it,
Though ſeeming learn'd or wiſe: here he ſhall ſee,
Tis prais'd by wiſer and more learn'd then hee.

G. WITHER.

To Mr. BROWNE.

WEre there a thought ſo ſtrange as to deny
That happy *Bayes* doe ſome mens *Births* adorne,
Thy worke alone might ſerue to iuſtifie,
That *Poets* are not made ſo, but ſo borne.

How could thy plumes thus ſoone haue ſoar'd thus hie
Hadſt thou not *Lawrell* in thy Cradle worne?
Thy Birth o'er-tooke thy Youth: And it doth make
Thy youth (herein) thine elders ouer-take.

W. B.

To my truly-belou'd Friend M. Browne, on his Paſtorals.

SOme men, of Bookes or Friends not ſpeaking right,
May hurt them more with praiſe, then Foes with ſpight.
But I haue ſeene thy Worke, and I know thee:
And, if thou liſt thy ſelfe, what thou canſt bee.
For, though but early in theſe paths thou tread,
I finde thee write moſt worthy to be read.
It muſt be thine owne iudgement, yet that ſends
This thy worke forth: that iudgement mine commends.
And, where the moſt reade bookes, on Authors *fames,*
Or, like our Money-brokers, take vp names
On credit, and are couzen'd; ſee, that thou
By offring not more ſureties, then enow,
Hold thine owne worth vnbroke: which is ſo good
Vpon th' Exchange *of* Letters, *as I wou'd*
More of our Writers would like thee, not ſwell
With the how much *they ſet forth, but th'* how well.

Ben. Ionson.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGVMENT.

Marina's *freedome now I ſing,*
And of her new endangering:
Of Famines *Caue, and then th' abuſe*
Tow'rds buried Colyn *and his* Muſe.

AS when a Mariner (accounted loſt,)
Vpon the watry *Deſert* long time toſt,
In Summers parching heat, in Winters cold,
In tempeſts great, in dangers manifold:
Is by a fau'ring winde drawne vp the Maſt,
Whence he deſcries his natiue ſoile at laſt:
For whoſe glad ſight he gets the hatches vnder,
And to the *Ocean* tels his ioy in thunder,
(Shaking thoſe *Barnacles* into the Sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)

When ſodainly the ſtill inconſtant winde
Maſters before, that did attend behinde;
And growes ſo violent, that he is faine
Command the *Pilot* ſtand to Sea againe;
Leſt want of Sea-roome in a Channell ſtreight,
Or caſting Anchor might caſt o're his freight:
Thus gentle *Muſe* it happens in my Song,
A iourney, tedious, for a ſtrength ſo young
I vnder-tooke: by ſiluer-ſeeming Floods,
Paſt gloomy Bottomes, and high-wauing Woods,
Climb'd Mountaines where the wanton Kidling dallies,
Thē with ſoft ſteps enſeal'd the meekned Vallies,
In queſt of memory: and had poſſeſt
A pleaſant Garden, for a welcome reſt
No ſooner, then a hundred Theames come on
And hale my Barke a-new for *Helicon.*
Thrice ſacred *Powers!* (if ſacred Powers there be
Whoſe milde aſpect engyrland *Poeſie*)
Yee happy Siſters of the learned Spring,
Whoſe heauenly notes the Woods are rauiſhing!
Braue *Theſpian* Maidens, at whoſe charming layes
Each Moſſe-thrumb'd Mountaine bends, each Current (playes!
Piërian Singers! O yee bleſſed *Muſes!*
Who as a Iem too deare the world refuſes!
Whoſe trueſt louers neuer clip with age,
O be propitious in my *Pilgrimage!*
Dwell on my lines! and till the laſt ſand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weake *Paſtorall!*
Cauſe euery coupling cadence flow in bliſſes,
And fill the world with enuy of ſuch kiſſes.
Make all the rareſt Beauties of our *Clyme,*
That deigne a ſweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each lines inticing graces,
As on their *Louers* lips and chaſte imbraces!
Through rouling trenches of ſelf-drowning waues,
Where ſtormy guſts throw vp vntimely graues,

By billowes whoſe white ſome ſhew'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-rais'd windes,
Into the euer-drinking thirſty Sea
By Rockes that vnder water hidden lay,
To ſhipwracke paſſengers, (ſo in ſome den
Theeues bent to robbry watch way-faring men.)
Faireſt *Marina*, whom I whilome ſung,
In all this tempeſt (violent though long)
Without all ſenſe of danger lay aſleepe:
Till toſſed where the ſtill inconſtant deepe
With wide ſpred armes, ſtood ready for the tender
Of daily tribute, that the ſwolne floods render
Into her Chequer: (whence as worthy Kings
She helpes the wants of thouſands leſſer Springs:)
Here waxt the windes dumbe (ſhut vp in their caues)
As ſtill as mid-night were the ſullen waues,
And *Neptunes* ſiluer-euer-ſhaking breſt
As ſmooth as when the *Halcyon* builds her neſt.
None other wrinckles on his face were ſeene
Then on a fertile Mead, or ſportiue Greene,
Where neuer Plow-ſhare ript his mothers wombe
To giue an aged ſeed a liuing tombe,
Nor blinded *Mole* the batning earth ere ſtir'd,
Nor Boyes made Pit-fals for the hungry Bird.
The whiſtling Reeds vpon the waters ſide
Shot vp their ſharpe heads in a ſtately pride,
And not a binding Ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his root him brauely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the ſubtill aire,
So ſmooth the Sea was, and the Skie ſo faire.
Now with his hands in ſtead of broad-palm'd Oares,
The Swaine attempts to get the ſhell-ſtrewd ſhores,
And with continuall lading making way,
Thruſt the ſmall Boat into as faire a Bay
As euer Merchant wiſht might be the rode
Wherein to eaſe his ſea-torne Veſſels lode.

It was an Iland (hugg'd in *Neptunes* armes,
As tendring it againſt all forraigne harmes,)
And *Mona* height: ſo amiably faire,
So rich in ſoyle, ſo healthfull in her aire,
So quicke in her increaſe, (each dewy night
Yeelding that ground as greene, as freſh of plight
As't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant Steeres, full many a thouſand head.)
So deckt with Floods, ſo pleaſant in her Groues,
So full of well-fleec'd Flockes and fatned Droues;
That the braue iſſue of the *Troian* line,
(Whoſe worths, like Diamonds, yet in darkneſſe ſhine,)
Whoſe deeds were ſung by learned *Bards* as hye,
In raptures of immortall Poeſie,
As any Nations, ſince the Grecian Lads
Were famous made by *Homers Iliads.*)
Thoſe braue heroicke ſpirits, twixt one another
Prouerbially call * *Mona Cambria's Mother.*
Yet *Cambria* is a land from whence haue come
Worthies well worth the race of *Ilium.*
Whoſe true deſert of praiſe could my Muſe touch,
I ſhould be proud that I had done ſo much.
And though of mighty *Brute* I cannot boaſt,
Yet doth our warlike ſtrong *Deuonian* coaſt
Reſound his worth, ſince on her waue-worne ſtrand
He and his *Troians* firſt ſet foot on land,
Strooke Saile, and Anchor caſt on * *Totnes* ſhore.
Though now no Ship can ride there any more.
In th'Ilands Rode the Swain now moares his Boat
Vnto a Willow (leſt it outwards float)
And with a rude embracement taking vp
The Maid (more faire then * She that fill'd the cup
Of the great Thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More hearts then all the troopes of Deities.)
He wades to ſhore, and ſets her on the ſand,
That gently yeelded when her foot ſhould land.

* Mon Mam Kumbry.

* *Petunt Claſſem omnibus bonis onuſtam, proſperis ventis mare ſulcantes in* Toteneſio *littore feliciter applicarunt.* Galf. Monum.

* Hebe.

Where bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,
As if they ſtroue to kiſſe her ſlender feet.
Whliſt like a wretch, whoſe curſed hand hath tane
The ſacred reliques from a holy *Phane*,
Feeling the hand of heauen (inforcing wonder)
In his returne, in dreadfull cracks of thunder,
Within a buſh his Sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his puniſhment freed with the theft:
So fled the Swáine, from one; had *Neptune* ſpide
At halfe an ebbe; he would haue forc'd the Tyde
To ſwell anew; whereon his Carre ſhould ſweepe,
Deckt with the riches of th'vnſounded deepe,
And he from thence, would with all ſtate, on ſhore,
To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.
Diuine *Electra* (of the Siſters ſeuen
That beautifie the glorious *Orbe* of heauen)
When *Iliums* ſtately towres, ſerv'd as one light
To guide the Rauiſher in vgly night
Vnto her virgin beds, with-drew her face,
And neuer would looke downe on humane race
Til this Maids birth; ſince whē ſome power hath won her
By often fits to ſhine, as gazing on her.
Grim *Saturnes* ſon, the dread *Olimpicke Ioue*
That dark't three dayes to frolicke with his Loue,
Had he in *Alcmen's* ſtead clipt this faire wight,
The world had ſlept in euerlaſting night.
For whoſe ſake onely (had ſhe liued then)
Deucalions flood had neuer rag'd on men:
Nor *Phaëton* perform'd his fathers duty,
For feare to rob the world of ſuch a beauty:
In whoſe due praiſe, a learned quill might ſpend
Houres, daies, months, yeeres, and neuer make an end.
What wretch inhumane? or what wilder blood
(Suckt in a deſert from a *Tygers* brood)
Could leaue her ſo diſconſolate? but one
Bred in the waſts of froſt-bit *Calydon*;

For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd ſo foule, a Maid ſo faire.
Sing on ſweet *Muſe*, and whilſt I feed mine eyes
Vpon a Iewell and vnvalued prize,
As bright a Starre, a Dame, as faire, as chaſte,
As eye beheld, or ſhall, till Natures laſt:
Charme her quicke ſenſes! and with raptures ſweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet!
And if her gracefull tongue admire one ſtraine,
It is the beſt reward my *Pipe* would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in Laurell-worthy rimes
Her *Loue* ſhall liue vntill the end of times,
And ſpight of age, the laſt of dayes ſhall ſee
Her *Name* embalm'd in ſacred Poeſie.
Sadly alone vpon the aged rocks,
Whom *Thetis* grac'd in waſhing oft their locks
Of branching *Sampire*, ſate the Maid o'retaken
With ſighes and teares, vnfortunate, forſaken,
And with a voice that floods frõ rocks would borrow,
She thus both wept and ſung her noates of ſorrow.
If *Heauen* be deafe and will not heare my cries,
But addes new daies to adde new miſeries;
Heare then ye troubled *Waues* and flitting *Gales*,
That coole the boſomes of the fruitfull Vales!
Lend, one, a flood of *teares*, the other, *winde*,
To *weepe* and *ſigh* that *Heauen* is ſo vnkinde!
But if ye will not ſpare, of all your ſtore
One teare, or ſigh, vnto a wretch ſo poore;
Yet as ye trauell on this ſpacious *Round*,
Through Forreſts, Mountains, or the Lawny ground,
If't happ' you ſee a Maid weepe forth her woe,
As I haue done; Oh bid her as ye goe
Not lauiſh teares! for when her owne are gone,
The world is flinty and will lend her none.
If this be eke deni'd; O hearken then
Each hollow vaulted Rocke, and crooked Den!

And if within your ſides one *Eccho* be
Let her begin to rue my deſtinie!
And in your clefts her plainings doe not ſmother,
But let that *Eccho* teach it to another!
Till round the world in ſounding coombe and plaine,
The laſt of them tell it the firſt againe:
Of my ſad Fate, ſo ſhall they neuer lin,
But where one ends, another ſtill begin.
Wretch that I am, my words I vainly waſte,
Eccho, of all woes onely ſpeake the laſt;
And that's enough: for ſhould ſhe vtter all,
As at *Meduſa's* head, each heart would fall
Into a flinty ſubſtance, and repine
At no one griefe, except as great as mine.
No carefull Nurſe would wet her watchfull eye,
When any pang ſhould gripe her infantry,
Nor though to *Nature* it obedience gaue,
And kneeld, to doe her *Homage*, in the graue,
Would ſhe lament, her ſuckling from her torne:
Scaping by death thoſe torments I haue borne.
This ſigh'd, ſhe wept (low leaning on her hand)
Her briny teares downe rayning on the ſand,
Which ſeene by (them, that ſport it in the Seas
On *Dolphins* backes) the faire *Nereides*,
They came on ſhore, and ſlily as they fell
Conuai'd each teare into an Oyſter-ſhell,
And by ſome power that did affect the *Girles*,
Transform'd thoſe liquid drops to orient Pearles,
And ſtrew'd them on the ſhore: for whoſe rich prize
In winged *Pines*, the *Roman Colonies*
Flung through the deepe *Abyſſe* to our white rocks
For Iems to decke their *Ladyes* golden lockes:
Who valew'd them as highly in their kinds
As thoſe the Sun-burnt *Æthiopian* finds.
Long on the ſhore, diſtreſt *Marina* lay:
For he that opes the pleaſant ſweets of *May*

Beyond the *Noon-ſtead* ſo farre droue his teame,
That Harueſt-folkes (with curds and clouted creame,
With cheeſe and butter, cakes, and cates enow,
That are the *Yeomans* from the yoake or Cowe)
On ſheafes of corne were at their noonſhuns cloſe,
Whilſt them merrily the *Bag-pipe* goes:
Ere from her hand ſhe lifted vp her head,
Where all the *Graces* then inhabited.
When caſting round her ouer-drowned eyes,
(So haue I ſeene a Iem of mickle price
Roule in a *Scallop-ſhell* with water fild)
She, on a marble rocke at hand behild
In Characters deepe cut with Iron ſtroke,
A Shepherds moane, which read by her, thus ſpoke:

Glide ſoft ye ſiluer Floods,
And euery Spring:
Within the ſhady Woods,
Let no Bird ſing!
Nor from the Groue a Turtle Doue,
Be ſeene to couple with her loue,
But ſilence on each Dale and Mountaine dwell
Whilſt Willy *bids his friend and ioy* Farewell.

But (*of great* Thetis *traine*)
Yee Mermaids *faire,*
That on the ſhores doe plaine
Your Sea-greene haire,
As ye in tramels knit your locks
Weepe yee; and ſo inforce the rocks
In heauy murmures through the broad ſhores tell,
How Willy *bade his friend and ioy* Farewell.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, yee murdring winds
To moue a waue;
But if with troubled minds
You ſeeke his graue;

Know 'tis as various as your ſelues,
Now in the deepe, then on the ſhelues,
His coffin toſs'd by fiſh and ſurges fell,
Whilſt Willy *weepes and bids all ioy* Farewell.

Had he Arion *like*
Beene iudg'd to drowne,
Hee on his Lute could ſtrike
So rare a ſowne;
A thouſand Dolphins *would haue come*
And ioyntly ſtriue to bring him home.
But he on Ship-boord dide, by ſickneſſe fell,
Since when his Willy *bade all ioy* Farewell.

Great Neptune *heare a Swaine!*
His Coffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(*For pittie*) *make*
It faſt vnto a rocke neere land!
Where eu'ry calmy morne Ile ſtand
And ere one ſheepe out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's *Pipe ſhall bid his friend* Farewell.

Ah heauy Shepherd (who ſo ere thou be)
Quoth faire *Marina*, I doe pitty thee:
For who by death is in a true friend croſt,
Till he be earth, he halfe himſelfe hath loſt.
More happy deeme I thee, lamented Swaine,
Whoſe body lies among the ſcaly traine,
Since I ſhall neuer thinke, that thou canſt dye,
Whilſt Willy liues, or any Poetry:
For well it ſeemes in verſing he hath ſkill,
And though he (ayded from the ſacred *Hill*)
To thee with him no equall life can giue,
Yet by this Pen thou maiſt for euer liue.
With this a beame of ſudden brightneſſe flyes
Vpon her face, ſo dazeling her cleere eyes,

That neither flowre nor graſſe which by her grew
She could diſcerne cloath'd in their perfect hue.
For as a *Wag* (to ſport with ſuch as paſſe)
Taking the *Sun-beames* in a *Looking-glaſſe*,
Conuayes the Ray into the eyes of one,
Who (blinded) either ſtumbles at a ſtone,
Or as he dazeled walkes the peopled ſtreets,
Is ready iuſtling euery man he meets:
So then *Apollo* did in glory caſt
His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchaſt,
And thence the ſwift reflection of their light
Blinded thoſe eyes: The chiefeſt Stars of night.
When ſtreight a thick-ſwolne Cloud (as if it ſought
In beauties minde to haue a thankfull thought)
Inuail'd the luſtre of great *Titans Carre*,
And ſhe beheld, from whence ſhe ſate not farre,
Cut on a high-brow'd Rocke (inlaid with gold)
This *Epitaph*, and read it, thus enrold.

In depth of waues long hath Alexis *ſlept*,
So choiceſt Iewels *are the* cloſeſt *kept;*
Whoſe death the land had ſeene, but it appeares
To counteruaile his loſſe, *men wanted* teares.
So here he lyes, whoſe Dirge *each* Mermaid *ſings*,
For whom the Clouds *weepe raine, the* Earth *her ſprings.*

Her eyes theſe lines acquainted with her minde
Had ſcarcely made; when o're the hill behinde
She heard a woman cry; *Ah well-a-day*,
What ſhall I doe? goe home, or flye, or ſtay.
Admir'd *Marina* roſe, and with a pace
As gracefull as the *Goddeſſes* did trace
O're ſtately *Ida* (when fond *Paris* doome
Kindled the fire, ſhould mighty *Troy* entombe.)
She went to aid the woman in diſtreſſe,
(True beauty neuer was found mercileſſe)

Yet durſt ſhe not goe nye, leſt (being ſpide)
Some villaines outrage, that might then betide
(For ought ſhe knew) vnto the crying Maid,
Might graſpe with her: by thickets which arai'd
The high Sea-bounding hill, ſo neere ſhe went,
She ſaw what wight made ſuch lowd dreriment.
Lowd? yes: ſung right: for ſince the Azure ſkie
Impriſon'd firſt the world, a mortals cry
With greater clangor neuer pierc'd the ayre.
A wight ſhe was ſo farre from being faire;
None could be foule eſteem'd, compar'd with her.
Deſcribing *Foulneſſe*, pardon if I erre,
Ye Shepherds Daughters, and ye gentle Swaines!
My *Muſe* would gladly chaunt more louely ſtraines:
Yet ſince on miry grounds ſhe trode, for doubt
Of ſinking, all in haſte, thus wades ſhe out.
As when great *Neptune* in his height of pride
The inland creeks fils with a high Spring-tyde,
Great ſholes of fiſh, among the *Oyſters* hye,
Which by a quicke ebbe, on the ſhores, left dry,
The fiſhes yawne, the Oyſters gapen wide:
So broad her mouth was: As ſhe ſtood and cride,
She tore her eluiſh knots of haire, as blacke
And full of duſt as any *Collyers* ſacke.
Her eyes vnlike, were like her body right,
Squint and miſſe-ſhapen, one dun, t'other white.
As in a picture limb'd vnto the life,
Or carued by a curious workmans knife,
If twenty men at once ſhould come to ſee
The great effects of vntirde induſtry,
Each ſeu'rally would thinke the pictures eye
Was fixt on him, and on no ſtander by:
So as ſhe (bawling) was vpon the banke,
If twice fiue hundred men ſtood on a ranke,
Her ill face towards them; euery one would ſay,
She lookes on me; when ſhe another way

Had caſt her eyes, as on ſome rocke or tree,
And on no one of all that company.
Her *Noſe* (ô crooked noſe) her mouth o're-hung,
As it would be directed by her tongue:
Her *Fore-head* ſuch, as one might neere auow
Some Plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow.
Her *Face* ſo ſcorcht was, and ſo vilde it ſhowes,
As on a Peare-tree ſhe had ſcar'd the *Crowes.*
Within a *Tanners fat* I oft haue eyde
(That three moones there had laine) a large *Oxe-hyde*
In liquor mixt with ſtrongeſt barke (for gaine)
Yet had not tane one halfe ſo deepe a ſtaine
As had her ſkin: and that, as hard well-nye
As any Brawnes, long hardned in the ſtye.
Her *Shoulders* ſuch, as I haue often ſeene
A ſilly Cottage on a Village greene
Might change his corner poſts, in good behoofe,
For foure ſuch vnder-proppers to his roofe.
Huſwiues, goe hire her, if you yeerely gaue
A Lamkin more then vſe, you that might ſaue
In waſhing-Beetles, for her hands would paſſe
To ſerue that purpoſe, though you daily waſh.
For other hidden parts, thus much I ſay;
As *Ballad-mongers* on a *Market-day*
Taking their ſtand, one (with as harſh a noyſe
As euer Cart-wheele made) ſqueakes the ſad choice
Of *Tom* the *Miller* with a golden thumbe,
Who croſt in loue, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
Halfe part he chants, and will not ſing it out,
But thus he ſpeakes to his attentiue rout:
Thus much for loue I warbled from my breſt,
And gentle friends, for money take the reſt:
So ſpeake I to the ouer-longing eare,
That would the reſt of her deſcription heare,
Much haue I ſung for loue, the reſt (not common)
Martial will ſhew for coine, in's crabbed woman.

If e're you ſaw a *Pedant* gin prepare
To ſpeake ſome gracefull ſpeech to *Maſter Maior*,
And being baſhfull, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out;
He oft ſteps forth, as oft turnes backe againe;
And long 'tis e're he ope his learned veine:
Thinke ſo *Marina* ſtood: for now ſhe thought
To venture forth, then ſome coniecture wrought
Her to be iealous, leſt this vgly wight
(Since like a *Witch* ſhe lookt) through ſpels of night,
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
To all the foule intents of *Witcherie:*
This drew her backe againe. At laſt ſhe broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and beſpoke
In gentle manner thus: Good day, good Maid;
With that her cry ſhe on a ſodaine ſtaid,
And rub'd her ſquint eyes with her mighty fiſt.
But as a *Miller* hauing ground his griſt,
Lets downe his flood-gates with a ſpeedy fall,
And quarring vp the paſſage therewithall,
The waters ſwell in ſpleene, and neuer ſtay
Till by ſome cleft they finde another way:
So when her teares were ſtopt from either eye
Her ſingults, blubbrings, ſeem'd to make them flye
Out at her Oyſter-mouth and Noſe-thrils wide.
Can there (quoth faire *Marina*) e're betide
(In theſe ſweet Groues) a wench, ſo great a wrong,
That ſhould inforce a cry ſo loud, ſo long?
On theſe delightfull Plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when Shepherds in their gladſome fit
Sing *Hymnes* to *Pan* that they are free from it.
But ſhew me, what hath caus'd thy grieuous yell?
As late (quoth ſhe) I went to yonder Well,
(You cannot ſee it here; that Groue doth couer
With his thicke boughes his little channell ouer.)

To fetch ſome water (as I vſe) to dreſſe
My Maſters ſupper (you may thinke of fleſh;
But well I wot he taſteth no ſuch diſh)
Of Rotchets, Whitings, or ſuch common fiſh,
That with his net he drags into his Boat:
Among the Flags below, there ſtands his Coat
(A ſimple one) thatch'd o're with Reede and Broome;
It hath a Kitchen, and a ſeuerall roome
For each of vs. But this is nought: you flee,
Replide *Marine*, I prithee anſwer me
To what I queſtion'd. Doe but heare me firſt,
Anſwer'd the Hag. He is a man ſo curſt,
Although I toyle at home, and ſerue his Swine,
Yet ſcarce allowes he me whereon to dine:
In Summer time on Black-berries I liue,
On Crabs and Hawes, and what wilde Forreſts giue:
In Winters cold, bare-foot, I run to ſeeke
For Oyſters, and ſmall Winkles in each creeke,
Whereon I feed, and on the Meager Slone.
But if he home returne and finde me gone,
I ſtill am ſure to feele his heauy hand.
Alas and weale away, ſince now I ſtand
In ſuch a plight: for if I ſeeke his dore
Hee'l beat me ten times worſe then e're before.
What haſt thou done? (yet aſkt *Marina*) ſay?
I with my pitcher lately tooke my way
(As late I ſaid) to thilke ſame ſhaded Spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards, rais'd my voyce to ſing;
But in my backe returne, I (hapleſſe) ſpide
A tree of Cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With ſuch a longing, that vnwares my foot
Got vnderneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as Maids vſe on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to ſhreads.
This is my griefe, this is my cauſe of mone.
And if ſome kinde wight goe not to attone

My ſurly Maſter with me wretched Maid,
I ſhall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,
Said ſweet *Marina*, haſten thee before;
Ile come to make thy peace: for ſince I ſore
Doe hunger, and at home thou haſt ſmall cheere,
(Need and ſupply grow farre off, ſeldome neere.)
To yonder Groue Ile goe, to taſte the ſpring,
And ſee what it affords for nouriſhing.
Thus parted they. And ſad *Marina* bleſt
The houre ſhe met the Maid, who did inveſt
Her in aſſured hope, ſhe once ſhould ſee
Her Flocke againe (and driue them merrily
To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the ſhores
Of pleaſant *Albion*) through the well poys'd Oares
Of the poore Fiſher-man that dwelt thereby.
But as a man who in a *Lottery*
Hath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he haue ought,
Thinkes this or that ſhall with his Prize be bought,
And ſo enricht, march with the better ranke,
When ſodainly he's call'd, and all is Blanke:
To chaſte *Marina*, ſo doth *Fortune* proue,
Stateſmen and ſhe are neuer firme in loue.
No ſooner had *Marina* got the wood,
But as the trees ſhe neerly ſearch'd for food,
A Villaine, leane, as any rake appeares,
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, *Ægypts* yeeres,
Worne out and waſted to the pithleſſe bone,
As one that had a long Conſumption.
His ruſty teeth (forſaken of his lips
As they had ſeru'd with *want* two Prentiſhips)
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankeſt ſkin
Bewray what number were enranckt within.
His greedy eyes deepe ſunke into his head,
Which with a rough haire was o're couered.
How many bones made vp this ſtarued wight
Was ſoone perceiu'd; a man of dimmeſt ſight

Apparantly might ſee them knit, and tell
How all his veines and euery ſinew fell.
His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels preſt,
His vnfill'd ſkin hung dangling on his breſt,
His feeble knees with paine enough vphold
That pined carkaſſe, caſten in a mold
Cut out by Deaths grim forme. If ſmall legs wan
Euer the title of a Gentleman;
His did acquire it. In his fleſh pull'd downe
As he had liu'd in a beleaguerd towne,
Where *Plenty* had ſo long eſtranged beene
That men moſt worthy note, in griefe were ſeene
(Though they reioyc'd to haue attain'd ſuch meat)
Of Rats, and halfe-tann'd Hydes, and ſtomacks great,
Gladly to feed: and where a Nurſe, moſt vilde,
Drunke her owne milke, and ſtaru'd her crying childe.
Yet he through want of food not thus became:
But *Nature* firſt decreed, That as the flame
Is neuer ſeene to flye his nouriſhment,
But all conſumes: and ſtill the more is lent
The more it couets. And as all the Floods
(Down trēching from ſmall groues, & greater woods)
The vaſt inſatiate Sea doth ſtill deuoure,
And yet his thirſt not quenched by their power:
So euer ſhould befall this ſtarued wight;
The more his vyands, more his appetite.
What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
He rauine ſhould, and want in greateſt fare.
And what a Citie twice ſeuen yeeres would ſerue,
He ſhould deuoure, and yet be like to ſtarue.
A wretch ſo empty, that if e're there be
In *Nature* found the leaſt *vacuitie*,
'Twill be in him. The graue to *Ceres* ſtore;
A *Caniball* to lab'rers old and poore;
A *Spunge-like-Dropſie*, drinking till it burſt;
The *Sickneſſe* tearm'd the *Wolfe*, vilde and accurſt:

In ſome reſpects like th'art of *Alchumy*
That thriues leaſt, when it long'ſt doth multiply:
Limos he cleeped was: whoſe long-nayl'd paw
Seizing *Marina*, and his ſharpe-fang'd iaw
(The ſtrongeſt part he had) fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets & high Reeds,
Towards his Caue. Her fate the ſwift windes rue,
And round the Groue in heauy murmures flew.
The limbs of trees, that (as in loue with either)
In cloſe embraſements long had liu'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in ſhreeks did ſhow
The windes had mou'd more partners of their woe.
Old and decaied ſtocks, that long time ſpent
Vpon their armes, their roots chiefe nouriſhment;
And that drawne dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their fathers heart,
Yet by reſpectleſſe impes when all was gone,
Pithleſſe and ſapleſſe, naked left alone,
Their hollow trunks, fill'd with their neighbours moanes,
Sent from a thouſand vents, ten thouſand groanes.
All Birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a ſtrong Bolt ratling 'mong the treen.
Limos with his ſweet theft full ſlily ruſhes (buſhes,
Through ſharp-hook'd brambles, thornes, & tangling
Whoſe tenters ſticking in her garments, ſought
(Poore ſhrubs) to helpe her, but auailing nought,
As angry (beſt intents miſs'd beſt proceeding)
They ſcratch'd his face & legs, cleere water bleeding.
Not greater haſte a fearefull ſchoole-boy makes
Out of an Orchard whence by ſtealth he takes
A churliſh Farmers Plums, ſweet Peares or Grapes,
Then *Limos* did, as from the *thicke* he ſcapes
Downe to the ſhore. Where reſting him a ſpace,
Reſtleſſe *Marina* gan intreat for grace
Of one whoſe knowing it as deſp'rate ſtood,
As where each day to get ſupply of food.

O! had ſhe (thirſty) ſuch intreaty made
At ſome high Rocke, proud of his euening ſhade,
He would haue burſt in two, and from his veines
(For her auaile) vpon the vnder Plaines
A hundred Springs a hundred wayes ſhould ſwim,
To ſhew her teares inforced floods from him.
Had ſuch an Oratreſſe beene heard to plead
For faire *Polixena*, the *Murthrers* head
Had beene her pardon, and ſo ſcap'd that ſhocke,
Which made her louers tombe her dying blocke.
Not an inraged *Lion*, ſurly, wood,
No *Tyger* reft her young, nor ſauage brood;
No, not the foaming *Boare*, that durſt approue
Loueleſſe to leaue the mighty *Queene* of *Loue*,
But her ſad plaints, their vncouth walkes among
Spent, in ſweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in ſoftnes ſteepe,
They at her foot would groueling lye, and weepe.
Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of teares
Did ought auaile. *The belly hath no eares.*

As I haue knowne a man loath meet with gaine
That carrieth in his front leaſt ſhew of paine,
Who for his vittailes all his raiment pledges,
Whoſe ſtackes for firing are his neighbours hedges,
From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on ſome greene banke he takes his ſeat,
But fearefull (as ſtill theft is in his ſtay)
Gets quickly vp, and haſteth faſt away:
So *Limos* ſooner eaſed then yreſted
Was vp, and through the Reeds (as much moleſted
As in the Brakes) who louingly combine,
And for her aide together twiſt and twine,
Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the vnder-growing Segs:
And had his teeth not beene of ſtrongeſt hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates vncontrold,

Denide ſo great a bliſſe to Plants or men,
And lent him ſtrength to bring her to his den.
Weſt, in *Apollo's* courſe to *Tagus* ſtreame,
Crown'd with a ſiluer circling Diadem
Of wet exhaled miſts, there ſtood a pile
Of aged Rocks (torne from the neighbour *Ile*
And girt with waues) againſt whoſe naked breſt
The ſurges tilted, on his ſnowie creſt
The towring *Falcon* whilome built, and Kings
Stroue for that *Eirie*, on whoſe ſcaling wings,
Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay
As might a month their Army Royall pay.
Braue Birds they were, whoſe quick-ſelf-leſs-'ning kin
Still won the girlonds from the **Peregrin*.
Not *Cerna Ile* in *Affricks* ſiluer maine,
Nor luſtfull-bloody-*Tereus Thracian* ſtraine,
Nor any other Lording of the ayre
Durſt with this *Eirie* for their wing compare.
About his ſides a thouſand *Seaguls* bred,
The *Meuy* and the *Halcyon* famoſed
For colours rare, and for the peacefull Seas
Round the *Sicilian* coaſt, her brooding dayes.
Puffins (as thicke as *Starlings* in a Fen)
Were fetcht from thence: there ſate the *Pewet* hen,
And in the clefts the *Martin* built his neſt.
But thoſe by this curſt caitife diſpoſſeſt
Of rooſt and neſt, the leaſt; of life, the moſt:
All left that place, and ſought a ſafer coaſt.
In ſtead of them the *Caterpiller* hants,
And *Cancre-worme* among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew;
Of *Cormorants* and *Locuſts* not a few;
The cramming *Rauen*, and a hundred more
Deuouring creatures; yet when from the ſhore
Limos came wading (as he eaſily might
Except at high tydes) all would take their flight,

* A Falcon differing from the Falcon-gentle.

Or hide themſelues in ſome deepe hole or other,
Leſt one deuourer ſhould deuoure another.
Neere to the ſhore that bord'red on the Rocke
No merry Swaine was ſeene to feed his Flocke,
No luſty Neat-heard thither droue his Kine,
Nor booriſh Hog-heard fed his rooting Swine:
A ſtony ground it was, ſweet Herbage fail'd:
Nought there but weeds, which *Limos*, ſtrongly nail'd,
Tore from their mothers breſt, to ſtuffe his maw.
No Crab-tree bore his load, nor Thorne his paw.
As in a Foreſt well compleat with Deere
We ſee the Hollies, Aſhes, euery where
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browſing Game:
So neere the Rocke, all trees where e're you came,
To cold *Decembers* wrath ſtood void of barke.
Here danc'd no *Nymph*, no early-riſing *Larke*
Sung vp the Plow-man and his drowſie mate:
All round the Rocke['s] barren and deſolate.

The deſcription of the Caue of *Famine.*

In midſt of that huge pile was *Limos* Caue
Full large and round, wherein a Millers knaue
Might for his Horſe and Querne haue roome at will:
Where was out-drawne by ſome inforced ſkill,
What mighty conqueſts were atchieu'd by him.
Firſt ſtood the ſiege of great *Ieruſalem*,
Within whoſe triple wall and ſacred Citie
(Weepe ye ſtone-hearted men! oh read and pittie!
'Tis *Sions* cauſe inuokes your briny teares:
Can any dry eye be when ſhe appeares
As I muſt ſing her? oh, if ſuch there be;
Flie, flie th'abode of men! and haſten thee
Into the Deſart, ſome high Mountaine vnder,
Or at thee boyes will hiſſe, and old men wonder.)
Here ſits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whoſe hopeleſſe thoughts ſeem'd ran
How (ſince for many daies no food ſhe taſted,
Her Meale, her Oyle conſum'd, all ſpent, all waſted)

For one poore day ſhe might attaine ſupply,
And deſp'rate of ought elſe, ſit, pine, and dye.
At laſt her minde meets with her tender childe
That in the cradle lay (of Oziers wilde)
Which taken in her armes, ſhe giues the teat,
From whence the little wretch with labour great
Not one poore drop can ſucke: whereat ſhe wood,
Cries out, ô heauen! are all the founts of food
Exhauſted quite? and muſt my Infant yong
Be fed with ſhooes? yet wanting thoſe ere long,
Feed on it ſelfe? No: firſt the roome that gaue
Him ſoule and life, ſhall be his timeleſſe graue:
My dugs, thy beſt reliefe, through griping hunger
Flow now no more, my babe; Then ſince no longer
By me thou canſt be fed, nor any other,
Be thou the Nurſe, and feed thy dying Mother.
Then in another place ſhe ſtraight appeares,
Seething her ſuckling in her ſcalding teares.
From whence not farre the *Painter* made her ſtand
Tearing his ſod fleſh with her cruell hand,
In gobbets which ſhe ate. O curſed wombe,
That to thy ſelfe art both the graue and tombe.
A little ſweet lad (there) ſeemes to intreat
(With held vp hands) his famiſht Sire for meat,
Who wanting ought to giue his hoped ioy
But throbs and ſighes; the ouer-hungry boy,
For ſome poore bit, in darke nooks making queſt,
His Sachell finds, which growes a gladſome feaſt
To him and both his Parents. Then, next day
He chewes the points wherewith he vs'd to play:
Deuouring laſt his Books of euery kinde,
They fed his body which ſhould feede his minde:
But when his Sachell, Points, Books all were gone,
Before his Sire he droopes, and dies anon.
In height of Art then had the Work-man done,
A pious, zealous, moſt religious ſonne,

Who on the enemy excurſion made,
And ſpight of danger ſtrongly did inuade
Their victuals conuoy, bringing from them home
Dri'd figs, Dates, Almonds, and ſuch fruits as come
To the beleagring foe, and ſate's the want
Therewith of thoſe, who, from a tender plant
Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he went,
And Storke-like ſought his Parents nouriſhment,
Till Fates decreed, he on the *Roman* Speares
Should giue his bloud for them, who gaue him theirs.
A Million of ſuch throes did *Famine* bring
Vpon the Citie of the mighty King,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Conſum'd themſelues and dim'd the lightſome ayre.
Neere this the curious Pencell did expreſſe
A large and ſolitary wilderneſſe,
Whoſe high well limmed Oakes in growing ſhow'd
As they would eaſe ſtrong *Atlas* of his load:
Here vnderneath a tree in heauy plight
(Her bread and pot of water waſted quite)
Ægyptian Hagar (nipt with hunger fell)
Sate rob'd of hope: her Infant *Iſhmael.*
(Farre from her being laid) full ſadly ſeem'd
To cry for meat, his cry ſhe nought eſteem'd,
But kept her ſtill, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all meanes were bootleſſe to aſſay
In ſuch a Deſert: and ſince now they muſt
Sleepe their eternall ſleepe, and cleaue to duſt,
She choſe (apart) to graſpe one death alone,
Rather then by her babe a million.
Then *Ereſichthons* caſe in *Ouids* Song
Was portraied out; and many moe along
The inſides of the Caue; which were deſcride
By many loope-holes round on euery ſide.
Theſe faire *Marina* view'd, left all alone,
The Caue faſt ſhut, *Limos* for pillage gone;

Neere the waſh'd ſhore mong roots and breers, and thorns,
A Bullocke findes, who deluing with his hornes
The hurtleſſe earth (the while his tough hoofe tore
The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellowes all the ſhores reſound:
Him *Limos* kil'd, and hal'd with no ſmall paine
Vnto the Rocke; fed well; then goes againe:
Which ſeru'd *Marina* fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veines had fail'd their deereſt blood.
Now great *Hyperion* left his golden throne
That on the dancing waues in glory ſhone,
For whoſe declining on the *Weſterne* ſhore
The orientall hils blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle *Twi-light* fled,
That had from hideous cauernes vſhered
All-drowſie *Night;* who in a Carre of Iet,
By Steeds of Iron-gray (which mainly ſwet
Moiſt drops on all the world) drawne through the ſkie,
The helps of darkneſſe waited orderly.
Firſt, thicke clouds roſe from all the liquid plaines:
Then miſts from Mariſhes, and grounds whoſe veines
Were Conduit-pipes to many a cryſtall ſpring:
From ſtanding Pooles and Fens were following
Vnhealthy fogs: each Riuer, euery Rill
Sent vp their vapours to attend her will.
Theſe, pitchie curtains drew, 'twixt earth & heauen.
And as *Nights* Chariot through the ayre was driuen,
Clamour grew dumb, vnheard was Shepheards ſong,
And ſilence girt the Woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the *Eccho; Satyres* broke their dance,
And all the vpper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled ſtreames ſoft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe ſwept
Dry Summers duſt, in fearefull whiſp'rings ſtir'd,
As loth to waken any ſinging Bird.

Darkneſſe no leſſe then blinde *Cimmerian*
Of *Famines* Caue the full poſſeſſion wan,
Where lay the Shepherdeſſe inwrapt with night,
(The wiſhed garment of a mournfull wight)
Here ſilken ſlumbers and refreſhing ſleepe
Were ſeldome found; with quiet mindes thoſe keepe,
Not with diſturbed thoughts; the beds of Kings
Are neuer preſt by them, ſweet reſt inrings
The tyred body of the ſwarty Clowne,
And oftner lies on *flocks* then ſofteſt *downe.*
Twice had the Cocke crowne, and in Cities ſtrong
The *Bel-mans* dolefull noyſe and carefull ſong,
Told men, whoſe watchfull eyes no ſlumber hent,
What ſtore of houres theft-guilty night had ſpent.
Yet had not *Morpheus* with this Maiden been,
As fearing *Limos;* (whoſe impetuous teen
Kept gentle reſt from all to whom his Caue
Yeelded incloſure (deadly as the graue.)
But to all ſad laments left her (forlorne)
In which three watches ſhe had nie outworne.
Faire ſiluer-footed *Thetis* that time threw
Along the *Ocean* with a beautious crew
Of her attending Sea-nymphs (*Ioues* bright Lamps
*Sea-horſes. Guiding from Rocks her Chariots * *Hippocamps.*)
A iourney, onely made, vnwares to ſpye
If any *Mightie* of her Empery
Oppreſt the leaſt, and forc'd the weaker ſort
To their deſignes, by being great in Court.
O! ſhould all Potentates whoſe higher birth
Enroles their titles, other *Gods on earth,*
Should they make priuate ſearch, in vaile of night,
For cruell wrongs done by each Fauorite;
Here ſhould they finde a great one paling in
A meane mans land, which many yeeres had bin
His charges life, and by the others heaſt,
The poore muſt ſtarue to feed a ſcuruy beaſt.

If any recompence drop from his fiſt,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he liſt.
There ſhould they ſee another that commands
His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him ſtones to raiſe his building vaſt,
The while his Tenants ſowing time is paſt.
Another (ſpending) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by tricks the poores inheritance.
But as a man whoſe age hath dim'd his eyes,
Vſeth his Spectacles, and as he pryes
Through them all Characters ſeeme wondrous faire,
Yet when his glaſſes quite remoued are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceiue one tittle in the Booke;
So if a King behold ſuch fauourites
(Whoſe being great, was being *Paraſites*)
With th'eyes of fauour, all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his ſight of grace aſide,
And ſee what men he hath ſo dignifide,
They all would vaniſh, and not dare appeare,
Who *Atom-like*, when their *Sun* ſhined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceiue not one.
Or as a man who ſtanding to deſcry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,
Taketh a *glaſſe proſpectiue* good and true,
By which things moſt remote are full in view:
If Monarchs, ſo, would take an Inſtrument
Of truth compos'd to ſpie their Subiects drent
In foule oppreſſion by thoſe high in ſeat
(Who care not to be good but to be great)
In full aſpect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them; and they then would ſee,
The diuelliſh *Politician* all conuinces,
In murdring Stateſmen and in poiſning Princes;

The *Prelate* in *pluralities* aſleepe,
Whilſt that the *Wolfe* lies preying on his ſheepe;
The drowſie *Lawyer*, and the falſe *Atturnies*
Tire poore mens purſes with their life-long-iournies;
The *Country Gentleman*, from's neighbours hand
Forceth th'inheritance, ioynes land to land,
And (moſt inſatiate) ſeekes vnder his rent
To bring the worlds moſt ſpacious continent;
The fawning *Citizen* (whoſe loue's bought deareſt)
Deceiues his brother when the Sun ſhines cleareſt,
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and ſtops out light,
And liues a Knaue to leaue his ſonne a Knight;
The griping *Farmer* hoords the ſeed of bread,
Whilſt in the ſtreets the poore lye famiſhed:
And free there's none from all this worldly ſtrife,
Except the Shepherds heauen-bleſt happy life.
But ſtay ſweet *Muſe!* forbeare this harſher ſtraine,
Keepe with the Shepherds; leaue the *Satyres* veine,
Coupe not with Beares: let *Icarus* alone
To ſcorch himſelfe within the *torrid Zone:*
Let *Phaëton* run on, *Ixion* fall,
And with an humble ſtiled *Paſtorall*
Tread through the vallies, dance about the ſtreames,
The lowly Dales will yeeld vs *Anadems*
To ſhade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond ſeekes mine Oaten Reed;
Let others climbe the hils, and to their praiſe
(Whilſt I ſit girt with *Flowers*) be crown'd with *Bayes.*
Shew now faire *Muſe* what afterward became
Of great *Achilles Mother;* She whoſe name
The *Mermaids* ſing, and tell the weeping ſtrand
A brauer Lady neuer tript on land,
Except the euer-liuing *Fayerie Queene*,
Whoſe vertues by her *Swaine* ſo written beene,
That time ſhall call her high enhanced ſtory
In his rare ſong, *The Muſes chiefeſt glory.*

So mainly *Thetis* droue her ſiluer throne,
Inlaid with pearles of price, and precious ſtone,
(For whoſe gay purchaſe, ſhe did often make
The ſcorched *Negro* diue the briny Lake)
That by the ſwiftneſſe of her Chariot wheels
(Scouring the *Maine* as well-built Engliſh Keels)
She, of the *new-found World* all coaſts had ſeene,
The ſhores of *Theſſaly*, where ſhe was Queene,
Her brother *Pontus* waues, imbrac'd, with thoſe
Mæotian fields and vales of *Tenedos*,
Streit *Helleſpont*, whoſe high-brow'd cliffes yet ſound
The mournfull name of young *Leander* drown'd,
Then with full ſpeed her Horſes doth ſhe guide
Through the *Ægæan* Sea, that takes a pride
In making difference twixt the fruitfull lands
Europe and *Aſia* almoſt ioyning hands,
But that ſhe thruſts her billowes all afront
To ſtop their meeting through the *Helleſpont*.
The *Midland Sea* ſo ſwiftly was ſhe ſcouring,
The *Adriaticke gulfe* braue Ships deuouring.
To *Padus* ſiluer ſtreame then glides ſhe on
(Enfamouſed by rekeleſſe *Phaëton*)
Padus that doth beyond his limits riſe,
When the hot *Dog-ſtarre* raines his maladies,
And robs the high and ayre-inuading *Alpes*
Of all their Winter-ſuits and ſnowie ſcalpes,
To drowne the leuel'd lands along his ſhore,
And make him ſwell with pride. By whom of yore
The ſacred *Heliconian* Damſels ſate
(To whom was mighty *Pindus* conſecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of Art ſhould flow from *Maro's* pen.
And pratling *Eccho's* euermore ſhould long
For repetition of ſweet *Naſo's* ſong.
It was inacted here, in after dayes
What wights ſhould haue their temples crown'd with *Bayes*.

Plin. lib. cap. 16.

Learn'd *Arioſto*, holy *Petrarchs* quill,
And *Taſſo* ſhould aſcend the *Muſes* hill.
Diuineſt *Bartas*, whoſe enriched ſoule
Proclaim'd his *Makers* worth, ſhould ſo enroule
His happy name in braſſe, that Time nor Fate
That ſwallows all, ſhould euer ruinate.
Delightfull *Saluſt*, whoſe all bleſſed layes
The *Shepherds* make their *Hymnes* on *Holy-daies;*
And truly ſay thou in one *weeke* haſt pend
What time may euer ſtudy, ne're amend.
Marot and *Ronſard*, *Garnier's* buſkind *Muſe*
Should ſpirit of life in very ſtones infuſe.
And many another Swan whoſe powerfull ſtraine
Should raiſe the *Golden World* to life againe.
But let vs leaue (faire Muſe) the bankes of *Po*,
Thetis forſooke his braue ſtreame long agoe,
And we muſt after. See in haſte ſhe ſweepes
Along the *Celticke* ſhores, th'*Armorick* deepes
She now is entring: beare vp then a head,
And by that time ſhe hath diſcouered
Our *Alablaſter* rocks, we may deſcry
And ken with her, the coaſts of *Britany*.
There will ſhe Anchor caſt, to heare the Songs
Of Engliſh Shepherds, whoſe all-tunefull tongues
So pleas'd the *Nayades*, they did report
Their ſongs perfection in great *Nereus* Court:
Which *Thetis* hearing, did appoint a day
When ſhe would meet them in the *Brittiſh* Sea,
And thither for each Swaine a *Dolphin* bring
To ride with her, whilſt ſhe would heare him ſing.
The time prefixt was come; and now the Starre
Of bliſſefull light appear'd, when ſhe her Carre
Staid in the narrow Seas. At *Thames* faire port
The *Nymphes* and *Shepherds* of the *Iſle* reſort.
And thence did put to Sea with mirthfull rounds,
Whereat the billowes dance aboue their bounds,

And bearded Goats, that on the clouded head
Of any ſea-ſuruaying Mountaine fed,
Leauing to crop the Iuy, liſtning ſtood
At thoſe ſweet ayres which did intrance the flood
In iocund ſort the *Goddeſſe* thus they met.
And after reu'rence done, all being ſet
Vpon their finny Courſers, round her throne,
And ſhe prepar'd to cut the watry Zone
Ingirting *Albion;* all their pipes were ſtill,
And *Colin Clout* began to tune his quill
With ſuch deepe Art, that euery one was giuen
To thinke *Apollo* (newly ſlid from heau'n)
Had tane a humane ſhape to win his loue,
Or with the *Weſterne Swaines* for glory ſtroue.
He ſung th'heroicke Knights of *Faiery* land
In lines ſo elegant, of ſuch command,
That had the **Thracian* plaid but halfe ſo well, * *Orpheus.*
He had not left *Eurydice* in hell.
But e're he ended his melodious ſong
An hoſt of *Angels* flew the clouds among,
And rapt this Swan from his attentiue mates,
To make him one of their aſſociates
In heauens faire Quire: where now he ſings the praiſe
Of him that is the *firſt and laſt of dayes.*
Diuineſt *Spencer* heau'n-bred, happy Muſe!
Would any power into my braine infuſe
Thy worth, or all that *Poets* had before,
I could not praiſe till thou deſeru'ſt no more.
A dampe of wonder and amazement ſtrooke
Thetis attendants, many a heauy looke
Follow'd ſweet *Spencer*, till the thickning ayre
Sights further paſſage ſtop'd. A paſſionate teare
Fell from each *Nymph*, no Shepherds cheeke was dry,
A dolefull *Dirge*, and mournfull *Elegie*
Flew to the ſhore. When mighty *Nereus* Queene
(In memory of what was heard and ſeene)
Imploy'd a *Factor* (fitted well with ſtore

Of richeſt Iemmes, refined *Indian Ore*)
To raiſe, in honour of his worthy name,
A *Piramis*, whoſe head (like winged *Fame*)
Should pierce the clouds, yea ſeeme the ſtars to kiſſe,
And *Mauſolus* great tombe might ſhrowd in *his*.
Her will had beene performance, had not *Fate*
(That neuer knew how to commiſerate)
Suborn'd curs'd *Auarice* to lye in waight
For that rich prey: (*Gold is a taking bait*)
Who cloſely lurking like a ſubtile Snake
Vnder the couert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the *Factor* by faire *Thetis* ſent,
And rob'd our *Colin* of his Monument.
Yee *Engliſh Shepherds*, ſonnes of *Memory*,
For *Satyres* change your pleaſing melody,
Scourge, raile and curſe that ſacrilegious hand,
That more then Fiend of hell, that *Stygian* brand,
All-guilty *Auarice:* that worſt of euill,
That gulfe-deuouring, off-ſpring of a Deuill:
Heape curſe on curſe ſo direfull and ſo fell,
Their weight may preſſe his damned ſoule to hell.
Is there a ſpirit ſo gentle can refraine
To torture ſuch? O let a *Satyres* veine
Mix with that man! to laſh this helliſh lym,
Or all our curſes will deſcend on him.
For mine owne part, although I now commerce
With lowly Shepherds, in as low a Verſe;
If of my dayes I ſhall not ſee an end
Till more yeeres preſſe me; ſome few houres Ile ſpend
In rough-hewn *Satyres*, and my buſied pen
Shall ierke to death this infamy of men.
And like a *Fury*, glowing coulters beare,
With which? But ſee how yonder fondlings teare
Their fleeces in the brakes; I muſt goe free
Them of their bonds; Reſt you here merrily
Till my returne: when I will touch a ſtring
Shall make the Riuers dance, and Vallies ring.

INDEX AND NOTES.

A few Topographical and other Notes, by John Shelly, Eſq., of Plymouth, are printed here with the diſtinguiſhing initial *S.* The Poet's original notes have already been given as *marginalia*, conformably with the arrangement in both the old editions.

ABBEY. Helpes down an abbey. The abbey at Taviſtock, "in whoſe ruins," ſays Riſdon, a contemporary of Browne, "you may now aim at the antique magnificence thereof."—*S.* P. 76.

Alban, St. He was ſlain and ſuffered martyrdom in the days of Diocletian and Maximilian. The place of his execution was an hill in a wood called Holmhurſt, where at one ſtroke his head was ſmitten off. See the Golden Legend; Robert of Glouceſter; Harding, c. 57, &c.—*Thompſon.* P. 110.

Alcibiades. They repreſented a God or Goddeſs without, and a Silenus or deformed piper within. Eraſmus has a curious diſſertation on Sileni Alcibiades. Adag. p. 667. Edit. R. Stephens.—*Thompſon.*

Aletheia, the perſonification of Truth. In 1599 one Peter Pett publiſhed "Times iourney to ſeeke his Daughter Truth: and Truths Letter to Fame of Englands Excellencie," in verſe. P. 134, &c.

Anadems, garlands.

An aged rock. This is probably Mary Tavy Rock, a grey crag that lies in the bed of the river about three miles above Taviſtock.—*S.* P. 75.

Apelles Table. P. 68.

Arede, explain, or adviſe. P. 69.

Argeſtes, the weſtern wind. And ſuppoſed (with the ſtars) the birth of Aurora by Aſtræus, as Apollodorus: Ἠους δὲ καὶ Ἀστραιον ἀνεμοι καὶ ἀστρα.—*Thompſon.*

Avail, profit, or advantage. P. 182.

B. W. P. 162.

Balke, here uſed in the ſenſe of *a bank*, but its ſtricter ſignification in old writers, and in Browne himſelf, is the uſual ridge left by the plough between two furrows. P. 56.

Bent, a fillet or garland. This ſenſe is not noticed by Halliwell. P. 68.

Berry, barrow, or mound. Mr. Shelly obſerves—"Berry, Berry-Head, Berry Pomeroy, are perhaps inſtances

of its uſe, all within the county of Devon." P 69.

Birds. A Deſcription of a Muſicall Conſort of Birds. See the *Armonye of Byrdes* in "Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England," iii., and Chaucer's *Court of Love*, ad finem. P. 87.

Blow the nails.

"And Shepherds Boyes," &c.

Browne appears to have had in his mind the ſong in *Loves Labors Loſt*, 1598:

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail.

Bonnering, a reference to the religious perſecutions which took place under the epiſcopal government of Biſhop Bonner, who died in 1569. After his death ſeveral pamphlets in verſe and proſe appeared, and ſtill exiſt, to perpetuate the deteſtation in which his name and memory were held. See *Hand-book of E. E. Lit.* arts. *Bonner* and *Broke*. P. 136.

Bottle, a ſmall portable caſk for carrying liquor to the fields.—*Halliwell.* P. 68.

Brooke, Chriſtopher. "Chriſtopher Brooke was deſcended from a reſpectable mercantile family at York, his father having been twice Lord Mayor of that city. He was educated at one of the univerſities, moſt probably Cambridge, where his brother Samuel was, and afterwards went to Lincoln's Inn to perfect himſelf in the law, where he had for his chamber-fellow John Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's."—Mr. Corſer's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, part 3, p. 123.

Brooke was a friend of Donne, afterward Dean of St. Paul's, and with Samuel Brooke, his brother, was concerned in the clandeſtine marriage, in 1602, of Donne to Ann More, daughter of Sir George More, of Loſeley. Samuel Brooke, who was in orders, married the couple, and Chriſtopher gave the bride away. Both were committed for their ſhare in the affair. In *the Loſeley MSS.*, 1836, is inſerted a letter from Chriſtopher Brooke to the Lord Keeper Egerton, making ſubmiſſion and explaining. Brooke was ſent to the Marſhalſea, Donne to the Fleet. A Mr. *George* Brooke was concerned in the conſpiracy for placing Arabella Stuart on the throne (1603); but whether he was related to our poet does not appear.

In the ſame volume with Browne's *Shepheards Pipe*, 1614, are publiſhed "Other Eglogves. By Mr. Brooke, Mr. Wither, and Mr. Davies. London, Printed by N. O. for G. Norton. 1614." Brooke's performance is addreſſed "To his much loued friend Mr. W. Browne of the Inner Temple." That by John Davies of Hereford conſiſts of "An Eclogue between yong Willy [Browne himſelf] the finger of his native Paſtorals, and old Wernocke his friend." Here the writer touches upon the perſonal unhappineſs, perhaps a little exaggerated *poeticâ licentiâ*, which conſtitutes ſo prominent a theme in the poems found in the Lanſcowne MS.

See *Handbook of Early Engliſh Literature*, arts. Brooke and Henry (Prince). P. 9.

Cæſar, Auguſtus, of the Inner Temple. P. 162.

Cannowes of Inde. See Th. de Bry's

America, vol. 1, fol. part 1. Virginia Tabul. 12mo. Lintrium conficiendorum Ratio. See likewiſe Sir Tho. Herbert's Travels, fol. 3d edit. p. 30.—*Thompſon.*

Caſke, caſket. P. 88.

Cave. Here digs a cave at ſome high mountaines foot. There is no "high mountain," properly ſo called, along the whole courſe of the river; but this may be the Virtuous Lady Cave, where the Walkham joins the Tavy, about four miles below Taviſtock, and where the banks of the river, particularly the weſt bank, are very ſteep and lofty.—*S.* P. 76.

Cerna. Not the Cerne of Pliny, but the Iſland of Mauritius, diſcovered by the Hollanders, 1598; fowls are here innumerable, and of great variety; ſome ſo tame that they will ſuffer a man almoſt to touch them. See Ogleby's Africa, p. 715.—*Thompſon.*

Ceruſe, carbonate of lead. P. 73.

Chanticleere, the village-clocke. I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for conſidering *clocke* as a miſprint for *cocke*. The former is by far the more poetical expreſſion and image, and I think the paſſage in Shakeſpeare probably ſtood "village clock," not "village cock," in the poet's MS.

Chaucer, indeed, applies the ſame figure to the cock in the *Nonne Preſt's Tale:*—

> Wel ſikerer was his crowyng in his logge,
> Then is a clok, or an abbay orologge.

P. 115.

Cheuron, an architectural ornament of zig-zag form.—*Worceſter.* P. 117.

Cleeves, cliffs. P. 124.

Cocke, God. This is a very early corruption of the ſacred name, and occurs in the printed literature of the ſixteenth century repeatedly. P. 116.

Colin Clout. Spenſer. P. 12 *et alibi.*

Collar of Eſſes. P. 111.

Croke, Charles. P. 159.

Croke, Unton. P. 160.

Cuddy, the ſame as *Cutty*, one of the interlocutors in the fifth eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe. Query*, Chriſtopher Brooke. P. 21.

Davies, John, of Hereford. (Brooke.) P. 159.

Drake, Sir Francis Drake, whoſe exploits againſt the power of Spain are here referred to. P. 129.

Dragon's-blood, a reſin obtained from the palm and other plants, and uſed in varniſhes: it is of a dark brown colour, ſays Ure, or bright red, friable, and of a ſhining fracture. P. 73.

Dray, a ſquirrel's neſt. P. 145.

Drayton, Michael, the celebrated poet. He began to publiſh as early as 1591, when his *Harmonie of the Churche* appeared. Ob. 1637.

He likewiſe pays him this compliment in his Epiſtle on Poets and Poetry, in the 2d. vol. of his Poems, in fol. printed 1627, p. 208.

> Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne aroſe,
> My dear companions, whom I freely choſe,
> My boſom friends; and in their ſeveral wayes
> Rightly born poets, and in theſe laſt days
> Men of much note, and no leſs noble parts, &c.
>
> —*Thompſon.* P. 7.

Dreriment, lamentation. P. 175.

Dunſtan, St. St. Dunſtan's Well, alluded to at p. 21.

Dynham, John, of Exeter College, Oxford. P. 15.

Dynne, Francis, of the Inner Temple. P. 10.

Embrave, beautify or adorn, from adj. *brave*, fine. P. 29.

Enfamouſed, celebrated. P. 191.

Engyrland, encircle, ſurround as with a halo. P. 166.

Evet. Evet (or hibit) is the Devonſhire name of the newt.—*S.* P. 63.

Famoſed, celebrated. P. 183.

Fautreſſe, patroneſs. P. 136.

Ferrar, W., of the Middle Temple. P. 11.

Fluent, flowing. P. 27.

Fowl, bird. P. 73.

Gage, in the ſenſe of *temporary charge*. P. 60.

Gardiner, Thomas, of the Inner Temple. P. 10.

Gerion. Philip of Spain ſeems evidently here to be pointed at. There was no part of England where the threatened invaſion of our ſhores by Spain left a deeper impreſſion than in the Weſt-country, which gave our poet birth. P. 129.

Gewen, Chr., of Exeter College, Oxford. P. 21-2.

Glanvill, John, of Taviſtock.

For an account of this gentleman, afterwards knighted, ſee Wood's *Faſti* (ed. Bliſs), 65. P. 156.

Gutling, an exceedingly rare word in this ſenſe. It ſeems to mean rich or full. It is probably the *wood*, and not the ſky-lark, which is here intended; the notes of the former are far the ſweeter. P. 25.

Hall, Edward, of Exeter College, Oxford, one of the ſons of Biſhop Hall. The lines headed "On the Author of Britannias Peerleſſe Paſtorals" are written in the ſame hand, according to Beloe, and therefore were probably alſo by Hall. P. 13-14.

Harding, Samuel, of Exeter College, Oxford. An account of him may be found in Wood. He was the author of *Sicily and Naples, or the Fatal Union*, a play, 1640. P. 16.

He ſung the outrage of the lazy drone. "The Buzzing Bee's Complaint," by the Earl of Eſſex.—*Thompſon*.

Henry. Henry, Prince of Wales, eldeſt ſon of James I., died in Nov., 1612. He is of courſe the "royall youth," mentioned at p. 129. P. 131.

Herbert, W. P. 157-8.

Heygate, Thomas, of the Inner Temple. P. 161.

Heyward, Edward, of the Inner Temple. An early friend of Browne, Selden, and that diſtinguiſhed circle. He was one of the three perſons to whom Richard Milward, Selden's amanuenſis, inſcribed that great man's *Table-Talk*, not printed till 1689.

Hurled, moved with rapidity. P. 81.

Hyde, or ſtarting hole [of a fiſh]. P. 144.

Hyphear, the hip, or hep, which yields maſts, a food for cattle. The *hip*, or *hipbear*, is the fruit of the wild brier, or dog-roſe. The marginal note at this paſſage is, in the original, very incorrect. P. 54, *note*.

Idya, England. P. 125.

Impe, a ſhoot of a tree, ſecondarily a child, in which ſenſe it is not obſolete. P. 72.

Jonſon, Ben. P. 162.

Kala. one of the characters in the *Arcadia* of Sidney.—*Beloe*. P. 12.

Knots of wooll neere to their tailes. A kindred ſuperſtition to this appears to have prevailed, at a very recent date, in the highlands of Scotland, where, according to a correſpondent of *Notes and Queries* (1ſt S. iv. 380-1), the houſewives were accuſtomed to tie a piece of red worſted

round their cows' tails on ſending them out in the ſpring to graſs, to guard them againſt malignant ſpirits, &c.

Lavoltoes, romping waltzes, more uſually *La-voltas*. P. 77.

Lethe. This was not the only river to which the ancients appear to have aſcribed the property of producing forgetfulneſs. "*Selemnus*, a river in Achaia, is ſaid by Pauſanias to have poſſeſſed the quality of making thoſe who bathe in it forget the object of their affections."—*Maloniana*.

Leyes, i. q. leas, meadows. P. 88.

Liked, imitated. P. 139.

Limos, ſimply the Greek word for *Famine*. P. 181.

Lin, ceaſe. So in *Kyng Horn*:—

this tale nu thu lynne,
For horn nis noȝt herin[n]e.

P. 171.

Locuſt, the tree *cicada*. See Lovelace's Poems, ed. 1864, p. 94. P. 183.

Meager, Deſpair. See Spenſer's *Fairie Queene*, b. 1, c. 9, ſ. 33, &c. Fletcher's *Purple Iſland*, c. 12, ſ. 32, &c.—*Thompſon*. P. 140.

Metanoia, *μετάνοια*, repentance. P. 142.

Mevy, the *Mavis*, a variety of the throſtle. See *Remains of the E. P. Poetry of England*, ii. 25. P. 183.

Miller's thumb, the ſmall fiſh called uſually the *bull-head*. P. 57.

Mneme, memory, Gr. *μνήμη*. P. 127.

Mona, Angleſey. P. 168.

Morgan, John, of the Inner Temple. P. 161.

Moſſe-thrumbed, knitted over with moſs. P. 166.

Mulberry. "His blacke from Thiſbie taking." The well-known myth. P. 136.

Muting. To mute is drop dung (of birds). Noticed in Weſtwood's *Etymol. Dict.*—*S.* Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.*) applies it only to hawks. P. 54.

N. B. Mr. Beloe (Anecdotes, vi. 71) remarks that this poem, ſigned by B. N., is written in the ſame hand as that by Chriſtopher Gewen. *Nicholas Breton* often reverſed his initials; but was he living in 1625?

Naturall bridge . . . he frameth out. I know of no natural bridge formed by the Tavy, but between Crowndale and Virtuous Lady Mine, two or three miles below Taviſtock; the river paſſes through a narrow channel between ſteep banks.—*S.* P. 76.

Noſe-thrils, noſtrils. P. 177.

Nyle, "munſter-breeding Nyle." I conclude that Browne went for his knowledge of the geography of Africa and Egypt to Leo's *Deſcription*, of which there had been a recent Engliſh tranſlation, by John Pory, 1600, folio. To this work is attached a map of Africa, in which the ſource of the Nile is traced to an *inland lake*. P. 138.

Nymph of Kent. P. 13.

Oeagrin Harpiſt, Orpheus, the ſon of Oeagrus and Calliope, according to Plato, in Conv. Apollon. Argonaut. l. 1, and himſelf, if the Argonautics be his: Of Apollo and Calliope, by ſome; of others, by others.—*Thompſon*. P. 143.

Oulde, Francis, of the Inner Temple. P. 11.

Papillon, Philip, of Exeter College, Oxford, was a fellow-collegian of Browne, and the editor of their friend Harding's drama of *Sicily and Naples*, 1640, 4to. P. 13.

Peale, pail. P. 115.

Peartly, or pertly (Lat. *peritus*), briſkly or vivaciouſly. It is not at all unuſual in this ſenſe now. P. 145.

Pembroke, William Herbert, (third) Earl of Pembroke, of that family. This nobleman ſucceeded to the title 19th January, 1600-1, and was the ſon of Henry, ſecond Earl of Pembroke, by Mary Sydney, ſiſter of the author of the *Arcadia*. He married one of the daughters and co-heirs of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewſbury; his death occurred April 10th, 1630. This Lord Pembroke is the perſon to whom, abſurdly enough, ſome of the writers on Shakeſpeare aſcribe an identity with the myſterious *Mr. W. H.* of the SONNETS, 1609.

Pended, penned or encloſed in a ſheep-pen. P. 24.

Perigot. There ſeems to be no means of identifying this writer with any known poet of Browne's time. P. 31.

Phaeton. See Ovid's Metam. b. 2. Apollonius Argonaut. l. 4. Lucretius, l. 5.—*Thompſon*.

Philiſides, Sir Philip Sidney. The word is made from *Phili-Sid*. He was firſt ſo called by Spenſer in a Paſtoral Eglogue on his death. See Todd's Spenſer, vol. viii. p. 78.—*Beloe*. But Sydney uſes the term himſelf in the *Arcadia*. Pp. 9, 12.

Pinnioniſts, winged creatures, birds. P. 120.

Plato. P. 68.

Quarring, cloſing up. P. 177.

Raping, raviſhing. Jonſon uſed *to rape* in the ſenſe of *to raviſh*.

> His noble lymmes in ſuche proporcion caſte,
> As would haue *wrapped* a fillie womans thought.
> *Ferrex and Porrex*, ed. [1570].

P. 107.

Riot. Compare Skelton's deſcription of this allegorical perſonage in the *Bowge of Court* (Skelton's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 43). There is another deſcription of Riot in another place: the paſſage ſeemed to ſtrike Milton, who, in the copy of Browne which belonged to him, has written *Riot* in the ſide-margin.

Rotchet, the piper-fiſh. Nominale MS. —*Halliwell*.

Roget. *Query*, George Wither. The firſt eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe* is a dialogue between Willie and Roget. *Willie* is Browne himſelf. P. 21.

Rong, apparently a loom, but I find no trace of its uſe in ſuch a ſenſe in any of the dictionaries. P. 116.

Round, globe, world. P. 71.

Roundly, round. P. 120.

S. P., of Exeter College, Oxford. P. 13.

Saluſt, Guillaume de, Sieur du Bartas. P. 192.

Satyres maſke, an alluſion to the popularity of works of a ſatirical and epigrammatic character, with which the literature of the period was abundantly ſtocked.

Segs, ſedges. P. 182.

Selden, John, the eminent legiſt and antiquary. He alſo prefixed lines to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, to the firſt twelve books of which he furniſhed notes. There are copies of verſes by him before two or three other publications. Pp. 6, 7.

Shelf, rock. P. 53, &c.

Shoat, or ſhote, a kind of trout, "of which," Mr. Shelly ſays, "the Tavy is full, when the fiſh are not killed by reſuſe from mines." P. 57.

Simpl'eſſe, merely poetical licenſe for *ſimpleneſs*. P. 87.

Singults, ſobs. P. 177.

Sow-thiſtle, the common name of leafy ſtemmed weeds of the genus *Sonchus*. —*Worceſter's Dict.* "Sowthyſtylle, or thowthyſtylle, *roſtrum porcinum.*" —*Prompt. Parv.* ed. Way, 466. P. 103.

Stils, hills. I preſume, i. q. ſtiles. "Style, where men gon over."—*Prompt. Parv.* ed Way, 495. P. 104.

Stub-chin'd. P. 26.

Surly Bear, Earl of Leiceſter. Oſborn calls him that Terreſtrial Lucifer: Mem. of Q. Elizabeth, Sect. 5, p. 25. Among others whom he murdered, Leiceſter was the author of the death of the Earl of Eſſex's father in Ireland. Oſborn, ditto, p. 26. In the *Phœnix Neſt*, 1593, there is a defence of Leiceſter, called the *Dead Man's Right*, in proſe. — *Thompſon.*

Tayler, Robert, of Exeter College, Oxford. "The above acroſtic is ſucceeded by two quotations from the Shepheards Calendar of Spenſer, applied in compliment to Browne, and at the bottom is inſcribed in the above Robert Taylor's hand,

> Sic ignorans cecinit. Edm. Spencer."

—*Beloe.* Was this the Robert Tailor who wrote *The Hogge hath loſt his Pearle*, a play, 1614, 4to.? P. 23.

Thicke, thicket or buſh. P. 181.

Thicke, thic, this. P. 21, *laſt line.*

Thilke, that. P. 178.

Thyle, Thule. P. 138.

Treen, plural of *tree.* P. 181.

Trench. To trench down, to flow down through made channels. P. 180.

Two-kinde Bat, i. e. half-bird and half-mouſe. P. 113.

Vincent, Anthony. P. 160.

Wantonize. P. 118.

Water-ſhut, a dam. P. 119.

Wenman, Thomas, of the Inner Temple. P. 157.

Wither, George. P. 162.

Wood, mad or wild. P. 182.

Yell, ſimply *cry.* So Chaucer, in the *Knightes Tale*, deſcribes Palamon's ſorrow:—

> Such ſorwe maketh, that the grete tour
> Reſowneth of his *yellyng* and clamour.

Zouche, Edward, Lord. This nobleman ſucceeded his father, George, Lord Zouche of Haringworth, co. Northampton, in 1569, being then only thirteen years old. He lived till late in the reign of James I., but the year of his death does not appear to be ſtated anywhere. The eſtate of Bramſhill, which Browne expreſsly mentions in his dedication of the *Shepheards Pipe*, 1614, to Lord Zouch, was in Hampſhire; it paſſed out of the family in the reign of Charles I. (Brydges' *Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of James I.*, pp. 68-75). The edition of the Works, 1772, 12mo., omits this dedication altogether, and prefixes to the entire work the dedication to William, Earl of Pembroke, which, in the old copies, belongs to the 2nd Book.

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THE POPULAR ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY JOHN BRAND, M.A.

An entirely New Library Edition. Digeſted, Corrected, and Enlarged throughout by

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE author of this book left the MS. at his death in a ſtate wholly unfit for the preſs. Several years afterwards, in 1813, Sir Henry Ellis, then Mr. Ellis, arranged the materials to a certain extent, and gave the *Popular Antiquities* to the world in two quarto volumes.

Mr. Brand's *nucleus* had been Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*, a ſtrangely jejune work, but important and noticeable, inaſmuch as it was the earlieſt attempt which had been made to collect the written and traditional records of our national cuſtoms and ſuperſtitions.

Brand upon Bourne (ſo to ſpeak) has paſſed through three, if not more, impreſſions. It has been reprinted by Mr. Knight and by Mr. Bohn, in each caſe with additions and improvements. The tendency and neceſſity from the outſet have alike been to correct, ſo far as ſuch a thing could be done without wholly obliterating the original text, Mr. Brand's deplorable want of method and deficiency in a fixed plan.

The obſervation, however, applies almoſt equally to all the current editions of the *Popular Antiquities*, that whole pages are fruitleſsly occupied by paſſages extracted either from books with which every body is familiar, ſuch as Herrick, or from books with which ſcarcely any body could be tempted to become acquainted, ſuch as Hoſpinian and Naogeorgus. It is hard even for me to chooſe (with all my affection for the old Engliſh verſifiers) between Naogeorgus and his Engliſh paraphraſt, Googe, which is the more tedious. Now, it is no exaggeration to ſay that in all the exiſting impreſſions of Brand, fifty or ſixty pages are taken up by excerpts from Googe's *Naogeorgus*, dragged in by the head and ſhoulders, without any attempt to give, which would in many caſes have been

more advantageous and readable, the ſubſtance of the paſſage in a few lines, with a reference to chapter and verſe.

Again, an enormous ſpace is waſted, without any demonſtrable reſult, in the rehearſal, ſcores of times over and over, of drawn-out title-pages belonging to the books which Brand had occaſion to conſult and to cite. All theſe books are well known in our days, and, indeed, there are extremely few of them which were not ſo in Brand's; but that writer had a very imperfect acquaintance, it would appear, with bibliography, and was accordingly apt to overrate the ſcarcity of works in his own poſſeſſion or in the hands of others. Theſe bibliographical minutiæ appear to be miſplaced in a publication of the preſent nature.

I have, I believe, pointed out two rather grave defects in the *Popular Antiquities* as they ſtand, namely, the ſuperabundant diſplay of raw material, and the plethora of unmeaning title-pages. I have ſtill to refer to a third moſt ſerious drawback.

The relative worth and weight of authorities conſtitute a point on which Brand himſelf certainly, and his editors to all appearance, do not ſeem to have beſtowed much attention. The natural conſequence is, that an ephemeral tract by Taylor the Water-poet, or by Rowlands, is placed ſide by ſide with the grave diſquiſition of ſome learned eſſayiſt, or is mentioned in the ſame paragraph with Durandus or Hoſpinian. St. Auguſtine and the *Britiſh Apollo*, Mr. Douce and Poor Robin, are ſimilarly coupled together, and, ſo far as the general reader can be expected to know, one is as good as the other.

It was the conſideration of this threefold weakneſs in the book, of which the intrinſic value, with more methodical handling, would have been unqueſtionably very great, which prompted me to attempt ſomething in the way of re-arrangement and digeſtion, and I here beg to preſent the net reſult. I have reduced the original work about a third in bulk, without omitting a ſingle line of real conſequence or practical relevance, and I have introduced a vaſt number of corrections and additions, of the character of which others muſt be the judges.

The main difficulty in this caſe appeared not to *collect*, but to *ſelect*. The materials which preſented themſelves were ſo large in quantity and variety that, in making a choice, it was only poſſible to accept thoſe which ſtruck me as being of peculiar intereſt and relevancy; and I was under the inevitable neceſſity of excluding many articles—curious indeed, but either illuſtrative of uſages which were probably never very widely ſpread or very largely influential; or of points which Brand ſeemed to have treated already at ſufficient length.

Another conſideration, which had its weight with me was, that, in ſome inſtances, I thought that the queſtions of folk-lore, which turned more directly on Proverbs, might be allowed more properly to find a place in a work on Proverbial Literature, which I have in a forward ſtate of preparation, and which I hope, before long, to ſubmit to the public judgment.

W. C. H.

Kenſington, May, 1868.

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